A Plan For Survival In The Nuclear Age

BY DR. EDWARD TELLER, FAMOUS ATOMIC SCIENTIST

POST

The Saturday Evening

Feb. 3, 1962

20¢

PASADENA CALIF
363 GROVE ST
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look at its big-car features -and you'll think the low price is a misprint!

The Ford Fairlane idea is this: give people the fine features they look for in big cars—and put a compact price tag on them. Give people big-car room, ride, quality and performance—and then surprise them with compact-car handling and economy. Have your cake and eat it, too? The 1962 Ford Fairlane says yes—in a way no other car can.

This is what Fairlane gives you that the compacts don't

Big-car room. Big as some of the roomiest cars in Ford history.

Big-car ride. A *full* 115½" wheelbase.

Big-car performance. All-new Challenger V-8 engine (optional).

Twice-a-year service. 6,000 miles between routine service stops.

Fine-car luxury. Upholsteries and appointments equalled only in cars costing hundreds more.

This is what Fairlane gives you that the big cars don't

Low price. Hundreds less than previous Fairlanes . . . well under many compacts.

Economy. World's first Economy V-8 (optional). Or, for even greater savings, the new Fairlane Six.

Painless parking. A full foot shorter than other full-size cars . . . fits easily in tight spots.

Handy handling. It's compact-trim, compact-nimble.

Great garaging. 197" length makes garages big again.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

FORD FAIRLANE

RIGHT SIZE...RIGHT PRICE...RIGHT BETWEEN COMPACTS AND BIG CARS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...use Listerine, at once!

The first sign of a cold is a warning signal. Germs can swarm into action, increase a cold's miseries and make them drag on and on. But Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions...kills germs before they attack you.

No matter what else you take for a cold —aspirin, chest rubs, ordinary cough drops —remember, they do not kill germs because they're not antiseptic. But Listerine *is*. Listerine gives protection against colds infection.

PROOF! In medically-supervised 12-year tests with 3,000 people, those who gargled Listerine twice daily had shorter, milder colds than those who did not.

LISTERINE® ANTISEPTIC—*always keep a bottle handy*

©1962 WARNER-LAMBERT PRODUCTS DIV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOV. 6, 1961...

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

There has been no real rain since January. The countryside, powder-dry and blanketed with explosive underbrush, blisters under an incessant sun. Somewhere, somehow, the fire begins. And within seconds, flames, urged on by high winds, crackle over the affluent slopes of Bel Air and Brentwood, in southern California.

Before succumbing to 3,500 fire-fighters and repeated borate bombings, the great blaze consumes more than 14,500 acres. Property loss is estimated at $24 million. Prominent among the names of insurance companies who will share this burden is the name of Royal-Globe.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest, most respected insurance organizations in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and over 18,000 agents qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. ***For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!***

ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Casualty · Fire · Marine · Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this issue

VOLUME 235, NO. 5

Articles

Fiction *and* Poetry

Departments

A Plan for Survival *(Part I of 3), by Edward Teller with Allen Brown* . . . 11
Greatest Little Show on Earth, *by Kathleen Hampton* . . . 16
We Take the Long Way Home, *by Hannah Lees* . . . 28
The Soldier Who Never Went to War, *by Ashley Halsey Jr.* . . . 32
We Can Save More Babies, *by Ruth and Edward Brecher* . . . 43
Finland's Fading Freedom, *by Ernest O. Hauser* . . . 68

Good-By in Silence, *by Arthur Mayse* . . . 22
Winter Exercise, *a poem by Howard Nemerov* . . . 30
No Place to Go, *by Charles Mercer* . . . 34
Report on a Hero, *by Robert Standish* . . . 48
Too Late to Scream, *(Part V of 6) by Leslie Ford* . . . 58

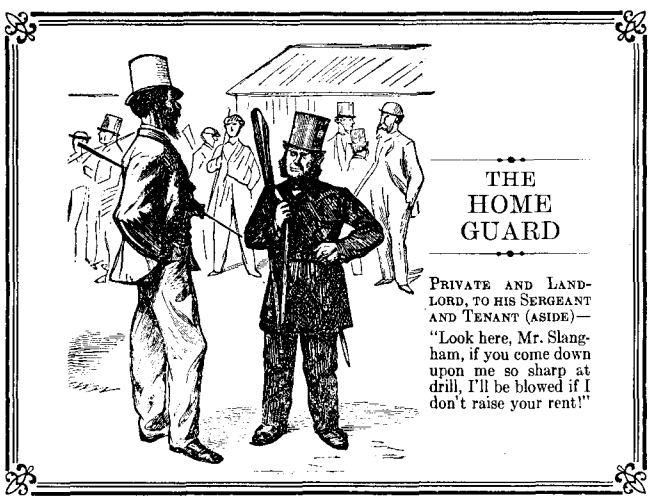
Letters . . . 4
Speaking Out: *Skyscrapers Aren't for People, by Alexander Eliot* . . . 8
People on the Way Up . . . 24
Post Scripts . . . 54
Hazel . . . 66
Editorial . . . 72

A Plan for Survival (page 11) is the first of three articles by DR. EDWARD TELLER and ALLEN BROWN dealing with the testing of nuclear weapons, radioactive fallout and means of surviving a thermonuclear war. The series is from a book, *The Legacy of Hiroshima*, to be published March 2. Brown, a free-lance writer, has been a newspaper reporter, editor and columnist. He does not have any special training in science and considers this an advantage, for he can be fairly sure that if he himself understands what Doctor Teller says, readers will too. Brown also has written articles with Doctor Teller and with another nuclear scientist, Dr. Luis Alvarez. He admits, therefore, that by now perhaps he does know a bit more about nuclear physics than the average reader does.

Hannah Lees' SPEAKING OUT article IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY in our issue of last October 7 brought in 309 letters from readers. To the 234 letter writers who expressed varying shades of outrage it may come as a surprise that the defender of cocktail parties now defends the leisurely driver in the right-hand lane—and not because he may have been drinking. WE TAKE THE LONG WAY HOME (page 28) argues that driving just under the speed limit eases tension and enables you to enjoy the ride. In fact, "You have time to talk about important things like life and love and death and loneliness." The time Miss Lees has thus spent helps explain a comment she makes about her cocktail-party article. "We go to very few cocktail parties these days. I am convinced that they serve all the important human ends I described, but we have achieved quite a few of those ends by now, and as time goes on, life crowds up." (That "we" is not purely editorial; in private life Miss Lees is the wife of a Philadelphia physician.)

Author Lees calmly pardons the dust of a car whooshing past.

Charles Mercer's story on page 34 tells about a boy dragged by his parents to their alma mater, "dear old Putnam." Mercer has no children and did not go to college with his wife, but has attended class reunions and observed kids exposed to their frolicking elders. Last spring his sixth novel, *Pilgrim Strangers*, was published—quite appropriately—by dear old Putnam (G. P. Putnam's Sons).



THE HOME GUARD

PRIVATE AND LANDLORD, TO HIS SERGEANT AND TENANT (ASIDE)—"Look here, Mr. Slangham, if you come down upon me so sharp at drill, I'll be blowed if I don't raise your rent!"

The Militiaman pictured above, like many a private in the Civil War and since, wanted the importance of his civilian status recognized in military life. The eagerness of this home-front hero to serve his country—as long as no unreasonable demands were made on him—was matched by THE SOLDIER WHO NEVER WENT TO WAR (page 32). The article is one of several we have published as untold stories of the Civil War, by Associate Editor ASHLEY HALSEY JR. Along with some we have not published in the *Post* they will appear in book form under the title of the first article in the series: WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT? (December 17, 1960). In that article author Halsey was cagey about identifying the firer exactly, but in his book he comes clean. (He won't let on yet, though. You'll have to wait until April, when the volume will be brought out by Hawthorn Books, Inc.) THE SOLDIER WHO NEVER WENT TO WAR is illustrated with two cartoons from *Harper's Weekly* of 100 years ago. The one above appeared in the *Post* for July 12, 1862, when we were younger (134 years old). We think our humor has improved with age.

The Cover. The kids plugging up the hill can look forward to a swell ride down, but they've got a long pull ahead of them first. If only they knew it, there's an easier way to go up, especially if a patient but absentminded father is at hand. (See J. G. Farris's cartoon on page 57). Rather obtusely we asked artist John Falter if he had painted all those vertical sled tracks lying on his side, propped on his left elbow Roman-banquet style. He had not, he replied pityingly but kindly—obviously he needed only to turn the canvas on its side. Which is as good an explanation as any for the fact that his signature is headed up the hill too.

Changing Your Address?

DON'T FORGET YOUR POST

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

© 1962 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr. $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

Robert Fuoss, Editor
Robert Sherrod, Managing Editor
Kenneth Stuart, Art Editor

Assistant Managing Editors:
William J. Stevens Jr.
John Bird
Clay Blair Jr.

Martin Sommers, Foreign Editor
Beverly Smith Jr., Washington Editor

Senior Editors:
Ben Hibbs
Richard Thruelsen
Stuart Rose
Pete Martin
Robert Murphy
Wesley Price
Robert L. Johnson Jr.

Contributing Editors:
Stewart Alsop, National Affairs
Arthur W. Baum, Business
Demaree Bess, Foreign Affairs
Ernest O. Hauser, Foreign Affairs
Harry T. Paxton, Sports
Steven M. Spencer, Science
Harold H. Martin, Special Assignments
John Kobler, Special Assignments
Peter Wyden, Special Assignments
Don A. Schanche, Special Assignments
Bill Davidson, Special Assignments
Peter Maas, Special Assignments

Day Edgar, Assistant to the Editor
Frank Kilker, Associate Art Editor
Douglas Borgstedt, Photography Editor
Davis Thomas, Photography Editor

Associate Editors:
Peggy Dowst Redman
Arnold Nicholson
Ashley Halsey Jr.
Merrill Pollack
Richard L. Lehman
Bill Breisky
Morton D. Hull
Robert N. Taylor
Irv Goodman
Thomas B. Congdon Jr.
Barbara Graybeal Kremer
Robert Cahn
Art Seidenbaum
Katharine Britton Mishler
Benton R. Patterson
John R. Wells
Zen Yonkovig
Jack Haring

Assistant Editors:
William J. Bailey
Gwen Lysaught
Vivian Croake Ward
Mary Duncan Wright
Dick Pryce
Homer Grosvenor
David A. Lyle
Harold P. Hostetler
Nathan A. Haverstock
Elizabeth Frazee
Don Oberdorfer

Editorial Assistants:
Gladys Ann Müller
Jane Denis Smith
Sally A. Reukauf
Roger Vaughan
Samuel H. Young
Andree L. Abecassis
Stephen Berg
John Horan
Kent Owen
Nancy Mahoney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can't breathe? Sinus-Colds Congestion?

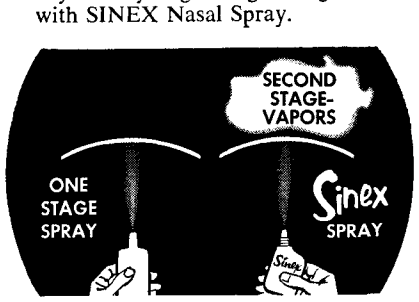
—and still have to keep on the go?

New Vicks SINEX 2-Stage Nasal Spray helps

RESTORE FREE BREATHING INSTANTLY

ALL THE WAY UP, ALL THE WAY BACK

Contains 4 type ingredients prescribed by nose and throat specialists: *Decongestant* shrinks swollen membranes. *Anti-histamine* helps dry up runny nose. *Anti-bacterial.* Kills germs on contact. *Antibiotic* helps protect against infection. Anytime, anywhere you get long-lasting relief with SINEX Nasal Spray.



Works with 2-Stage Relief

Ordinary sprays work inside your head as droplets only. But Sinex has a second stage of action as illustrated by the spray at right.

Sinex second-stage medicated vapors *double* spreading power, give relief all the way up, all the way back, where droplets don't reach.

LETTERS

BERLIN AND YOUTH

Dear Sirs:

How fitting (and frightening) that you should include the articles THE BERLIN CRISIS: KHRUSHCHEV'S STRENGTH [by Stewart Alsop, Dec. 23–30] and YOUTH: THE COOL GENERATION in the same issue. In this war of ideas we are fighting, the Russian youth is very conscious of what his side's ideas are. Not only doesn't the American youth know his side's ideas, but he's barely conscious he's in the war. . . . When Khrushchev gets hold of that issue he's going to get some more of the "overconfidence" Mr. Alsop speaks of.

MRS. BILL MCCOTTER
Petersburg, Va.

Dear Sirs:

It was rather depressing to read about American youth and Khrushchev's power in the same issue, but maybe it fished some of us from the slime of indifference. Comparing the picture on the cover [below] with the one on page 27 [below at right] caused me to wonder, "How long can we last?" Thank God for the exception to our average teen-ager. Let's hope he cares enough to make up for the self-centered apathy that has infected the rest of us like a deadly cancer.

JOHN ANDERSON
Whitworth College
Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion the American press is acting unwisely in publicizing the daily diatribes of Mr. Khrushchev. This Mongolian thrives on publicity, which has built him up into monstrous proportions, and he is getting space that would cost untold millions. The only purpose served is to implant fear in the minds of the timid and to develop a general fear psychosis in the minds of the weak-willed. . . .

Let me suggest that the American press adopt a plan of running a single line of the Russian threats, such as, K THREATENS AGAIN or ANOTHER THREAT FROM KHRUSHCHEV or, better yet, the press could start in numbering them, which, when the total became high enough, would make them slightly ridiculous. Khrushchev may throw the bomb at us some day, but in the meantime let us hold our heads up with pride and live like enlightened, civilized and unafraid people, and not hide like craven cowards that yield to the threats of a barbarian.

HARRY O. FAIRBAIRN
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations not only for a fine pair of articles on American youth and on Russia but also for the editorial finesse in placing them in the same issue. The comparison between the faces on the cover [below at left] and those on page 27 [below] is chilling.

HAL GREEN
Yale College
New Haven, Conn.

U. S. teen-agers

Soviet warriors

YOUTH WORTH DEFENDING?

Dear Sirs:

After reading YOUTH: THE COOL GENERATION [by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill, Dec. 23–30] I am questioning myself. I have served in uniform since eighteen years of age and have taken a reasonable amount of pride in wearing it. If these young people represent the future character of the nation I have served for the past seven years, why should I spend thirteen more years serving people who apparently will not be worth defending?

MILTON M. FUTCH
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article has the appearance of a remarkable attempt to make something out of nothing. . . . The point which was missed, in my view, is that youth are, after all, people, and that people taken in a total or generalized profile are an uninteresting lot. . . . Why not expose the squares who turned out this generation of cool cubes. It might be asked of Doctor Gallup, "Big Daddy, who rattled your cage?" . . . If there is a lesson to be learned from this fast gallop through youthland, it seems to me to be this: Give the kids what they say they want—better religious education, better political education, better schooling, higher standards and some sense of intellectual discipline. To get this done will require a lot of Big Daddies to get off their collective wazoo and do a wizard thing. I think these cool cubes of today will really dig one thing—competent adult leadership.

GEORGE G. GARGETT
Omaha, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

I object to being classified as bland, cautious, self-satisfied and unambitious. Rather than condemning or criticizing a generation on the basis of views expressed by the dormant, why not encourage those individuals who are forming high standards of conduct and pursuing lofty goals?

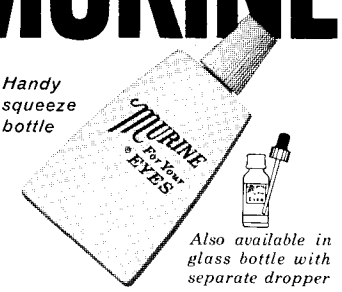
SUSAN MACDONALD (age 17)
South Glastonbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I am a firm believer in the fundamental worth of every individual. But I cannot believe that history has ever been shaped by the uninformed and

CLEANSE YOUR EYES WITH

MURINE

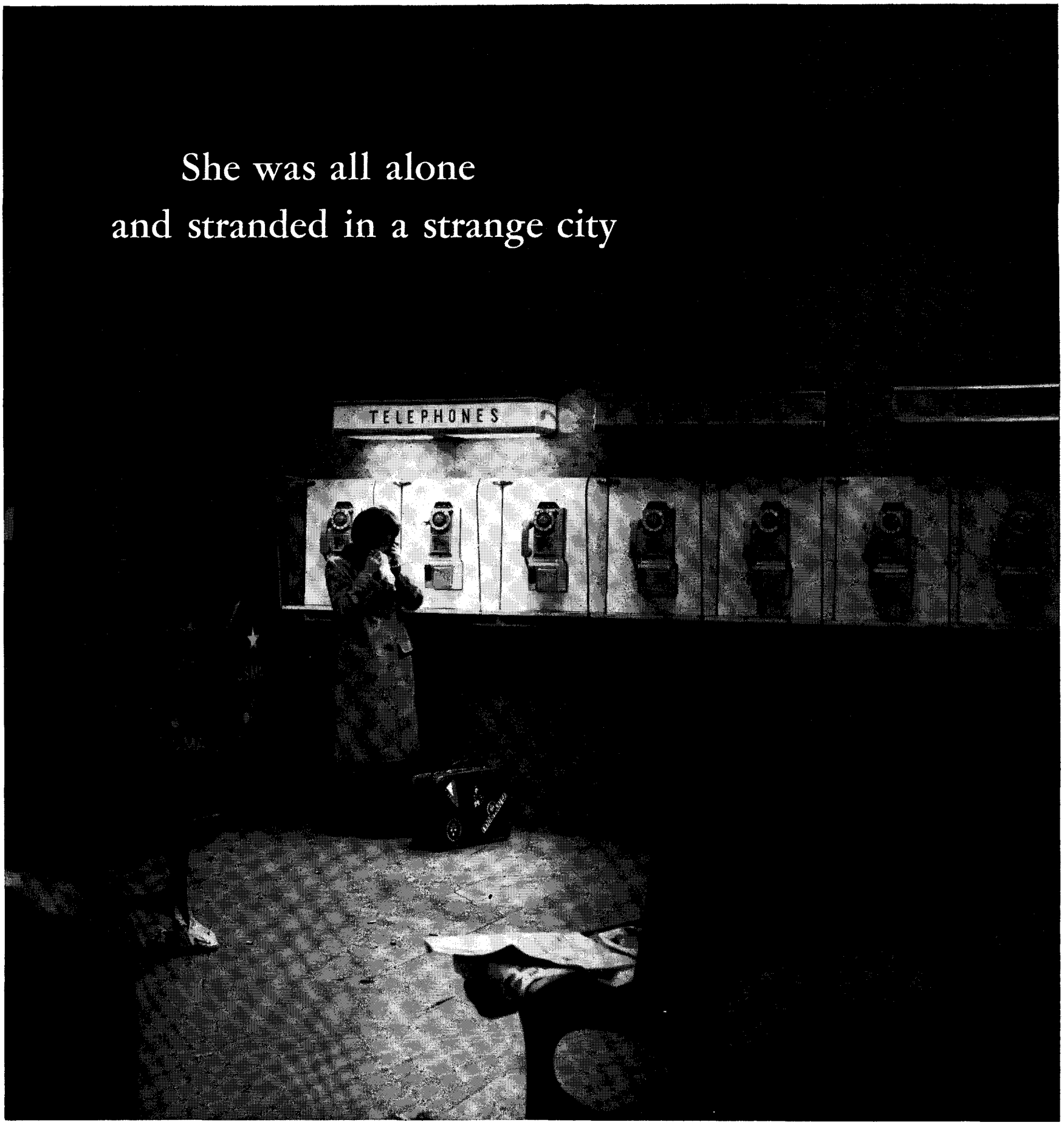


Quickly, safely Murine cleanses, soothes and refreshes your eyes. Washes away the discomforts of dust, smoke, wind, etc. Leaves your eyes with a comfortable, rested feeling and so relaxes tension. Keep Murine handy at home and work. Use it *every day* to help keep your eyes feeling good.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
® Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She was all alone and stranded in a strange city



Patricia was crying softly.

Heavy snow had slowed her bus so that she missed the last connection back to college. She was cold, lonely and stranded in a big city where she knew no one.

As Pat tried to call her college housemother, telephone operator Nellie Hall sensed something was wrong. Friendly questions brought Pat's tears and troubles pouring out together.

Within a few minutes, Miss Hall had calmed the girl and made arrangements for her to stay overnight at the Y. W. C. A. Next day, after the storm, a happier, grateful Pat went on her way to college.

* * *

We would never have heard this small, true story if Pat's parents hadn't written to express their appreciation.

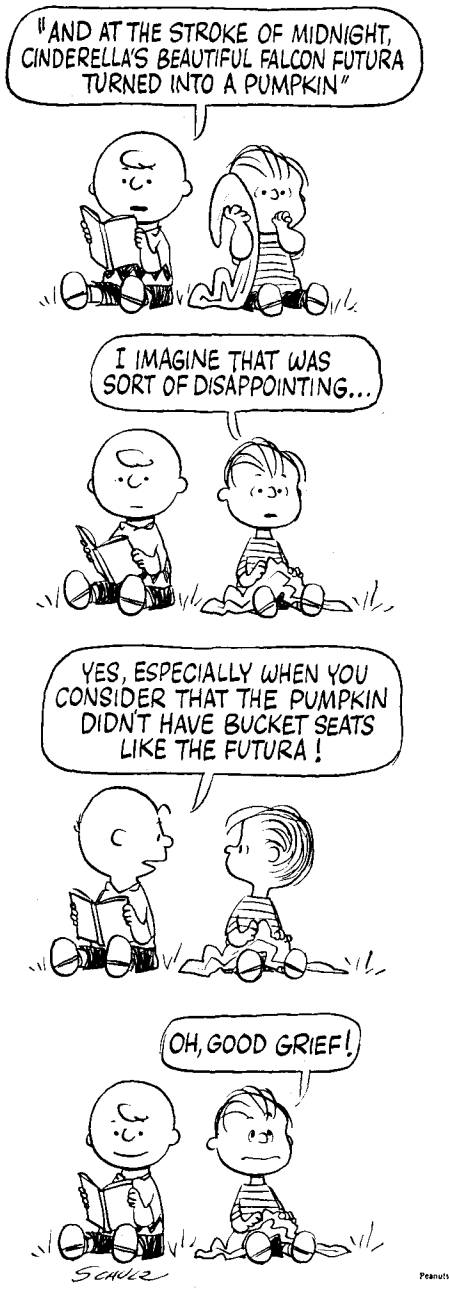
And you would never find anything in an operator's instructions about helping stranded college girls.

In fact, you wouldn't find *any* list of the human, neighborly things that our operators, installers and linemen do every day.

Yet they're done just the same—and we're glad they are. It's part of our effort to provide you with the world's best telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"AND AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, CINDERELLA'S BEAUTIFUL FALCON FUTURA TURNED INTO A PUMPKIN"
I IMAGINE THAT WAS SORT OF DISAPPOINTING...
YES, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT THE PUMPKIN DIDN'T HAVE BUCKET SEATS LIKE THE FUTURA!
OH, GOOD GRIEF!
SCHULZ
Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Right, Linus—losing out on a Falcon Futura would be a real disappointment! First off, you'd miss those foam-padded bucket seats—that handy console—and the luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting. You'd miss the gas savings, too. The Futura has an improved version of the engine that last spring got the best gas mileage for a "6" or "8" in the 25-year history of the Mobilgas Economy Run! And you'd really miss the low price: yes, for all its features, the Falcon Futura is priced *below* most *standard* compacts. Better not take any chances . . . see your Ford Dealer soon . . . before midnight!

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

Ford Falcon '62

BEST SHAPE ECONOMY'S EVER BEEN IN

LETTERS

apathetic mass which has from time immemorial comprised what is defined as the common, average or typical man. Rather, the future of our nation will be determined by uncommon men—men and women who are the thirty or so out of the 3000 who could speak meaningfully of life and were willing to challenge their security for the sake of more important goals. It is these worthy young people who will build greater monuments from the quarries of the past, not some generalized species of test-tube teen-agers!

DREW MCCORD STROUD
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

May I suggest that the recent Gallup article is not a "cross section of our future" but rather a report on what *some* young people are today. I can point with pride to hundreds of youngsters who do not fit the so-called "typical" pattern, and I urge your readers to remember that people do grow up—they do mature. When the chips are down, our youth will come through with flying colors.

HOWARD L. JONES, *President*
The Northfield Schools
East Northfield, Mass.

OUR PICTURE OF YOUTH

Dear Sirs:

"He is highly religious, yet winks at dishonesty." This is the description you publish of "our typical youth." To the extent that this description is accurate it is also tragic. . . . Perhaps youth is not to be blamed much for this divorce of ethics from religion. In our time religion is generally equated with temple-treading, with formal subscription to theological systems, with pious practices and elaborate rituals. There is little health in the current concept of religion, for it ignores the ethical emphasis that is needed to make it a vital and creative force.

ROBERT S. MILLER
Balboa, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Because I am only a senior in high school, I do not consider myself an expert in any specific field. But it is my firm belief that Mr. Gallup did a better job in predicting the 1948 Presidential election than on his article on today's youth.

J. GARY DUNN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

● *In 1948 the Gallup Poll predicted that 49.5 per cent of the total votes would go to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey and 44.5 to President Harry Truman. The election results: Truman, 50 per cent; Dewey, 45.2—ED.*

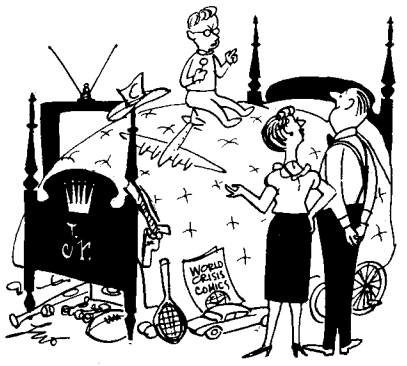
Dear Sirs:

I have read many articles in many magazines all of which were supposed to portray the American teen-ager. Yours was the first I didn't have to laugh at. Yours was the first article I've seen to publish the Thursday Queers' Day tradition; the first to note the lack of "youthese" in the teener's vocabulary; first to accurately tell the thoughts of teen-agers concerning their parents and teachers; first to accurately estimate the percentage of teens going steady and, in general, the first to show the American teen as he really is.

BILL MCCLOSKEY
Upper Darby, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your article was so slanted that it fell flat on its face. To be sure, you quoted facts, but you couldn't have presented a more dismal interpretation of them. . . . A few scattered paragraphs reflected what I and so many of my fellow classmates feel. You, the adults, have built the feather bed on which we have been



raised. Yes, I blame others for the problems of today, but I am certain that *I* must correct them, for the generations preceding us have failed to find lasting solutions to our world problems.

BILL SETTLEMYER
Short Hills, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

All of my friends enjoyed your article. . . . I was grateful for the list of "lingo" and the adult translation. Before this came out, my mother always thought I was swearing when I said bitchin' (we drop the *g* in our area). Now, thanks to you, my mother knows what I'm talking about when I use some odd expression.

C. C. BROWN (age 14)
Alameda, Calif.

SERVICE TO INGENUES?

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! You have done a great service to stage-struck American youths! Many of them are so naïve that they really believe that beauty, hard work, talent and ambition will get them on the stage, TV and radio. Your seven millionaires' daughters [acting daughters of acting stars] in your Dec. 16 PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP (aren't they *already* there?) should do a great deal toward inducing real young talent to return to the lunch counter and the filling station. Keep up the good work! What do you have to lose—besides subscriptions?

VICTOR VAN ORSDELL-BROWNE
Pittman, Nev.

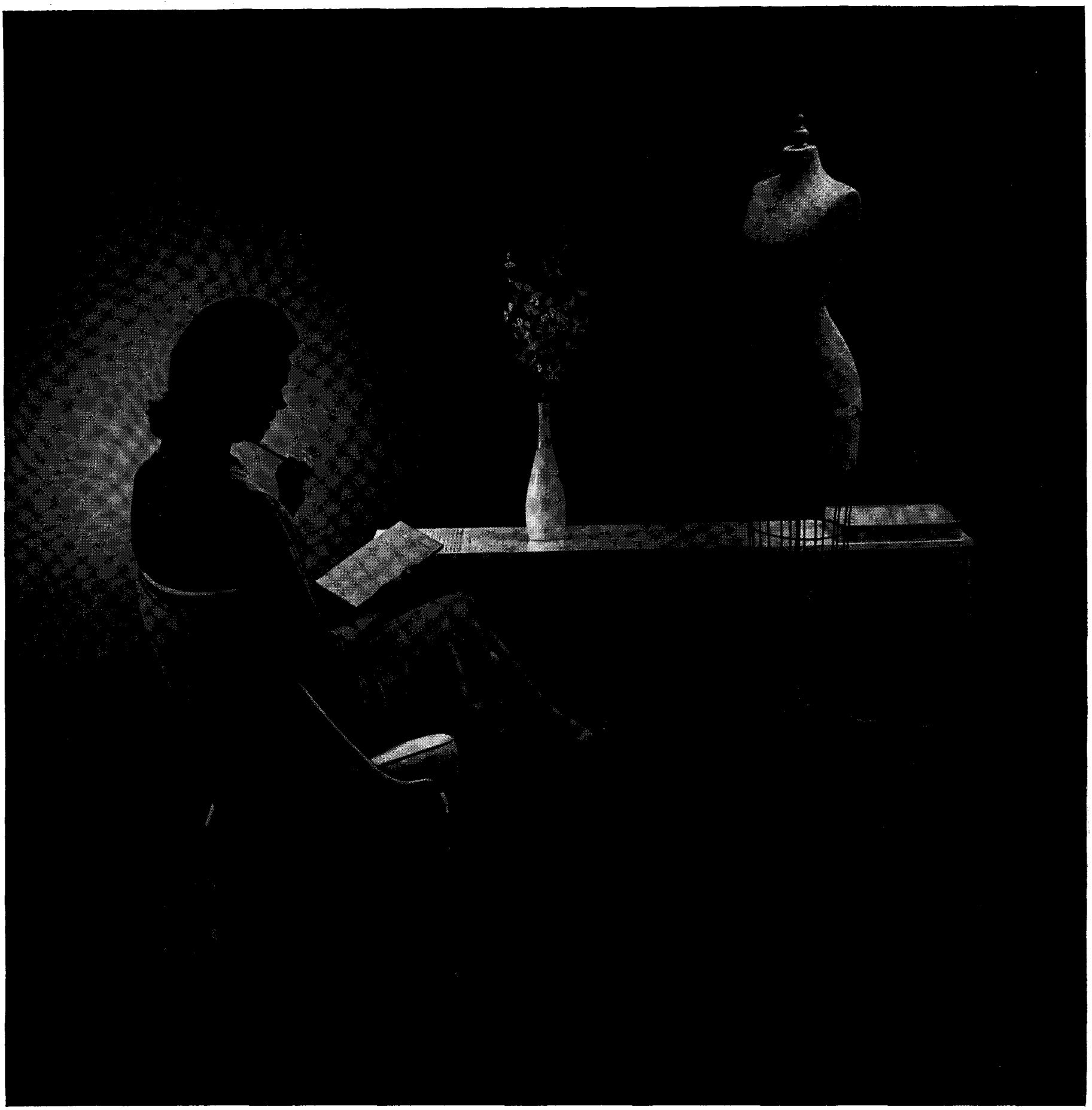
● *It's likely all your would-be acting friends appreciate knowing a fact of life, Victor—that you don't necessarily have to start at the bottom. As to your concern about our circulation, the latest estimate on our Dec. 23–30 issue showed 7,099,000—an all-time high.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3–John Burns. • 4–Bill Bridges; Burt Glinn. • 11–Arnold Newman. • 13–Pictorial Parade. • 15–U.S. Army. • 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21–John Bryson. • 22–Joe Kaufman. • 24–Bob Towers. • 25–Farrell Grehan. • 26–Robert Phillips. • 27–Marc Riboud. • 29–John Burns. • 30–Hanson Carroll. • 32–Culver. • 34, 35–Robert Jones. • 43, 44, 45, 46, 47–Frank Ross. • 48, 49–George Tscherny. • 58–Irv Bahrt. • 68, 69, 70–Terence LeGoubin. • 72–Curtis Photo Lab.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



your figure has an appointment with the

WOMAN OF THE HOUR

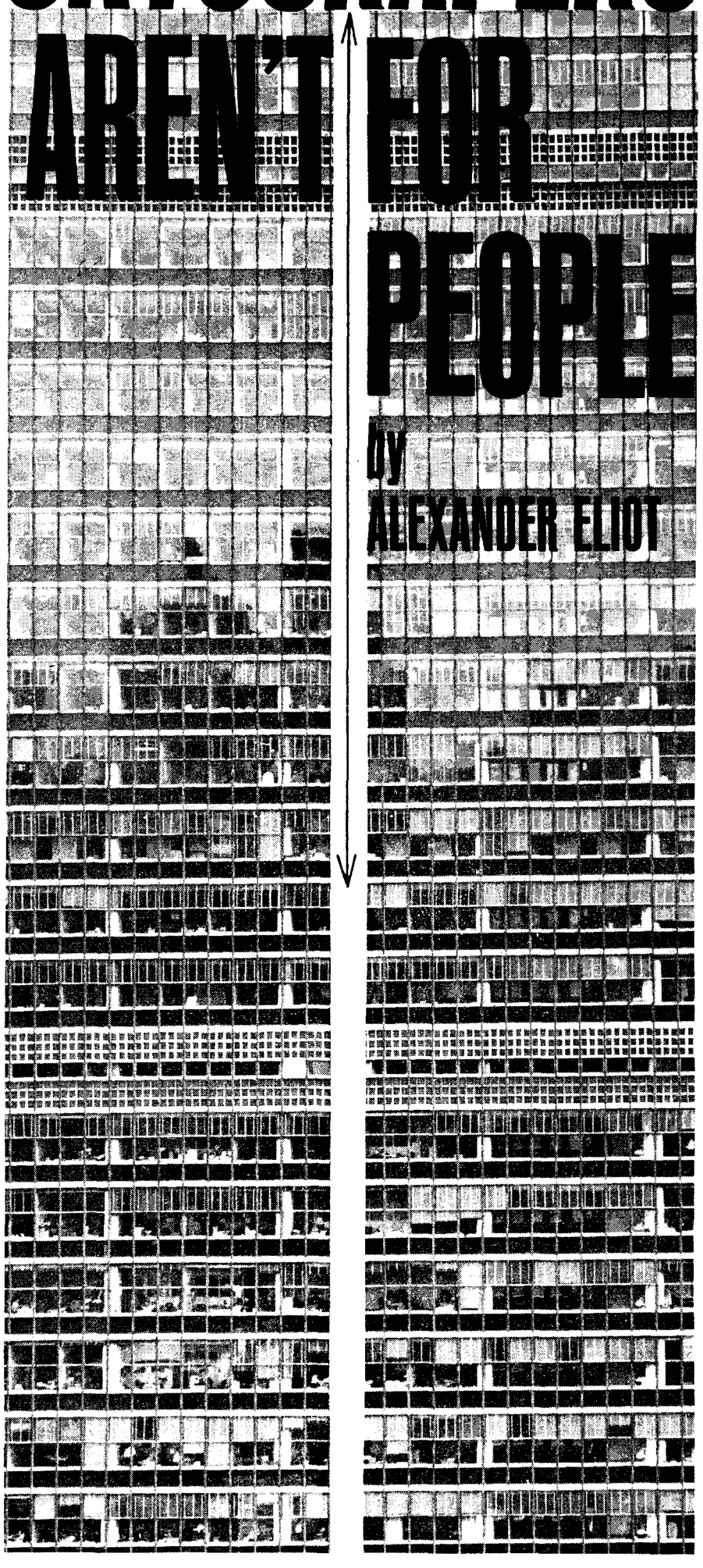
This woman is a Stauffer Counsellor. She is a pretty special specialist. Her profession is figure control and feminine beauty. The portfolio she carries holds the secret to lifetime figure control. It also contains the key to the hour a day that belongs just to you and beauty. (That's why we call her the Woman of the Hour.) If your doorbell rings while you're reading this, it's not the Stauffer Counsellor. She visits by appointment only. So when she calls or writes you, be sure to make a date. Or should you feel your figure can't wait, write to us and we will see that you are put on her appointment calendar. Stauffer Laboratories, 1919 Vineburn Avenue, Los Angeles 32, California. only STAUFFER has the Home Plan

...based on the Stauffer principle that has been recognized by American women for 25 years as the ideal way to successfully achieve a beautiful figure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

SKYSCRAPERS AREN'T FOR PEOPLE



BY ALEXANDER ELIOT

At this moment practically all the world's capitals are rising, rising, like lava boiling up. The boom in office-building construction is the cause. This is the most spectacular event in the history of architecture. Compared with the Glass Mountain we are building, the pyramids of Egypt and the cathedrals of Europe seem like odd little paperweights—in terms of size and expense, that is.

The rush to stack up offices has been gathering momentum ever since World War II. It threatens to pick up more steam during the next decade. In America even smaller cities are jumping. Denver now exhibits the beginnings of a Rocky Mountain skyline. Houston has no less than thirty new ten-gallon-hat structures. To multiply examples would be tedious; just take a little stroll downtown. With it all, Manhattan remains the risingest island in the known universe. Since the boom began, New York has put up about 150 new office buildings, totaling an almost incredible 53,000,000 square feet of new office space. The monster Pan Am Building alone will house 25,000 workers over Grand Central Station.

Neither the plowshare nor the pick nor the lathe is America's No. 1 tool. Typewriter and telephone perform the heavy duty now. We are building our Glass Mountain to the tune of typitipalpitations and telephonalarums. Most of our children will be climbing this mountain from the inside, spending their whole working lives in offices. That, for good or ill, is the human meaning behind all the sparkling new glass.

New York's greatest industry, believe it or not, is sitting at desks. Soon the same thing will be true in most American cities. This phenomenon is something new. For umpteen thousand years our ancestors worked mainly in the open. Then came the Industrial Revolution, bringing sweatshops for the unlucky. Now automation is cutting into factory labor while paperwork piles higher on all sides. The Bureaucratic Revolution threatens to squeeze the universe into a ball and lose it in somebody's desk drawer.

Under these conditions, we have pressing need for still more office buildings—their main purpose, you might suppose, being to provide offices in which people can work happily and well. Yet instead of troubling themselves about the "natives," architects think mainly of the few lucky fellows on the outside looking up. The new skyscrapers are designed to get attention, as landmarks for rubbernecks. What actually happens is that every brave new shell presents the same pure-crisp-stark-soaring drama, like exclamation points all in a row—!!!!!!! They howl for attention. Also they practically beg to be criticized. Yet hardly a hint of criticism has appeared in print. And this is indeed odd, because the actual inhabitants complain all the time.

You might think that the architectural critics were writing of some other, infinitely fairer, clime. The one exception is Lewis Mumford, whose murmured jeremiads break no glass. Mumford long since pointed out the main trouble. The "vertical human filing case," he wrote, shows how "considerations of fashion, profit, prestige, abstract aesthetic form—in a word, 'the package' of commerce—have taken precedence over the needs of human beings. . . ." Maybe shortchanging human beings is a shortsighted policy? That matters not, the builders think. One of the great ones told Mumford exactly why: "'Money,' he said, 'is not interested in looking further ahead than five years.'"

Money is the Mr. Magoo of office-building construction. Not long ago an architectural trade journal noted: "Capital structure is more than ever a matter of attention for architects, now that physical structure is increasingly the result of monetary factors." To put it into plain English, form follows money. But where does the money go? The answer seems to be that most of it is likely to be swallowed up in the classy glass-*cum*-concrete shell, the engineering facilities—especially elevators and air conditioning—and the swaggering lobby. Once these have been completed, the architect usually rides away into the sunset, mantled with half-earned glory.

We stand too much in awe of the architect's profession. As Learned Hand once remarked of judges, architects "can be damn fools just like anyone else." Plenty of stories bear this out. Take the boo-boo in the building of the United Nations Secretariat. The most prestigious international team of architects ever assembled put that sealed-glass slab together without considering how it was to be washed on the outside. A special machine had to be invented for the purpose.

When the architect of a new skyscraper has been and gone, the owners sit on their thumbs waiting for the first high wind to strike. Will the bright tower topple? It is said that one lonely hero braves the gale first. He goes up to the top floor, enters a washroom, turns a tap and fills the basin with water. If not too much slops out onto the floor, that means the building must be reasonably steady. Skyscrapers are built to sway some, as a rule, like stalks of frozen grass. One of the Seagram Building's proudest boasts is that it stands firm, yet safe.

Now that the exclamation mark has been wind-tested, the moment arrives to put something inside it. "Budget" and "efficiency" committees plan the interior arrangements. Of course they must consider, among other things, the immense short-term profits to be gained by overcrowding, comfort-scrimping and cost-cutting of all kinds. They are professionals in handling money—amateurs in matters of design. So their tendency is to draw up Scrooge-ish specifications and then ask design-consultant firms to bid on those. The lowest bid naturally has the best chance. As a result, there is so often a tenement atmosphere inside the proudest towers of commerce. The lobby, the high-speed elevators, the washrooms and the top-executive offices may be impressive—and the rest a mess.

Conveniently enough, the blame for this can find no single resting place. The architect has long since washed his hands of the matter. The landlords' committees made recommendations only, and passed things on. Consultant firms were hamstrung. The design consultant is a huge new force in architecture, by the way. He huffs and puffs to fill the vacuum left by lazy architects. Generally he will be the one to decide your actual surroundings, the mines and warrens deep inside the glass. Lack of money handicaps him often, and lack of imagination does so just as often.

Meanwhile, the dearth of real criticism contributes to our shameful over-all performance. To hear the truth, one must enter the Glass Mountain and talk with

---

Alexander Eliot, New England-born art critic and lecturer, is author of a novel (Proud Youth), *a volume of art philosophy* (Sight and Insight), *and the art history*, Three Hundred Years of American Painting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the inhabitants. Most of them are finding life not rugged, but unpleasant. They say that it is airless, viewless, hard on the eyes, squeezed, exposed, distracting, garish and, in the highest reaches, effeminate. Let's take these complaints in order.

Airless. Yes, even with (gasp!) air conditioning. The quick and semisecret way to save a fortune on an air-conditioned building is this: Turn the power down to the point where barely enough air for human survival will be processed. Since the windows are customarily sealed, this medical minimum is what everybody gets.

In many buildings the air conditioning goes off automatically on weekends. This naturally distresses cleaning women and skeleton crews. It also stops all volunteer work on holidays. But even in midweek there is the recurrent nightmare of power failure. Imagine yourself sealed with hundreds of your fellows on a fiftieth floor somewhere as the lights go out, the elevators whine to a standstill, the air conditioning chokes and dies.

Viewless. Mostly, even with glass walls. An all-glass skyscraper the size of a city block can provide outside staterooms for first-class office-ers only. The ordinary white-collar sailor bails his paper seas deep in the windowless hold. He sees no more of the sun than a submariner does. But say that you yourself are fortunate enough to rate a window. A neighboring skyscraper grows up overnight, as it were, and you find yourself staring into a stack of offices across the way. Brazil has a spanking new capital set in the midst of untracked wilderness, its main feature being a pair of identical-twin skyscrapers which loom up eye-to-eye within spitting distance of each other.

Hard on the eyes. Apparently, according to medical reports. Within a month after a large oil firm took over its new headquarters, about a hundred workers came down with splitting headaches and inflamed eyes. This struck the company doctor as perverse, since, as he explained to each patient, "the whole building is scientifically lighted!" Scientifically, and economically too. Fluorescent lighting is cheap, chill, brilliant, unvarying and fairly shadowless—just right for operating rooms. But the human eye requires some variety of light and shade, if only for exercise. Take that away, and the eye strains dimly, until it hurts.

Squeezed. Vertically, yes (mind your hat). Lower ceilings mean more rentable floors to the stack. A twenty-five-floor building today runs about the same height as twenty floors did yesterday.

Horizontal squeezing is common, but this, of course, depends on your position. The new "modular" system of interior planning starts with a single basic unit—say three feet square—and multiplies it to get larger areas. The method is economical because it is flexible, but the opposite of democratic. Your space allotment shows your status exactly. If the office girl gets a three-foot square under a communications tube, the sales chief must have thirty square feet of office rug to pace. Friendly and pinching for her; flattering and lonely for him.

Incidentally, funny things can happen when the designer's checkerboard fails to fit the actual dimensions of the shell. *Time-Life*'s new headquarters in the latest addition to Rockefeller Center has some partitions bisecting windows and others—down one side of the building—falling short of the exterior wall.

Exposed. For the secretarial ranks, up-to-date design consultants offer waist-high "dividers" or potted plants instead. Doors are on the way out. A particularly courteous executive told me how he dreads going to the washroom. It seems that on each trip he has to pass the doorless doorways of two dozen eager assistants. His problem, forty-eight times a voyage: To nod or not to nod?

Of course, there are bosses who hanker for more, not less, exposure. Some are even having their board rooms redesigned as living rooms. One insurance underwriter explains that he feels somehow easier in his mind when he can see his chairman's garters—or lack of same.

Distracting. Well, you can hear the nylons hiss every time Miss Pumice shifts position in the adjacent cell. The reason is that plastic partitions vibrate like drum skins at a breath. Mr. Flogmaster in the corner office sounds dangerous this morning; he seems to be making a project of just breathing. Any phone within twenty yards sounds like your own—and so on. Whatever you wish to say in private, by the way, had better be kept for Joe's Grill (one block straight down and two south). That is, unless a nasal whine has already been installed in your air-conditioning system. This antieavesdropper device—strictly the cheapest soundproofing yet—assumes, first, that all of us are eavesdroppers and, secondly, that we should all be whined and dinned.

Garish. Especially in the middle ranks. Design consultants patiently explain that crimson peps you up, yellow makes you cheerful, and mauve calms you down. Hence the canary-colored cell with the red desk and imperturbable mauve wastebasket.

One rising young copywriter told me of a visit from a lady who put him in rather a whirl. As the design consultant hired by his company, she had decided to make each wall of his office a different color. "Why?" he asked. "Because I feel in the mood," she tittered, floating off down the hall. That night the painters did their work; next morning the fellow found himself confronted with a *fait accompli.* Besides the paint job, his comfortable oak chair had been replaced by an elaborate swivel contraption in matching hues. With much labor he retrieved his former chair, though it broke the decorator's heart. "Rest assured," she shrieked, shaking her dainty fist, "we'll never publish this room with oak in it!"

Yet have patience, O gnomes of the Glass Mountain. Another favorite fancy of design consultants is that higher-priced executives must be kept cool at all times. So as you rise through the ranks, the colors of your ever-larger offices will fade to pastel shades, until at last you find yourself enthroned in high purlieus of skim milk and appliquéd crystal suitable for a Snow Queen's coming out.

Effeminate. At the top level, anyhow. Long ago a man's home was supposed to be his castle. Then it became Her castle, but he still held the comforts of his office, at least, inviolate. The cavernous roll-top desk, the cuspidor, the rows of unread books—all this and more helped to make him feel at home away from home. But now it all is swept away. President Lancelot perches flowingly upon a foam-rubber tailfin behind a broad slab of varicose marble. His unobtrusive bit of a bar has been replaced by a genuine hi-fi set. The family photos and company charts have given way before a single huge canvas painted in invisible oils by some inscrutable Japanese. Pretty soon they're going to make off with Lancelot's desk set and give him a fruit bowl instead, plus floor cushions for callers.

Such is the chief pattern for VIP offices at present. But taste remains a personal matter—"tastemakers" to the contrary—and so does comfort. There are still a few mavericks who say as much and even act upon it. Sometimes even today you will come across an office which perfectly reflects the man inside. It seems almost an extension of his personality, just as a harmonious house reflects the whole family's character. This, of course, is the ideal and, like all human ideals it can only be arrived at individually, each time new—provided, of course, that the architect and the design consultant leave room for it to happen at all.

So much for the commonest complaints you hear inside the Glass Mountain. Any single inhabitant is likely to supply more on request. Meanwhile, in fairness, it ought to be noted that not all the complaints apply to all cases. One or two of the new buildings are pretty good, though never so good as their publicity releases. Among the cheerier examples stands the new Chase Manhattan Bank building in downtown New York City. Sufficient funds were reserved for its interior, which designer Ward Bennett made astonishingly elegant and varied. Each of Chase's 140 vice presidents, for instance, got an office custom-tailored to his own individual desires.

Bank president David Rockefeller opened the Chase last May with a dry cry of triumph. "From the soaring lift of the exterior," he proclaimed, "to the openness walled with height inside," the building was designed "to take all the mystery out of banking. People can look into the new bank and see bankers at work and, by the same token, bankers can look out." Chase's vaults are well buried though, 'way down below street level. Bankers in glass buildings shouldn't throw money around.

Seriously, the Chase remains just one of a very few passable big buildings in the postwar crop. Another is Lever House, which balances like some lighthearted girl on a Park Avenue corner. But both of these were built for company prestige instead of a fast buck. When "money looks ahead only five years," human beings get stuck for the investment—permanently. To jerry-build a skyscraper is madness, yet commonplace. Our human filing cabinets are mainly designed by façade men masquerading as architects. The insides of these pretentious horrors tend to be dictated by boors of Procrustean hauteur, disguised as design consultants. So our newest and highest office buildings, as a rule, turn out worst of all, naturally.

In a sense, the whole mess repeats the early years of the Industrial Revolution. Then we blithely blighted nature with a first growth of horrible factories. Now we blight our cities with monstrous, blank, white-collar warrens. The Glass Mountain looms to commemorate the new, the Bureaucratic Revolution. Must we applaud each lavalike eruption, each pillar of glass and imprisoning bright tower as it appears? No, they are nothing but mirages of convenience and brutal parodies of beauty. They resemble the fever charts of high finance—or stacked-up poker chips—given huge and crushing actuality. Once inside them, you can't breathe, see or converse in the normal way. Work suffers accordingly, of course, and that practical point will win some changes over the years. But what is to be done meanwhile?

Putting it mildly: The Glass Mountain needs looking into. THE END

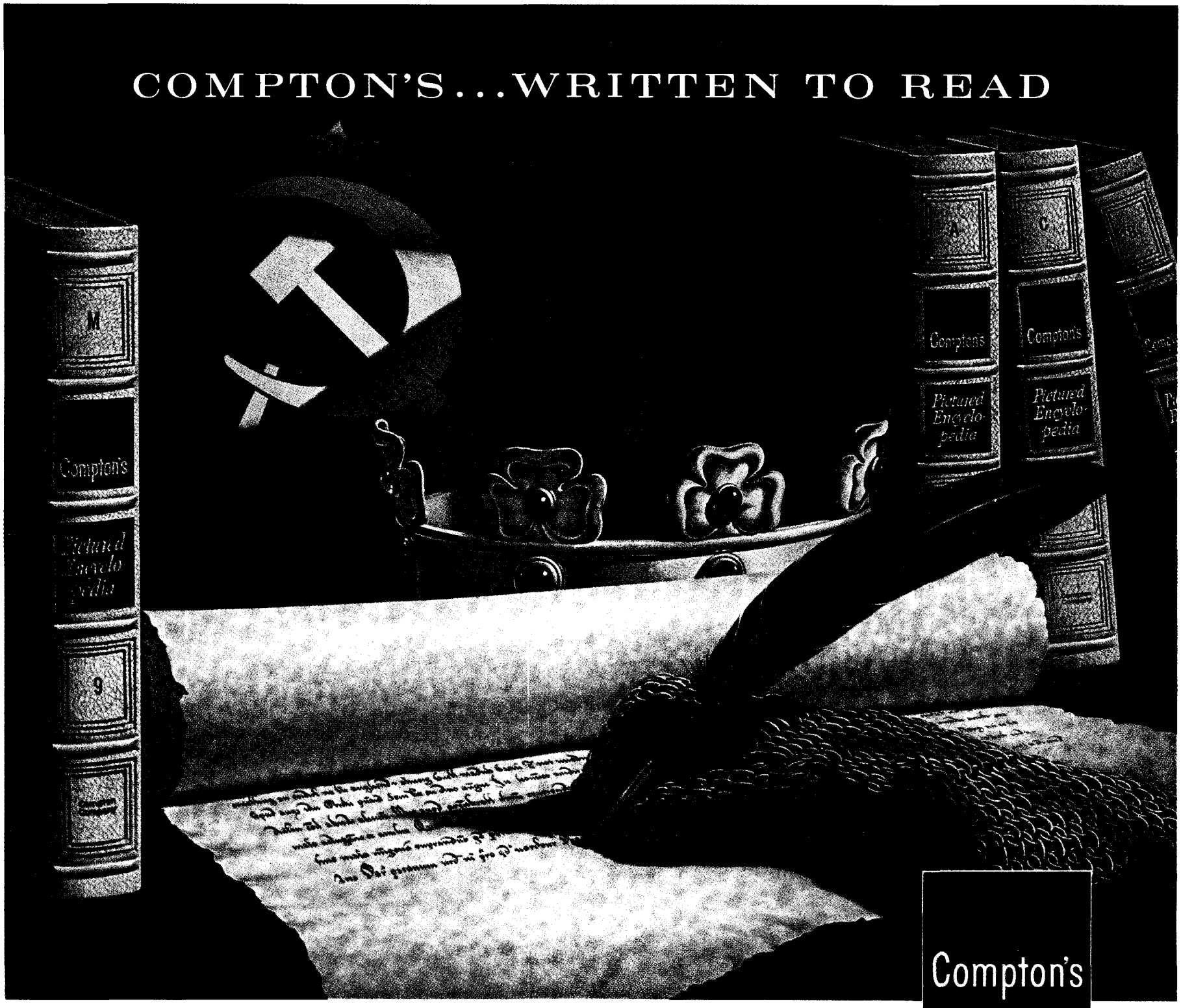
take Alka-Seltzer at the first sign of a cold!

Alka-Seltzer® helps you *feel* better while you're *getting* better, when a cold gets you down. It relieves the headache and feverish feeling . . . the ache-all-over discomfort of a cold. And, you can use Alka-Seltzer as a soothing gargle, too! It's a mighty pleasant way to relief!
Alka-Seltzer—to relieve the miseries of your cold . . . reduce fever. Always keep plenty of Alka-Seltzer on hand.

MILES PRODUCTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPTON'S...WRITTEN TO READ



Compton's

Pictured Encyclo-pedia

FIRST IN QUALITY

What happened at RUNNYMEDE that makes us different from the RUSSIANS ?

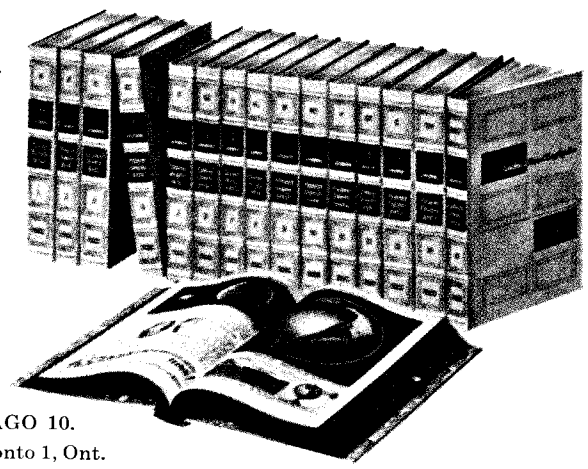
DO YOUR CHILDREN KNOW?

In 1215, "in a meadow which is called Runnymeade" on the Thames in England, King John affixed his seal to the Magna Carta. This is a fact to be found in almost any encyclopedia. But what good does it do your children to learn dates and names unless they can relate them to living?

That is the remarkable contribution Compton's makes. It is "written to read." In Compton's a young reader reads on and is helped to understand that at Runnymede the principle that the government itself must govern by law became a part of our heritage, so that we are forever protected against the arbitrary rule that passes for justice in Russia.

Compton's is not just a "look-it-up-for-homework-and-then-forget-it" encyclopedia. Every article in Compton's is written by experts for accuracy, and then re-written in the Compton style that makes even technical articles easy reading. "Pictures that teach" on almost every page of every volume contribute to still greater understanding. An exclusive Fact-Index in each volume leads young readers from subject to subject, leads them to read more and more, leads them to knowledge.

What a wonderful advantage it gives a child to have Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. You can give it to your family for as little as six dollars a month.



F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY, COMPTON BUILDING, CHICAGO 10.
In Canada: F. E. Compton of Canada, Ltd., 207 Queens Quay West, Toronto 1, Ont.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

PLAN FOR SURVIVAL

BY EDWARD TELLER
WITH ALLEN BROWN

Edward Teller, a distinguished nuclear physicist, begins here a discussion of the most critical problem of our time. His credentials are impressive. In 1939 he helped persuade Albert Einstein to write the famous letter which convinced President Roosevelt that we should build an atomic bomb. Teller worked on atomic weaponry until 1946, when he quit Los Alamos because his boss, J. Robert Oppenheimer, refused to urge the Government to push ahead on development of a hydrogen bomb. Returning to Los Alamos in 1949, he suggested the ingenious approach which led to our first successful thermonuclear explosion. Teller resumed his work as a professor of physics at the University of California in July, 1960. His purpose in leaving Government work, he says, was to voice long-restrained views on our nation's course in the nuclear age He has done this in a book, The Legacy of Hiroshima, *which Doubleday will publish on March 2, and from which* The Post *has drawn three articles. Dealing here with nuclear-test bans, and later with fallout and cold-war strategy, Teller disagrees profoundly with some other scientists. He may provoke readers, too—but he should be heard.*

© 1962 by Edward Teller and Allen Brown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every announcement of United States nuclear tests sets off a wave of agitation and emotion by misguided people. With a variety of slogans and demonstrations they want to convince us that our Government is doing a very deadly and damnable thing.

These people are utterly mistaken. They do a great disservice to themselves, to our country and to the free world. Even with the best of motives, such as deep humanitarianism, their activity aggravates the menace of war instead of minimizing it. Why?

Essentially because the world is not ready for nuclear disarmament or any other form of disarmament. And any free nation that "goes it alone" in disarming is likely to go to its doom.

Demonstrations against nuclear tests betray a new factor which has infected American thinking and influenced American policy since Hiroshima. That new factor is fear. The counsel of fear has resulted in plans and actions that are irrelevant, irrational and even inimical to our national interest. Currently fallout heads the list of our fears. Better psychological preparation for a campaign to halt nuclear testing would be hard to find. Yet there were other arguments between 1945 and our suspension of tests in 1958.

By plausible persuasion most Americans were led to believe that the peace of the world depended not on preparedness but on unpreparedness—that the development of weapons was inescapably the prelude to war. In this particular skein of thinking, the possession and perfection of nuclear weapons by opposing nations made an all-out nuclear war not only a possibility but also a horrible certainty.

There appeared a simple solution: disarmament. What could have been more logical? War's destruction is caused by weapons. Therefore war and its destructiveness can be abolished if we abolish weapons. Of all weapons, nuclear weapons are the most destructive. So they should be abolished first. As nuclear weapons are relatively small and easy to hide, there may be no sure way to eliminate all existing stockpiles. But a beginning can be made—so goes this hopeful theory—by ending the insane competition to perfect and produce more devastating weapons. Step One is, of course, to suspend nuclear tests. The dream of peace through disarmament is so reasonable that it is hardly surprising to see the nations beguiled by it. Disarmament is a noble goal. It satisfies our strong desires for a peaceful world and also our elementary sense of human decency.

The arms race has diverted us from our most essential task, the improvement of the lot of mankind. The world in its over-all arms race spends $14,000,000 an hour, the Associated Press reported recently. Diverted to the purposes of peace, the report said, that amount would feed all the hungry and care for all the sick among the world's 3,000,000,000 people, house 240,000,000 families in underdeveloped nations, and more than double the cash income of 1,200,000,000 persons. Moreover, it added, "An absolute end to the arms race would release the constructive energies of at least 15,000,000 men now in training to kill each other."

Over and above the imposing material benefits, disarmament would eliminate the inhumane balance of terror existing in the world. But that terror would be greater if there were no balance, if all the instruments of terror were at the exclusive command of our enemies. One-sided disarmament is worse by far than no disarmament at all. That is the answer to why we must continue nuclear tests. Disarmament is desirable only if it promotes peace. Historically there is no clear evidence that it can ensure peace, and there are instances in which it apparently induced war.

There is good evidence to support most the widely held belief that an arms race caused World War I. But World War II was caused by a race in disarmament. And with Communist Russia bent upon world domination, the tensions of the world today are similar to those created by the aspirations of totalitarian governments just before World War II. The situation before World War I was quite different.

Peace-loving nations disarmed after the First World War, but they were too slow in realizing that Nazi Germany had reopened the armament race. Germany, terrifyingly armed, made giant strides toward world domination before the peaceful nations recognized the error of their own disarmament.

Some persons who insist upon nuclear disarmament at any price advocate a simple approach: unilateral disarmament. Even after the Soviet publicly announced its continuance of nuclear tests last August, these Americans still urged unilateral disarmament on the grounds that if our nation refused to break its self-imposed three-year ban, we could face the world as a nation truly seeking peace. The courage of anyone who holds this view—while realizing the possibility of frightening consequences—deserves a great deal of respect.

In such a stand some people emulate the magnificent example of Mahatma Gandhi, But the story of Gandhi has two sides. The less-known side is, in its way, just as admirable as the other. This is the story of the British willingness to permit Gandhi sufficient freedom to spread his ideas of peaceful resistance and make his program a success. We know of no Gandhi in any Communist country. Many decades may pass before the high-minded advocates of unilateral disarmament find in the Soviet Union the kind of self-sacrificing liberalism which is necessary if passive resistance is to become practical.

Even if we solemnly approached nuclear disarmament by treaty, it actually would be a unilateral act on our part. For an inclusive treaty could be neither policed nor enforced. It would place the United States in the highly untenable position of basing our national security upon Russian truthfulness. Why would any disarmament agreement become a dead letter in an instant at a Soviet whim? Because we have no way of detecting nuclear stockpiles nor experiments in two of the four general areas in which they can be conducted. On all those counts we would have to take the Soviet's word.

The test-ban negotiations conducted by the United States and the Soviet in 1958 served one good purpose. They emphasized the great difficulties of policing and enforcing any nuclear agreement. In a more general way they illustrate the considerable difficulties besetting any plan of policed arms limitation.

Nuclear devices can be tested in four general areas: in the atmosphere, in the oceans, underground or in space. The large majority of more than 200 United States and known Soviet tests have been in the atmosphere. We set off our first atomic and thermonuclear bombs there. The Soviet loosed its mightiest blast of 1961 there.

The Conference of Experts, held during the summer of 1958 to further President Eisenhower's proposal for expert planning of a test ban, reported that atmospheric tests would be relatively easy to detect. It was on this optimistic basis that the U.S. began its voluntary unilateral moratorium on tests and invited the Soviet to negotiate a test-ban agreement.

The experts outlined a double means of checking. A moderate network of control stations would register air blasts and other effects produced by tests. In addition, cruising planes equipped with filters to pick up radioactive particles would operate to detect explosions. In this way we could not detect explosions of less than one kiloton, equivalent to 1000 tons of TNT. But an unexpected shift of the wind could carry telltale radioactivity from small tests to control stations, so that even a small explosion might be discovered. Radioactive particles decay at known rates, and their substance can be analyzed. The results fix the date of a test rather accurately. By plotting the flow of winds carrying the radioactive particles to the point of pickup, the test site itself can be located.

Nuclear explosions beneath the surfaces of oceans, likewise, are easily detectable. Water transmits sound so readily that the noise and shock wave of an underwater explosion can be picked up even more effectively than the same disturbances in an atmospheric test. Once the wave is recorded at several places, the arrival time of the shock wave at those places can be used to locate the explosion's site. Freedom of the seas permits a check for radioactive contamination of the water at the determined location. Although the identity of a test-ban violator working on the open seas might remain uncertain, the fact of the violation could be established beyond a doubt. But in the two other general areas, underground and in space, testing defies effective policing measures.

Underground tests can be concealed so effectively that a long, systematic series of experiments could be carried out without any real chance that they might be detected by any technical observation. Such a secret series could yield practically all the information needed for the successful development of nuclear weapons.

In underground nuclear explosions it is the identification and verification that are most difficult. There are three chief obstacles to successful policing underground: Noise in the earth's crust may mean an earthquake rather than a test; a radioactive deposit resulting from a test is not easily located underground; and subterranean tests can be muffled.

Movements in the earth's crust, which are far more frequent than most people realize, are recorded by seismographs. In an underground nuclear explosion the first signal received by seismographs is expected to be a compression, because explosions push outward in every direction. In earthquakes a slippage occurs in the earth's crust and compression pulses are usually not sent out in all directions. However, the steady background noises created by ocean waves pounding the earth's crust, and other causes, frequently resemble the compression wiggle of an underground nuclear blast on all seismographs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conversely, the suspicious first wiggle of a nuclear explosion may be lost in the earth's natural background noises at some stations, and so the blast may be mistaken for an earthquake.

Any nation determined to cheat a test-ban agreement, furthermore, can easily camouflage nuclear explosions to resemble earthquakes. The simple behavior of the first signal from a nuclear explosion can be confused in two ways: by setting off two or more underground explosions almost simultaneously to produce the slightly more involved seismograms caused by earthquakes, or by planting nuclear devices underground in earthquake-prone areas in such a way as to trigger them by a natural earthquake. In either case the seismographs could be fooled, and the underground tests would go undetected.

The second obstacle to policing underground tests involves the difficulties of locating radioactivity beneath the surface. As seismographs can be fooled, the only sure way to tell a nuclear explosion from an earthquake is to send teams of experts to inspect the locations of suspicious disturbances. On finding radioactivity, they would know that a nuclear test had been conducted. But our most efficient seismographs can localize disturbances only imperfectly, to within an area of about 100 square miles. An underground test within that area, conducted with sufficient care, would leave no surface marks differing from an earthquake's. The searching experts would have to hunt underground by drilling to various depths. Proof of a nuclear explosion, therefore, could be obtained only by desperate wildcatting.

The third obstacle to detecting underground tests is that the explosions can be muffled, or "decoupled." All that is necessary is a big underground hole in order to decrease the earth-moving pressure of the detonation. If a nuclear device is set off there, the explosion's seismic signal can be decreased to one 300th of its normal strength. Thus a twenty-kiloton bomb, equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT, can be muffled to resemble a blast of only seventy tons of TNT if exploded 3000 feet underground in a hole about 500 feet in diameter.

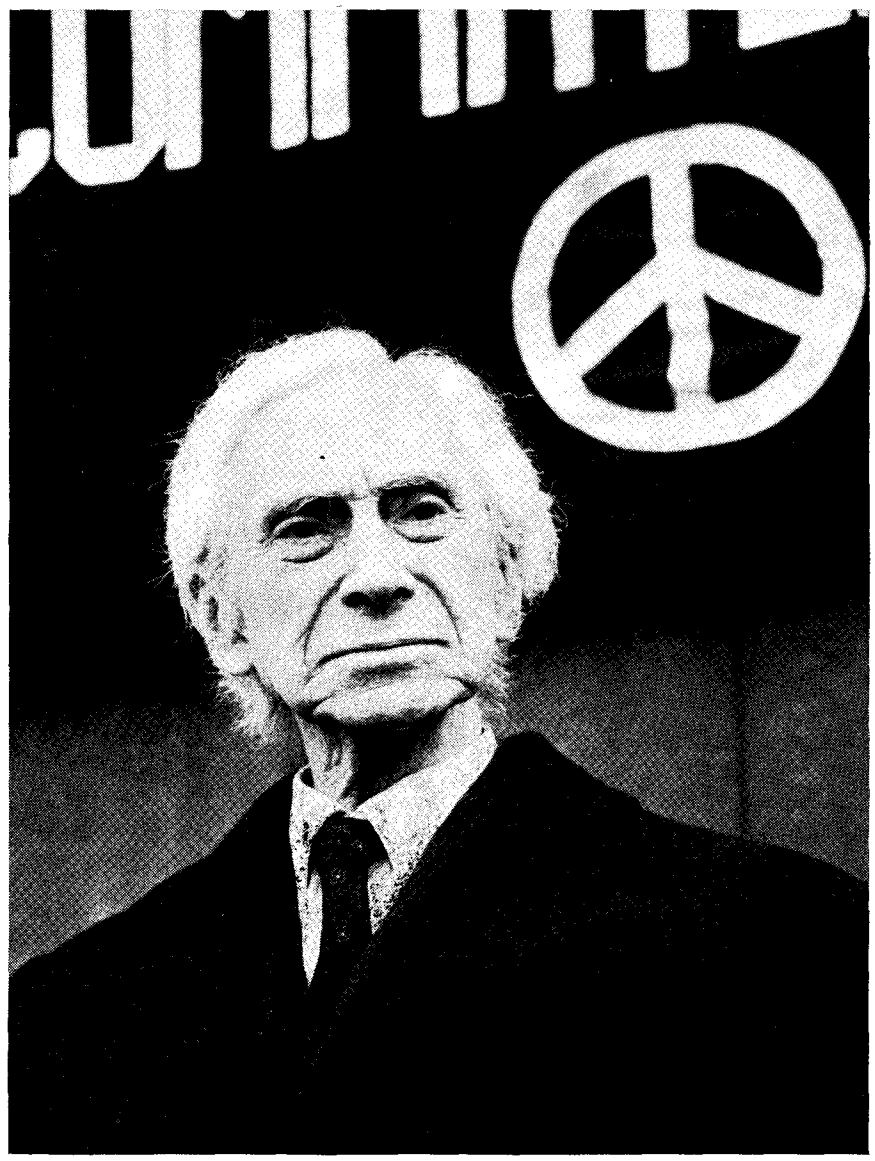
The quickest, cheapest way to create such holes is by washing out thick salt deposits. A hole big enough to muffle a twenty-kiloton test could be washed out in about two years at a cost of $10,000,000. This effort would not be considered excessive by a nation bent upon cheating a nuclear test ban. By placing in such chambers substances which absorb the energy of a nuclear explosion, a further reduction of the blast pressure—and seismic signal—can be obtained.

In Russia each year about 5000 natural earth movements give the kind of seismic signals produced by a decoupled twenty-kiloton nuclear explosion. Almost all of these 5000 movements would be suspicious, posing an enormous problem of inspection.

Many of these difficulties were not fully realized when the Conference of Experts at Geneva in the summer of 1958 stated that 180 detection stations around the world would give a 90 per cent probability of detecting underground tests above five kilotons, the equivalent of 5000 tons of TNT. The Russians reluctantly agreed that "all events which are recorded by the control stations and which could be suspected of being nuclear explosions will have to be inspected on the site."

Even before the start of the Geneva test-ban negotiations based upon the experts' report, we

"THE DREAM OF PEACE . . WITH DISARMAMENT"



Lord Bertrand Russell, Nobel Prize winner and leading spokesman for the British ban-the-bomb movement. Teller says such activity "aggravates the menace of war instead of minimizing it."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recognized that the underground policing system could not detect explosions below twenty kilotons with anything like 90 per cent probability, American recognition of that fact was based on results of our own underground tests, begun in October, 1958, before the moratorium became effective.

A few months later, the theory of big-hole decoupling of blasts was developed in this country. At the time I was director of the Atomic Energy Commission laboratories at Livermore, California. Albert Latter, of the Rand Corporation at Santa Monica, California, who had collaborated with us at Livermore, worked out the decoupling theory. When the President's Scientific Advisory Committee visited Livermore in January, 1959, Latter presented his theory. The committee's foremost expert was Hans Bethe, a leader in arguing that a test cessation was feasible and desirable. Bethe, after listening to Latter's proof on decoupling, considered it for several weeks and then confirmed it. The theory was verified experimentally a year later with small shots of conventional high explosives in tests conducted in Louisiana.

Because of these increasingly evident difficulties in detecting small or muffled nuclear explosions underground, the United States on February 11, 1960, proposed a test-ban treaty that would be only partial. It would have banned large nuclear explosions immediately and smaller ones later, after working out some type of effective detection methods. The Soviet accepted that proposal March nineteenth with an important modification: It asked for a written gentlemen's agreement to end smaller tests, under twenty kilotons, for four or five years. The West said that such an agreement should not extend beyond two or three years.

The United States proposed that the partial ban on big tests be policed with about twenty inspections a year inside the Soviet. The Soviet replied in July that the number would have to be limited to three. Then came a long pause. Almost a year later the Soviet insisted that policing be done by a three-headed international commission, a troika composed of a Russian, an American and a "neutral"—and that any one of the three could veto any inspection. The United States could not possibly consider such an arrangement. Had we accepted this Soviet proposal, the Russians might have permitted inspection of real earthquakes—but not of disturbances corresponding to actual tests.

The Russians knew their demands to be extravagant. They must have realized that the United States would not consent to a test-ban treaty that would give Russians a veto over inspections on Russian soil. Yet the Soviet insisted upon the troika. And the Soviet got exactly what she wanted: no nuclear tests in the United States and no inspections in Russia.

At Geneva and in the public press so much attention was focused on the difficulties of detecting underground tests that many people believe this is the most serious barrier to an effective test ban. It is not. The possibilities of illegal, clandestine tests are even greater in the fourth general area available for testing: interplanetary space. Such tests are not fantastic. They are feasible. And they are largely undetectable. A space experiment could be as significant to a nation's armament as a full-scale hydrogen bomb blast in the Pacific or Siberia.

How could it be done? A rocket could be launched carrying a nuclear explosive and a compartment of observation equipment. Some 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 miles from the earth, the nuclear device and the observation instruments could be allowed to drift apart. When perhaps ten miles apart, the nuclear device could be exploded. The observing instruments would radio the test results back to earth. These results, vital as they are, could be transmitted with little power in a brief message. They would arrive coded, in a form that would appear as a meaningless random noise except to the testers.

The total expense of a space test need not exceed $20,000,000, hardly an excessive sum. It would not require the elaborate meteorological control or the great number of participants employed for all our Pacific experiments. The biggest single expense would be the cost of thrusting the rocket well beyond the earth's gravitational field. And rocket thrust is an achievement in which Russia excels. By space testing, a nation could violate a test-ban treaty on a really massive scale. It would need only rocket thrust and scientific patience to avoid detection. After the test-rocket take-off, the scientists would have to wait a few months for the rocket to drift 100,000,000 miles from earth before they could safely separate its parts and detonate its nuclear device.

Not much light would be emitted by such an experiment. The intense X rays given off by a nuclear explosion in space would be absorbed in our atmosphere and could not be detected on earth. Police satellites carrying detection equipment could be launched and kept in orbit in space at great expense, but they could be thwarted. The test-ban violator could shield his explosion. Shielding would add to the rocket's weight and increase test costs—but shielded nuclear devices of up to 500 kilotons, equivalent to 500,000 tons of TNT, could be tested in far space without fear of detection from the earth.

There is an easy, cheap, almost foolproof method of controlling nuclear tests in space. An agreement might be made permitting the inspection of every rocket before firing. In this way we could make sure that no nuclear explosive was aboard. There is only one thing wrong with this simple and effective proposal. The Russians—who balked at adequate inspection of underground explosions—have said they never would agree to such a simple inspection.

Obviously nuclear experimentation is going to continue on the part of the Soviet, the United States and other nations. Our continued testing may be subjected to an oblique attack by disarmament advocates, based on the question: Don't we already know all we need to know?

The answer is: We need more information in many fields of nuclear-armament development.

Between the time of Hiroshima and the 1958 test suspension, our scientists learned how to increase the explosive force of a nuclear device a thousandfold. We now have enough nuclear weapons to devastate all the cities in Russia.

But we are not appropriately armed to survive an initial attack on the United States, to strike back precisely at the attackers, or to engage in limited nuclear warfare to protect the freedom of our allies scattered around the globe.

Further nuclear experiments are essential to our security in several specific ways. It is most important that the weight of our major nuclear weapons be reduced. As long as our nuclear explosives are heavy, they require big, heavy rockets to carry them. These missiles are not easily protected against Russian rockets. They cannot be moved around the country inconspicuously. They require large, expensive nuclear submarines to keep them at sea.

Meanwhile the Communists can steadily perfect the accuracy of their rockets that can be aimed at our missile sites. Their espionage can with little difficulty find and report the location of these sites. While the Soviet cannot hope to wipe out all of our nuclear retaliatory power in an initial attack, they may yet manage to destroy so much of it that the remainder could be shot down in the air before reaching Russia. They might do this, that is, unless we are able to decrease the weight of our retaliatory weapons through further nuclear testing.

Lightweight nuclear explosives will allow a corresponding reduction in the size, weight and thrust of our ballistic missiles. These smaller weapons could be carried around the nation by truck and railroad car with greater ease and less likelihood of detection. More of these smaller weapons could be installed in "hard" stations, impervious to an initial attack, from which retaliatory missiles can be launched. With smaller-sized weapons the United States could launch more decoys with retaliatory rockets, increasing chances of thwarting an enemy's antimissile system. Smaller submarines and planes could carry our lightweight nuclear weapons. Without any loss of punch our retaliatory arsenal could be reduced in cost by billions of dollars.

But our safety and survival should not be reckoned in dollars. The main point we must consider is this: In a rapidly changing world we can never be sure that our existing military strength is sufficient. We cannot keep abreast by standing still. By resuming nuclear experiments we are much more likely to remain prepared for all eventualities that may arise.

One growing eventuality is that of limited warfare. Strategists of both the United States and the Soviet have recognized that fact. With a world situation in which the two greatest nuclear powers do not dare to attack each other directly, limited wars become increasingly possible. Success in them depends in a great degree upon tactical nuclear weapons which are lightweight, transportable and "clean."

When our Government ordered our voluntary moratorium on nuclear tests in 1958, we might have been ahead of Russia in tactical nuclear weapons. It is highly possible that today Russia has more advanced tactical weapons than the United States. We have good reason to believe that between 1958 and 1961 the Soviet set off no big nuclear explosions in the atmosphere. But of experiments conducted underground or in space we know nothing. Some of the most interesting tactical explosives produce blasts of under 1000 TNT tons. If the Soviets had used the most simple methods of concealment, we could not have detected such blasts in the vast areas of Russia between 1958 and 1961. The probability that a nuclear-weapons gap exists right now, in addition to a missile gap, is real.

We know now that our self-imposed moratorium on nuclear experiments in 1958–61 was idiotic and dangerous, that we allowed our hopes to arrest our nuclear-weapons development while

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian progress was accelerating, that the Soviet must have conducted some forms of nuclear experiments all along.

All this was clearly indicated early last August when Khrushchev announced that the Soviet would test explosives in the 100-megaton range. The Russians made confident statements about the results of these future tests. They could anticipate these results on the basis of earlier, clandestine tests with smaller yields. The military value of 100-megaton tests is not particularly great. It is likely that the recent numerous tests of the Russians have produced more important results. Their willingness, despite world opinion, to conduct their bigger tests openly—knowing that they would be detected—was a clear indication that they had already tested the more important small weapons while they could do so in secret.

The Russians must have known that their announced testing would goad the United States into resuming its nuclear experimentation. They would have acted as they did only if far ahead. What could have put them far ahead? An earlier, secret test program.

We must assume, for all practical purposes, that the Soviet Union actually is ahead of us in the development of nuclear weapons.

Secret nuclear testing by the Soviet should hardly come as a surprise to thoughtful Americans. History has a way of repeating itself in the twentieth century. During the critical days of 1941 just before Pearl Harbor, Japanese emissaries in Washington assured us that they wanted peace. During the critical years between 1958 and 1961, Russian emissaries at Geneva assured us they wanted a nuclear-test ban and disarmament. The situations are similar.

In both instances we let ourselves be governed by our yearning for peace—and we and peace suffered for it in both instances.

International law hardly exists today. Yet it is one of our most vital needs. Unenforceable laws, however, favor the lawless. Prohibition gave us an example of that fact. Unenforceable disarmament agreements could prove the truth of this statement on a nationally disastrous scale.

We have approached the problem of disarmament in the wrong way. This important goal cannot be entrusted to the seemingly easy functioning of automatic means of detection. We need one thing: openness—an open exchange of ideas and information among all people.

If anyone can go to any country in the world and ask any question, if any person can answer without fear of reprisal, if secrecy disappears, then no test or warlike preparation can go undetected. That seems clear.

As more nations acquire nuclear weapons, openness initiated now would eliminate possible error in determining the source of any future nuclear attack. In the long run our safety may, in fact, depend upon openness, which is the only possible method of assuring international arms control.

Our ultimate goal must be to eliminate more than armaments and armies—it must eliminate irresponsible and illegal acts of independent nations. We must work for the establishment of a world authority sustained by moral force and physical force—a world government capable of enforcing worldwide law—and worldwide disarmament if need be.

"OUR MORATORIUM ON . . . TESTS WAS IDIOTIC"

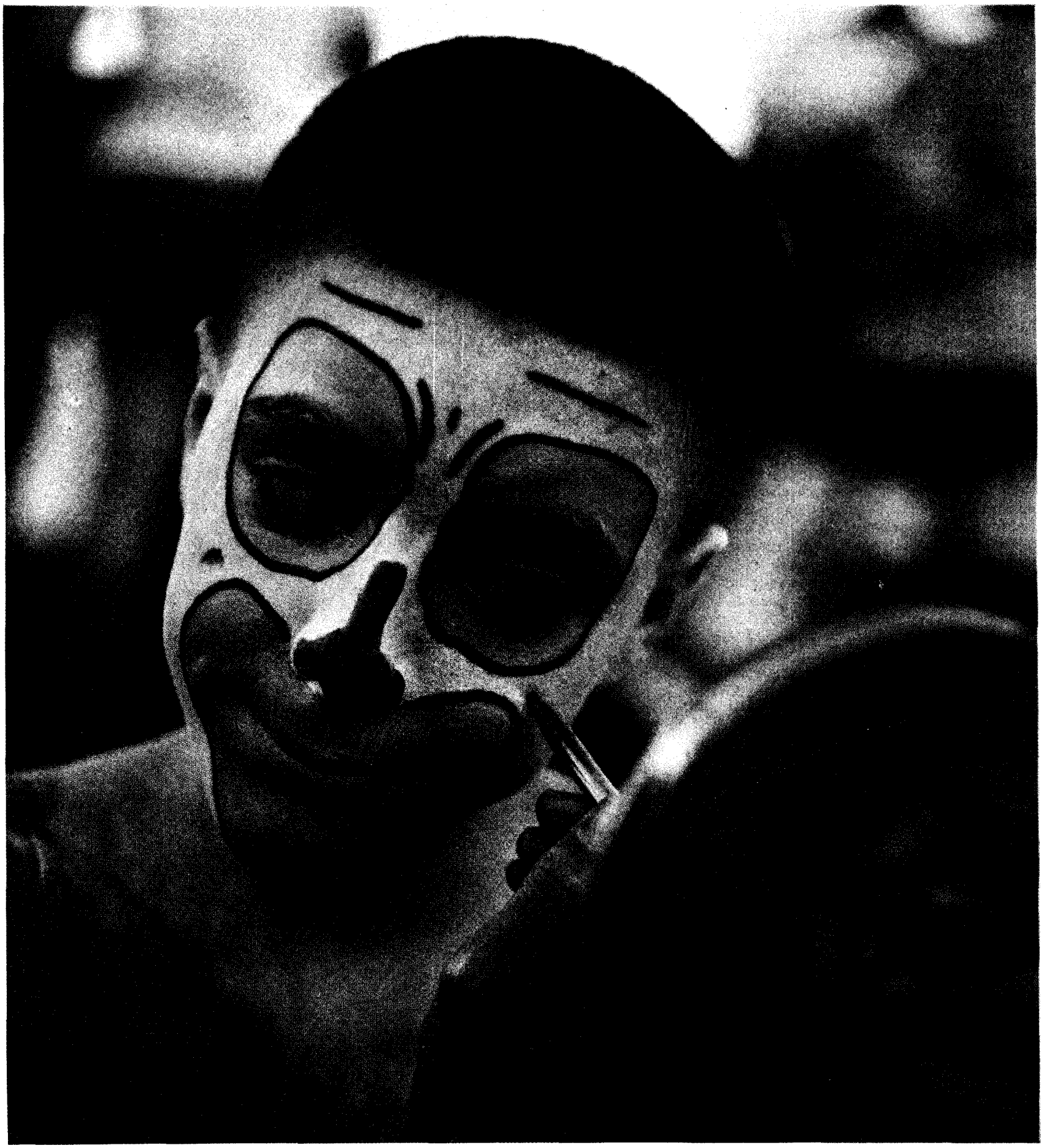
Yucca Flats, Nevada, 1951: the first battlefield test of an atomic bomb with American troops. Teller believes the one-sided U.S. ban allowed Russia to surpass us in tactical nuclear development.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREATEST LITTLE SHOW ON EARTH

How a circus of youngsters—from seven to seventeen—barnstorms our Northwest.

Photographs by JOHN BRYSON · Text by Kathleen Hampton



One of five able troupers in his family, Dennis Meek, 14, formerly tooted the baritone horn, now has switched to clowning.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A spotlight glints on a steel wire thirty-five feet above a playing field in Roseburg, Oregon, then follows the wire slowly through the darkness. The crowd gasps as the light stops at the figure of a tiny girl poised on a pedestal.

"Ladeeze and gentlemen! You are about to see the youngest high-wire walker in the world."

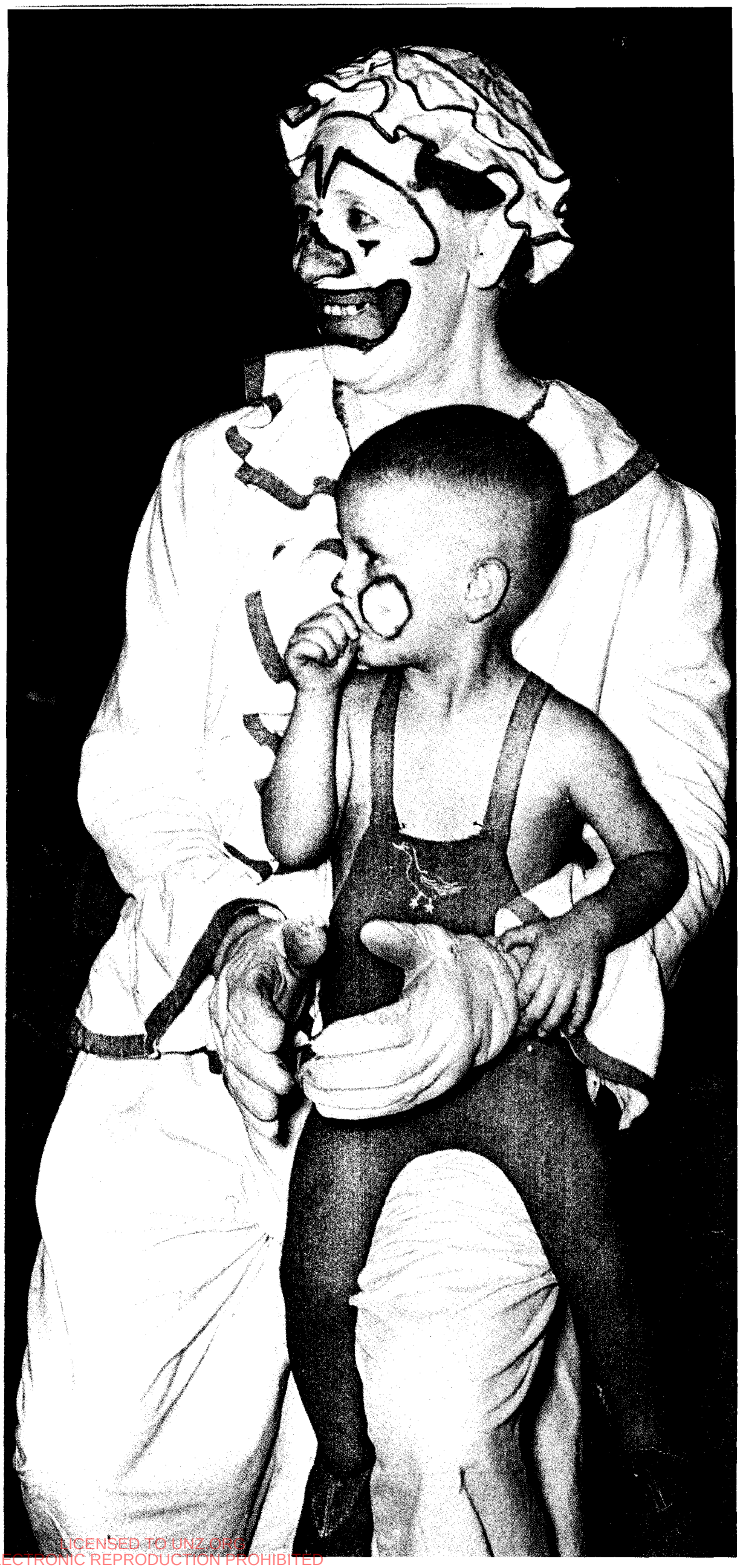
As the words of a towheaded young ringmaster reach the bleachers, a frantic blast of sixteen circus horns introduces a member of the remarkable Wenatchee Youth Circus. From the seven-year-old high-wire walker to the seventeen-year-old boy on the flying trapeze, these are ordinary small-town youngsters who every summer become part of the magic world of wailing calliope and dancing clowns. Rolling into Northwestern farm towns in a bright-red caravan—an old school bus and three ancient trucks—they set up secondhand circus equipment in a ball park or football field and put on an open-air show that would astonish three-ring professionals.

The circus goes on tour as soon as school is out, visiting twenty to twenty-five towns in the course of the summer. Sometimes the youngsters put on three or four one-night stands in a week and stay away from home for a month at a time. None of them receives pay. Applause and the fun of touring are the sole rewards for blisters and bruises suffered during winter practice at the Y.M.C.A. in Wenatchee, a town of less than 17,000 in central Washington.

The man behind it all is Paul Pugh, thirty-four-year-old vice principal of the H. B. Ellison Junior High School in Wenatchee. Pugh has been in love with the circus for as long as he can remember. While he was at Whitman College in southeastern Washington, he performed as a guest clown with the Clyde Beatty and Cristiani Brothers circuses when they came to town. In 1953 Pugh was coaching a class of Y.M.C.A. tumblers who put on a half-time act at football games. Soon the junior-high school bought a Trampoline, and the Y.M.C.A. purchased a tightwire. The young tumblers staged performances for money, which Pugh used to buy more secondhand equipment. The kids gave an indoor show at the Y that year and made a trip to the nearby town of Cashmere. The trip was a big success, and by 1954 the young performers, dubbed the Wenatchee Youth Circus, had all the bookings they could handle.

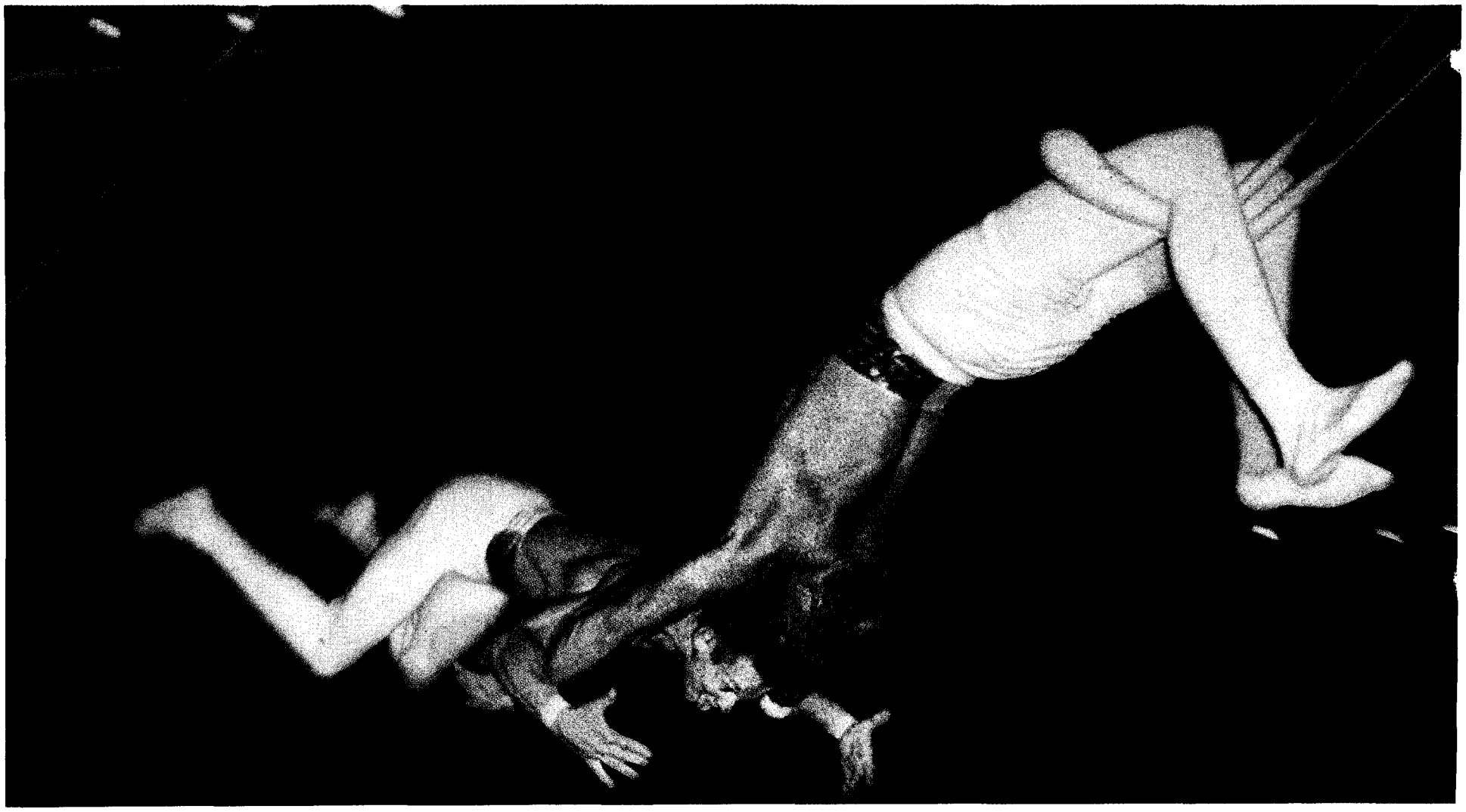
Operating on a percentage basis—usually 70 per cent to the circus, the rest to a sponsoring group such as Rotary or Kiwanis—the circus does well to break even. But it reaps a dividend in the joy it brings to the young performers. Every town promises glorious adventure when viewed from the top of a gaily painted circus wagon. The kids are fiercely proud of the equipment, which would cost $50,000 to replace, and they keep it in good repair. They have three tents—a cooking tent, a dressing tent divided for boys and girls and a tent for Pugh, his wife Kay and their three young children. Not only do the troupers put up all the tents, nets and trapezes themselves, they also appoint a cleanup detail to police the grounds after each performance.

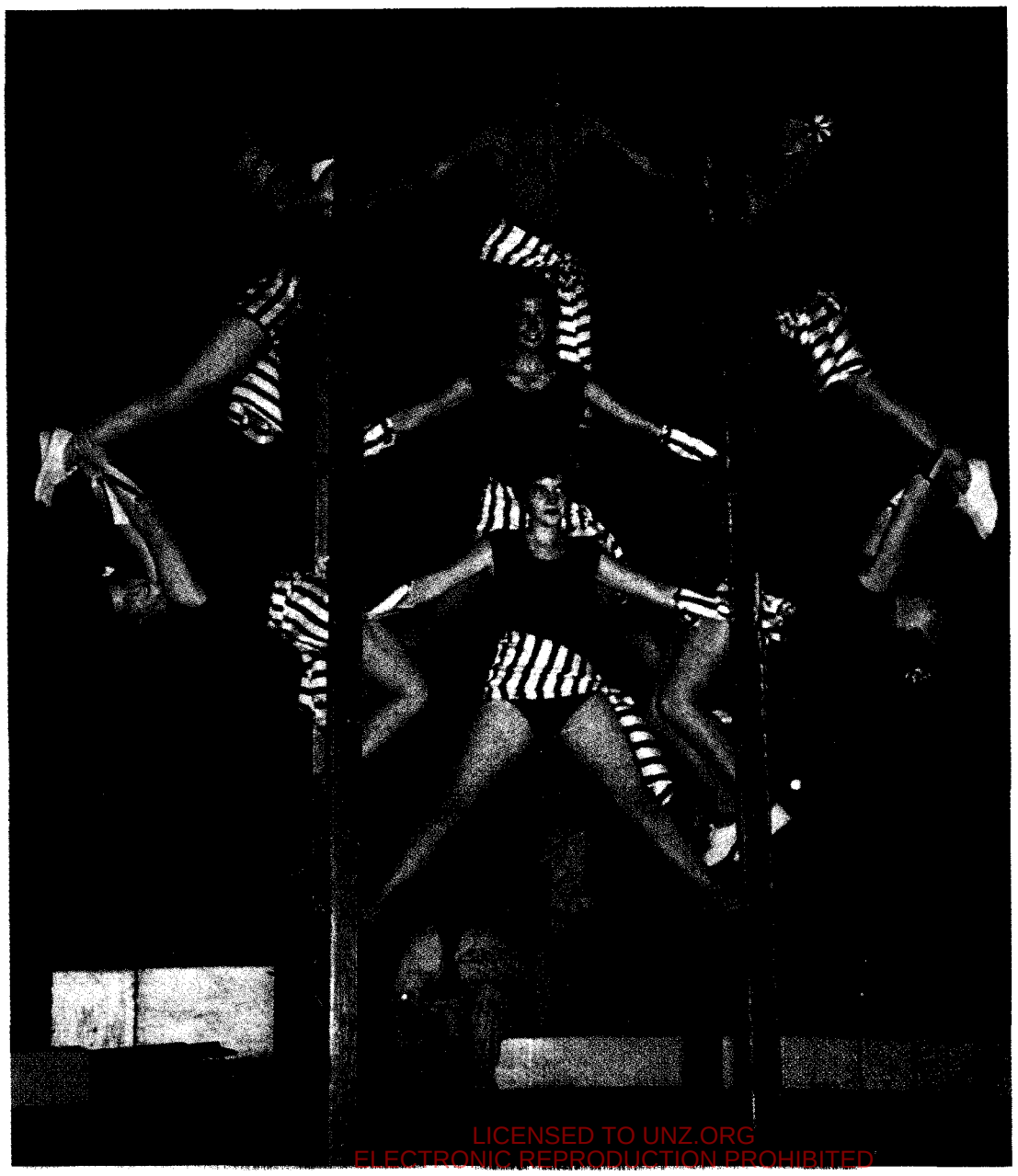
Most of the show's youngsters begin their careers in a clown's disguise, which enables even the shy or awkward ones to face the audience with confidence. Other children spend their first season handling *Text continued on page 20*



Awe-struck apprentice clown Danny Endrizzi, 2, watches his seniors from the lap of his father, who often travels with the circus.

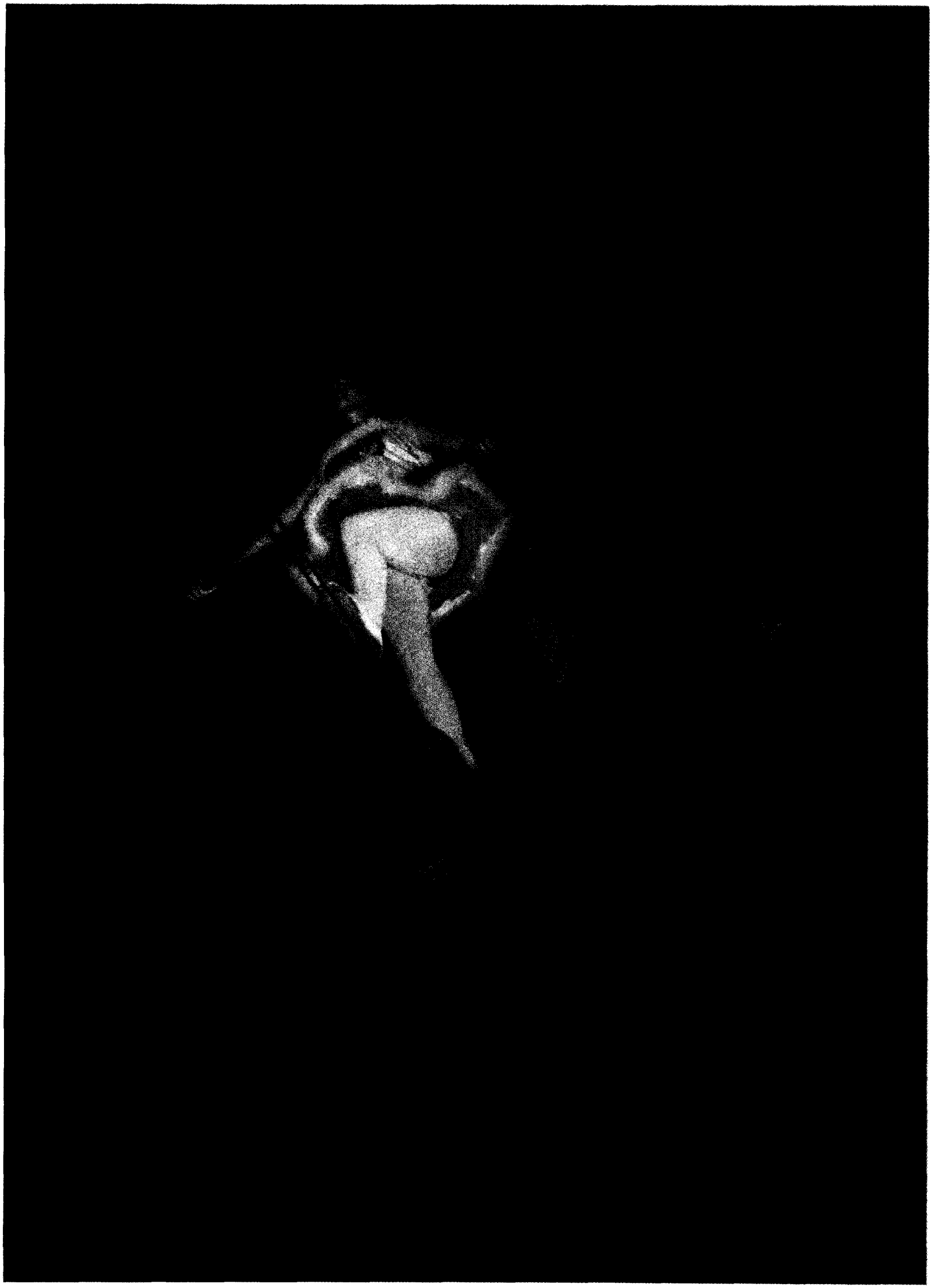
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





In the dazzling finale of the twenty-five-act show, Terry Ogle, 17 (above), completes a double somersault from a high trapeze, is caught by 16-year-old Jim Weythman. At left, The Roman Ladders form a study in precision during an intricate balancing act. Opposite: Sharlene Cearlock and Glenn White climb a 65-foot cable inclined at 45 degrees. Nets are not used under this crowd-pleasing act.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right: Sharlene Cearlock, 14, treads the tightwire. The grounded aerialists are Barbie Meek, 7, and Carol Byrd, 14.

The spectacular tradition of the big top: Tumbling specialist Steve Ogle, 15, somersaults through a flaming hoop with professional aplomb.

the props or blowing one of the dented but durable horns in the eighteen-piece band.

Pugh, a rugged, handsome man who understands children, manages the young performers with a fine balance of firmness and affection. Any child who really wants to be in the circus can join if he is willing to practice three nights a week and every Saturday afternoon all through the winter. Little by little the natural agility and enthusiasm of a novice are transformed into skill and confidence. Pugh watches for latent talent and guides the youngster toward the act which will make best use of his skills.

"You can't push them," the director says. "When they're ready to try something new, they'll let you know." Barbie Meek, the tiny seven-year-old who performs on the high wire, is a good example. At first, traveling with the circus while her mom was one of a half dozen mothers who chaperon the group, she sat quietly and watched. Then she tried the low wire and conquered that easily. "We were all surprised," said her mother, "when she asked to go up on the high wire." After a few tries, using a safety belt, she became frightened and "froze" in mid-wire. Pugh brought her down and told her to let him know when she wanted to try it again. For almost a week Barbie sat quietly on the ground, studying the high wire. She solved the problem herself and never faltered again.

One of Pugh's young stars, Benny Meyers, went on to professional circus work. A competent juggler, clown and tightwire performer, he now appears with a California circus. But most of Pugh's present troupers plan less glamorous careers—as engineers, dancing teachers, businessmen.

Unhappily the circus has had less than glorious success with the few animals it has tried to keep. Most fondly remembered is a baby baboon named BoDee, who survived the affection of seventy-five owners for one season, then accidentally hanged himself just before a performance in Lewiston, Idaho. The youngsters sadly went through with the show, then buried him behind home plate at the ball park.

While the circus has kept mainly to the smaller towns in the Northwest, it did venture to Alaska by airplane in 1957 and made a tour of British Columbia in 1960. The Canadian trip was broadening for the kids, but it proved almost fatal for the vehicles. One father, a mechanic, had gone along for the ride as a vacation and found himself working harder than he did back at the garage. Scarcely beyond sight of the border, one of the vintage trucks heated up. Every drop of water aboard the caravan was poured into the steaming radiator, and the troupe limped into town—the last five miles on water that two chaperons dipped out of ruts in the road.

Nothing, however, seems to discourage the tender-aged troupers and the schoolteacher. They have, to date, taken the Wenatchee Youth Circus more than 40,000 miles, bringing thrills and laughter to some 75,000 people a year. Plans are now afoot for the circus to appear at the Seattle World's Fair this year, and in another summer the talented youngsters may realize their fondest dream—a trip to the continent of Australia. Certainly no ambassadors we might send could carry a more heartening message: that America's youth is as strong, as energetic and as self-reliant as any new generation in the world today.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

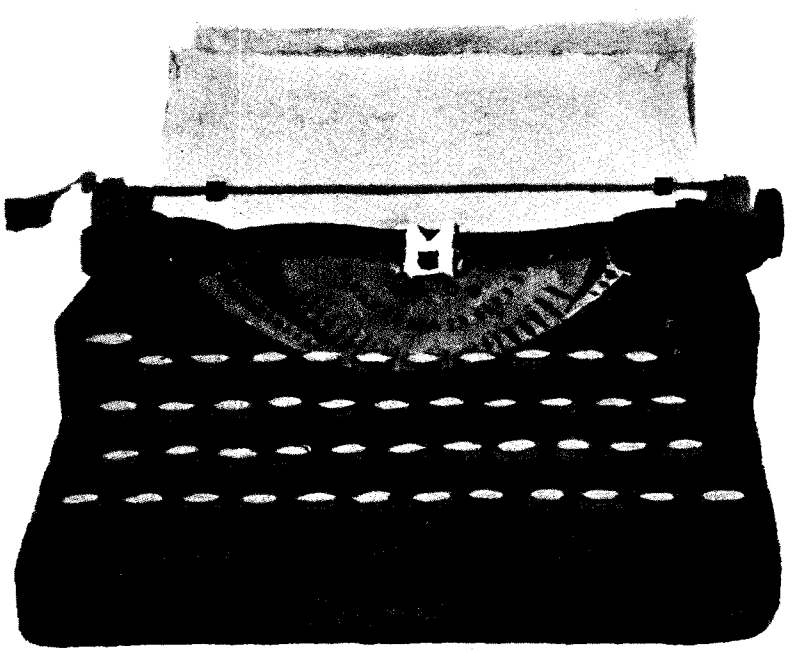
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD-BY IN SILENCE

by Arthur Hayse

SOMETIMES IT TAKES A CHILD TO SAVE A COUPLE IN LOVE

Illustrations by Joe Kaufman



Jonathan and Julia Eliot, waiting on the mole at Kyrenos, saw a prow materialize around the headland to block out the temple ruin that crowned the entrance islet. The rest of the ship followed theatrically—cargo booms and foremast, funnels and upper works, a principality twinkling with lights, her 200-foot length dwarfing the caïques and moored pleasure craft of the harbor.

Yule Eliot glanced at her wrist. Behind them, the white town mounted steeply. The evening Aegean drowsed beneath. "I don't believe it," Yule said in the bright and brittle voice she affected these days. "Either my watch is off, which it shouldn't be, or this ferryboat is on time."

"What's strange about that?" Jon Eliot turned, smiling, a tall man with only a touch of gray in his short-cropped black hair. "And don't, please, call her a ferry. The *Princess Sophia* is a ship." In the two months since their son's death, he had tried many times to breach the wall that had arisen between them. He tried again now, without much hope. "Far as I know, the *Sophy* was late just once. Our fault, you may recall."

Jon stared across the water gap, eyes intent. Three raked buff funnels, black-banded—one for blow and two for show, MacFarlane, the boatswain, had told them sixteen years ago on their honeymoon cruise. White superstructure, black hall, generous beam—same look of a chubby windup steamer fussing the length of a little boy's bath. Vapor puffed from a whistle set high on her working stack. Its gruff, peremptory voice, last heard by the Eliots in the North Pacific, challenged them across a void of time.

"Same frog in her throat," Jon Eliot said. "Remember when she blew for us in the southeaster?"

Yule's smile matched her brittle-bright voice. "I'm glad MacFarlane can't see her now, Jon. She needs painting in the worst way."

So the wall remained. Jon Eliot stooped for Yule's overnight case and his portable typewriter. Vaguely he remembered a Canadian Press paragraph in a Los Angeles paper stating that the British Columbia Navigation Company had folded after sixty years of passenger-freight service between Vancouver and Alaska. Miracles were for the young and credulous. The *Sophy* hadn't been magicked into the sea of Homer; the ship-hungry Greeks had quickly snapped her up for their island trade.

Trudging the mole at Yule's side in a dance of importunate children, he watched the steamer close the quay. The Greek skipper was bringing her in like a speedboat, but he knew his business or had a quartermaster familiar with the *Sophy*'s ways. In spite of crowding small craft, they jockeyed the old lady alongside with a neatness MacFarlane would have approved.

"Let him carry it, Jon." He had been deep in the past. Yule's voice surprised him. She nodded at a ragged blond boy whose grin cajoled for drachmas. He surrendered her suitcase, guessing the reason for her request, bitterly knowing what his wife sought and would never find in every twelve-year-old face under light hair. But he retained his typewriter. He had been a newspaperman at the start; the ancient portable in its scarred case was the last remaining salvage from a youth that had ended two months ago. At the gangway he paid the boy overgenerously, touched by his frayed jersey and gangling skinniness. The kid waved them on board, laughing his delight with fair head tipped back.

In the cramped cubby assigned to them, Jon swung the portable to the upper berth. Omens, like miracles, were for the young. He had wondered only glancingly, while the purser frowned over his list, whether they might find themselves in Stateroom 89. That honeymoon cabin had been small too; the day bed under the port light short for his six-foot-three frame; the shower given to abrupt, vindictive changes from ice-cold to scalding. It had been fun then, but they were older now. Discomfort was no longer a spice to adventure. The purser had promised them a suite when the *Sophy* discharged passengers at Mykonos.

"Care for a drink?" he asked. "I noticed they've turned the coffee shop into a bar."

"Perhaps later." Her smile was perfunctory. "I've done nothing on the Anne Boleyn costume sketches for weeks. I thought I'd work on them."

"You intend to go on with that, Yule?" It was a stupid question. He had half forgotten in these bad weeks that his wife was independently successful, with no real need to hitch her wagon to his doubtful star.

"Naturally." Her tone was as cool as her glance. "You're stopping off in London, aren't you?"

They were out of the habit of fighting. He couldn't recall when they'd last enjoyed the luxury of a rousing blowup. Always when they'd quarreled, it had been in the knowledge that the pleasure of making up awaited them, sure as tomorrow's sunrise. *Different now*, Jon Eliot thought moodily. *Now we run scared; we stay polite, not sure how an open, slam-bang squabble would end.*

"Fine then," he said. "I'll clear out. Give you room."

He left her, a casual small parting. The *Princess Sophia* would jog them down the island chain to Piraeus. From Athens they would fly their separate ways, Yule to New York, he to a script-doctoring stint for Unicorn Productions in London. And after that, he supposed, they would resume their life together until the next unavoidable severance. Unless, of course, Yule should decide otherwise.

Jon Eliot turned his thoughts from the future. Paint-stingy the *Sophy*'s new owners might be, but she was in better trim than he had expected. Her decks and brightwork were spotless, her boat covers and small gear shipshape—as if MacFarlane still ordered her housekeeping. Under his hands,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where he leaned between lifeboats, the teakwood rail began to quiver. A trace of the old excitement stirred in him as he watched the *Sophy*'s stern inch away from the quay. It had always been like that at the start of a cruise, even when it was only a day excursion to a Gulf of Georgia island whose name he had forgotten. He looked aft over hands cupped to light a cigarette, and a sea gull rode the flagstaff, and the gull could have been Yubel.

Sixteen years ago they first boarded the *Sophy*. Yule and he had worked for the same paper, but off duty they were almost strangers, free of love, unharnessed by marriage. They had not yet given hostages to fortune—given, and lost.

It was no fault of the fair-haired boy at Kyrenos that he should remind them of their son. The thought brought renewal of a pain the weeks had not blunted. Jon Eliot retreated from it into a past more real than their present, while the rail vibrated under his hard-gripping fingers and the *Sophy* nosed to the channel.

The generous past offered shelter. In a state of total recall he found himself reliving the steamer excursion of sixteen years ago, when he was a reporter for the Vancouver *Herald* with a war behind him and life rather more of a ball than his city editor approved.

The Sunday assignment to cover the Gaelic Association's annual outing was punitive. He had been lounging with his back to the *Sophy*'s rail, the close squall of bagpipes no aid to a hangover, when he spotted Yule Nelson on the boat deck above. He flipped a languid hand.

She came down to him, dangling her press camera, casual in loafers and pink skirt and pink-plaid jacket, a tall girl who moved with a slight awkwardness, a high-shouldered carriage that somehow translated itself into a sort of elegance. Her hair was dark blond, cut short; her eyes gray in a cool, angular face. The *Herald* used her mostly on Social. He had run into her several times at night spots. She was always with an uptown construction guy, a heavy-spending operator notoriously allergic to marriage.

"You too?" she asked. Jon crowded a kilted Scot, making room beside him.

"Yeah," he told her. "For my sins."

Ashore they tied off the picayune job with shots and names, then wandered up to the island crest. They were working press; this wasn't their picnic. On a hilltop overlooking azure sea and northward-yearning tumble of green islands, they found a basin carpeted with wild strawberry leaves.

"Me for some sleep," Jon Eliot announced. The Gaels frolicked ant-tiny below. "If someone gets clouted with a haggis or caber or something, wake me, will you?"

"Wake yourself." Yule patted back a yawn, standing above him, sunlight an aureole around her hair. "If you don't want your coat, I'll borrow it. I like a pillow."

He had roused first to lie for a moment blinking in the dazzle of the westering sun. Then he had rolled over and raised himself on an elbow. In sleep the unguarded face framed by the fine, dark-gold hair was less angular, gentle and almost childlike. The construction guy was a good picker. This girl was lovely. He was a seasoned reporter, twenty-two years old, and he had been a soldier; there was no reason why he should feel regret sharp for an instant as pain. That, and a slow anger.

Her eyes opened, gray-blue in the unclouded light, blank on his face till he spoke to her with a roughness irrational as the smoldering anger. "Hurry, Yule. We've got a boat to catch."

The *Sophy*, homebound, had gleaned excursionists from a dozen islands. She was crowded; they stood close-jammed in the foredeck press. Looking down, Jon saw Yule's eyes widen, her lips part. She said to him in an urgent whisper, "This is horrible, Jon. Get me out of here!"

"A claustrophobe?" he asked, grinning, and got a terse headshake.

"No. Her." The girl beside her wore an identical pink skirt and plaid jacket. They eyed each other like strange cats, helpless till Jon swung Yule bodily over the knee-high line roping off the foredeck winch.

She gave him a breathless "Thanks!" They leaned in the eye of the ship, the *Sophy*'s stem slicing green water below, curling it away from her prow in arching wings of white. There was a giddiness here, a sense of urgency and speed, a heart-thumping exhilaration. On their hilltop he had not so much as touched Yule's hand. But she lifted a spray-damp face now, studying him gravely with eyes wide under fine brows, and he felt the slow, irrevocable turning over of his heart. He bent to her and found her lips.

But from the world they had departed, a voice with a burr in it reached for them. "Ye'll have to come out of there." MacFarlane. They saw him first that way, both of them a little dazed, a petty officer blocky in blue serge. He handed Yule over the stretched line. His red-brown face was severe, but his eyes were kind. "Sorry, lad," he said to Jon. "Ship's rules. It's possible ye might just find a spot abaft the funnels . . ."

They had finished the trip in near silence, strange with each other, the impersonal working relationship blasted, both of them shaken from the moment of speed and spray and world turned upside down by a salty kiss. A time or two in the next month they met on assignments. Once, going up to an interview, Jon shared a hotel elevator with Yule Nelson and her construction man. It was a Saturday night, and Yule was dressed for dancing. He ignored her stonily, casing her escort with a reporter's objective eye, and hate in his heart. The construction guy was a big man in his early thirties, floridly handsome with an after-shave aura of achieved success. He was muscled like a halfback, but give him ten or fifteen years and he'd be fat. Bald too, probably.

He stood it for another month, losing weight, booting a couple of important stories, growing sulky and trigger-tempered. Then one day, after they'd put the sports final to bed, he broke out of a newsroom bull session and strode down the corridor and into the photographic department. The outer office was empty, but Yule's jacket hung on a hook. He yanked the darkroom door open. Her voice cut at him, oddly muffled. "Shut that door, you stupid fool!"

He stepped in. A red light glowed above the sink. Yule hunched witchlike over a tray of chemicals.

"Jon, I'll gladly murder you if you've spoiled these shots of mine."

He bent, peering, and then said, "What's wrong with your face? Your boy friend slug you?"

"He's not my boy friend," she answered in a morose mumble. "It's a wisdom tooth."

"Come on. You're going to have it looked after."

"Tomorrow. I've work to do. Anyway, I'm a coward."

But he reached for her wrist and lugged her from the darkroom. Outside he saw that she was thinner than he remembered, her eyes shadowed and her left cheek swollen. Younger too, in the misery of toothache—much younger than he had guessed. They stared at each other like enemies.

"He isn't my boy friend," Yule repeated, close to tears while he frowned down at her. "He never was, not the way you mean." The picture of the hard, wise girl with which he had tormented himself through jealous weeks dissolved. Again there was the sense of winging bow wave, of speed and light and spray.

"Yule, I love you." He spoke to her quietly through the singing and the gold. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

Jon helped her into her jacket. Going down to the street by the back stairs, she muttered through the hand across her mouth, "You took your own sweet time about this, my friend."

Three days later, on an August midnight, they ducked their heads to a rice-and-confetti bombardment and ran laughing up the *Sophy*'s gangway. MacFarlane stood spraddle-legged on the deck with a hard blue eye and a face like a scrubbed brick. He glanced from the confetti spoor to them and offered a stiff salute, a rusty smile.

"Good luck," he said to them dourly. "Ye'll need it."

But on that night and in those years they were of a mind to make their own luck, half strangers still, but deep in love and recklessly committed. The steward closed the door of Stateroom 89 behind him. Yule lifted off her hat and shook the last of the rice from her hair. Her gray eyes were diamond-bright; she had made an exquisite bride. They faced each other, and he had promises to make, pledges beyond the set phrases of a marriage service, but he lacked the words.

On her night runs for British Columbia Navigation, the *Sophy* had moused along at quarter speed on a teaspoon of fuel. Jon had awakened toward dawn. The feel of the slow-moving ship had been infinitely lulling. Yule's head stirred on his shoulder.

"Awake, Jon?"

"No."

"What are you thinking about, darling?" The untried word, given with a trace still of shyness, was warm against his neck.

"You. Me. Him in the construction business. Pitying the poor slob."

"Oh, that one." She spoke in drowsy carelessness. "We broke off the night you cut me in the elevator. You were so hurt and grim. I couldn't bear to cause such distress."

"Uh-huh. Must you chatter?"

"I want coffee. I want to look at the sea."

"Coffee shop's closed." He swung his feet to the ratty carpeting. "But there's a bottle of rye in the upper. Don't ask me how it got there."

They knelt on the settee by the open port in the hiatus between dark and dawn, the sea rustling beneath, the breeze cold on their faces. A gull held level on motionlesss wings, head turned to eye them.

"I remember that bird," Yule said. "He came along on the Gaelic Association picnic. I believe he's our guardian angel, and I propose to call him Yubel."

She sipped her drink, shuddered and poured the rest into the gray sea below.

"A waste of good whisky," Jon reproved her.

"A libation," Yule said at his side. "Prayer for a safe voyage, darling. An old Greek custom."

"We aren't Greeks." He tightened his arm around her, happier than he had been in his life before, sharing a superlative silliness. "I'm told you're a *Svenska* girl with a passion for *lutefisk*. Those out there are not the Isles of Greece."

"They will be one day," she said. "We'll go everywhere, have everything, one day." She flashed him a rumple-head grin. "And we'll take Yubel with us. Yule, Yon, Yubel—three seagoing Swedes."

A good dream, Jon Eliot thought. But they hadn't reckoned on the quirks of life and the vagaries of death, and some dreams when realized can puff into nothing, like vapor from a ship's whistle.

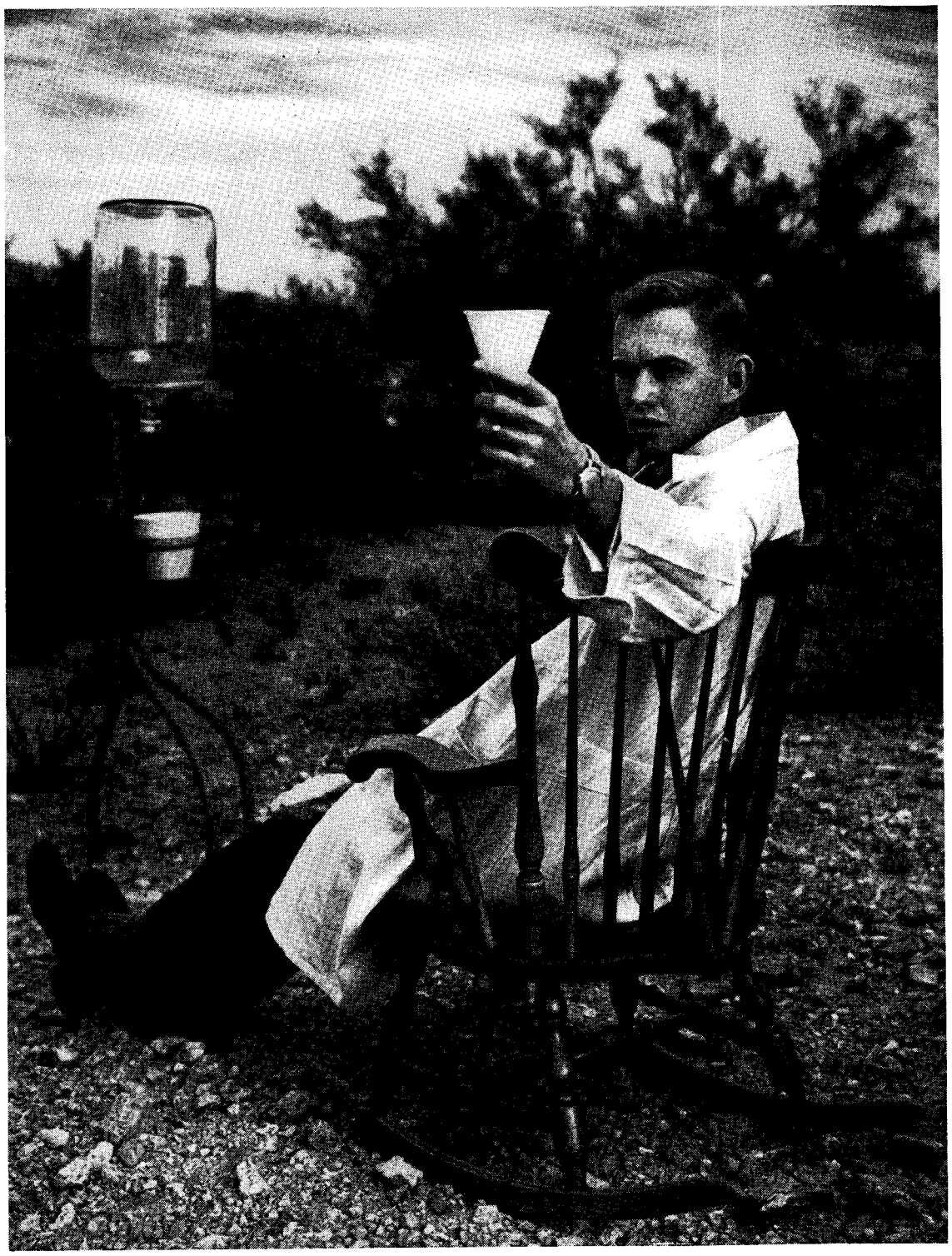
The blast, close overhead, returned him to the present he had tried to flee. He watched the *Sophy* overtake a fishing vessel and drop her astern. He was sixteen years older than the brash young reporter who had gone with his bride on a honeymoon cruise. It would have been much better if the *Princess Sophia* hadn't waddled into a harbor of the Cyclades, trailing memories with her funnel smoke.

Kyrenos lay far down their wake, but the shattered columns of Poseidon's temple still lifted stark-lovely against the violet Aegean dusk. A hand touched Jon Eliot's shoulder. He turned to front MacFarlane—or that

Continued on Page 40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Water Wizard: To parched land, inventor Carl Hodges offers sweet, cheap water—today a cupful, tomorrow life-giving torrents. At 24 Carl has found a way to desalt ocean brine at low cost—a breakthrough which has eluded teams of scientists, but which Carl achieved in his spare time as a graduate student at the University of Arizona. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, impressed, says Carl will deserve two Nobel prizes if the device works as hoped. Udall thinks it will, calls it the "most promising" he has seen. Carl's purifier, a solar still, harnesses the sun's heat to evaporate ocean water. Solar stills are not new, but Carl has revised the design in ways that make all the difference. The predicted result: a slash in the price of desalinated water from $1.25 per gallon—the cheapest that other devices can produce it—to 30 cents or less. The significance: lifeblood for the world's coastal deserts. Carl, son of a Phoenix horse breeder, expects to work for a year to perfect his process, dreams of the day it will turn a desert green. "I want to be there," he says, "to see it happen." PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB TOWERS.

Skating Champ: Soaring in a graceful ballet leap, Lorraine Hanlon, 16, cuts delicate figures across the ice. Winner of the 1961 National Junior Women's Figure Skating championship, Lorraine this week sharpens her blades for stiffer competition: the National Senior Women's championships in Boston. Next month she enters the world competition in Prague. "I fully expect her to take both championships," says Lorraine's coach, Karl Schaefer, a seven-time world skating champion. "She's the best figure skater I've seen in my life." Other competition-wise observers in Boston, Lorraine's home town, agree, saying simply, "Watch her skate." Skating has been a big part of Lorraine's life since she was six, when, says her father, "she could skate a better circle than she could draw." Encouraged by her parents, she joined the Boston Skating Club, quickly developed into a topflight performer, still practices there daily. Lorraine is head of the senior class at prep school ("Nothing comes before my studies, not even skating."), often rises at 4:30 A.M. to squeeze all her activities—school, skating, swimming, ballet—into her frenetic day. Lorraine's plans now extend to the 1964 Olympics, but she's still undecided about college. "I don't know which school it will be," she says, "but wherever it is, it will have to be near a skating club." PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRELL GREHAN.

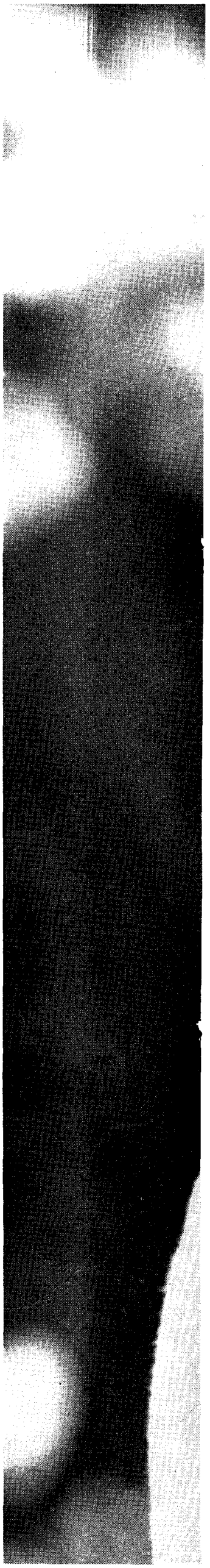
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Delinquency Fighter: Standing straight and tall in the debased world of crime, criminologist Norman Carlson, 28, has a way of getting through to troubled boys. "My age is a big help," says Norm, a guidance expert for the Federal Bureau of Prisons. "For years this field was run by older men who believed in physical restraints. But I'm for a fresh approach." Last June, Attorney General Robert Kennedy picked Norm to head a new program to rehabilitate young prisoners. Four months before they are released, boys are transferred to "halfway houses"—guidance centers outside the walls. There they live in an unprisonlike atmosphere, working at regular jobs by day and receiving counseling evenings. "Instead of keeping the youngsters in jail, then throwing them into the street," says Norm, "we try to smooth their transition to normal, useful lives." Iowa-born, Carlson entered the federal prison service in 1957, attracted attention by bringing out the best in inmates, now works in Washington, D.C. For his two children and for prisoners as well, Carlson deplores television. "TV glorifies crime," he says, "and raises the status of the criminal." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS.

Cinema Sensation: In flapper cloche and fur collar, Claudia Cardinale, 22, Europe's latest and most promising gift to the world of films, portrays a cutie of yesterday. Tunis-born Claudia, daughter of an Italian railroad worker, has starred in four films, with major roles in twelve others. She emerged from obscurity at 17 by entering a beauty contest ("I didn't want to do it, but people thought I was stuck-up and insisted I enter."), won a trip to Venice during the annual film festival. There she wowed movie scouts, ultimately signed with Italian director Franco Cristaldi, who hired drama and language tutors to develop her talents and guided her to starletdom, after her debut in *The Sucker* in 1958. "A director, if he's good enough," Claudia points out, "can take people off the street and make a great picture with them." Her low, seductive voice, she says, results from partly atrophied vocal cords, which she underused as a shy girl. More than three years of making movies (her latest releases in the United States: *Rocco and his Brothers*, *Girl With a Suitcase*) has overcome her shyness, but when doing a picture she still battles stage fright. "I know what stage actors say about how easy and impersonal film acting is, but they're wrong," says Claudia. "You're still acting, still the center of attention, even if you can't see the audience." PHOTOGRAPH BY MARC RIBOUD.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The author describes her family's easy-going way of traveling. They have more fun—and avoid overcrowded highways where thousands of people die each year.

WE TAKE

An Article Complete on These Two Pages by HANNAH LEES

Next time you are on an expressway, think a moment, if you can, of those little rodents called lemmings, the ones that form in the great armies from time to time and march to the sea and drown, no one knows why. Much like the lemmings, armies of cars on our highways rush toward a thousand different places to meet a thousand different deadlines, racing one another, with no victory except passing slower cars, no prize except collision and crack-up. Like the lemmings, all those cars are rushing to destruction: in 1961 more than 38,000 people were killed in auto accidents, and more than 3,000,000 were injured. More than 1,000,000 of those deaths and injuries were caused by speeding. Why do people have to go so fast?

They don't have to, as we have discovered. Slowing down a bit has shown us a happy new world. The cars and trucks still thunder by, the brakes still squeal when traffic is suddenly jammed, but we are detached, relaxed. The secret is simple. We drive just under the speed limit instead of just over it—fifty-eight miles per hour instead of sixty-two, forty-eight instead of fifty-two. All it costs is about five minutes.

Fear led us to this great discovery. On the expressway we use most often, the accident rate has been increasing incredibly. In many of these accidents a car or truck out of control jumped the center strip and plowed into oncoming traffic, a disaster that even the most careful driving cannot prevent. A number of our friends simply abandoned the expressways. Poring over road maps, they found back roads to take them wherever they wanted to go. "Shunpiking" sounded deadly to us. Who had the time to worm along back roads which were bound to turn into back streets with endless traffic lights? We didn't. But we found ourselves approaching the expressways more gingerly, hugging the right-hand lane and keeping as far as possible from potentially lethal oncoming traffic.

The right-hand lane, as all traffic signs tell you, is the lane for slowpokes. But we found out we like it there. Not right away, I'll admit. You realize how competition has supersaturated the American psyche when you try not to care how many cars pass you. The urge to speed up and show them is almost irresistible. Even if you don't actually see other drivers' glances of scorn, you know where you stand. You are out of step, breaking the rhythm of this great American "Dance of Death." For a short time you feel like a real square.

Your system does have to get used to functioning without that constant release of adrenalin: the building tension as you gather momentum to pass the car ahead, going much too fast for a moment in order to get it over with quickly; the seemingly endless tension when you are passing a long, long trailer truck. You may even miss, for a while, the claustrophobic sensation of speeding along in troika style between a truck and a bus, aware of the colossal bulk that would descend on you if a sudden accident jammed traffic ahead. You tell yourself, *They wouldn't drive this fast if it weren't safe. They are professionals. If it is all right for them, it must be all right for my easy-to-stop little wagon, and yet. . . .*

On a large scale, speeding is something like spending all your driving hours in the thrill house at an amusement park. You grip the wheel, braced for emergency, doubly braced on those days when you don't feel as well co-ordinated as usual, when anxiety is perched on your door like Poe's raven. *Suppose I had a blowout. Suppose the steering mechanism should give way. Suppose my mind wanders for one split second.* There is, besides, the eternal thrill of the chase—that car just ahead, daring you to pass it.

Slow up as little as five miles an hour and suddenly you have become a mere spectator. There are still slower vehicles to be passed, but the thrill is gone. You aren't trying to beat anybody.

Practicing moderation isn't a bit easy at first, but it grows on you. Quite soon and quite suddenly you begin to remember that you are a human being instead of a machine—or a lemming. You begin to enjoy the feel of being in control, not only of your car but of yourself. You have a heady new sense of freedom and power—the power to lift your foot instead of eternally pressing, pressing.

However, on some expressways it is actually against the law to drive under forty miles an hour. (Habitual speeders often have the gall to blame their accidents on the slow drivers who get in their way.) But no one needs to go that slowly when the slightest lifting of the foot from the gas pedal can give that sense of relaxation—and control.

We had been enjoying that slight lift of the foot for some time before we reached the second stage in our conversion. Slowly our souls had been readying themselves, and one day it happened. If we could spare five minutes so comfortably, why couldn't we spare ten minutes and find out what those back-road converts were talking about? It was a revelation. Getting from A to B by back roads does take longer. If the distance to be traversed is through fairly populous territory, give me an expressway any time. But if there is still a little open country between A and B, getting there by back roads is a whole new sensation or, to anyone who was driving during the '30's, a fine old sensation rediscovered.

One of the pleasures of driving is the sense of skillfully using a complex piece of fine machinery. Many people who drive like fools on expressways do so, I suspect, because only at high speeds have they any sense of using their skill, of managing that piece of machinery. Going along a wide straight road at a safe speed in a triple row of cars requires little but restraint and relaxed attention. Not everyone can enjoy restraint and relaxation. Very few of us can enjoy it all the time. There are moments when we just want to get out and *drive*. A winding, hilly country road gives you the best of both worlds. You are a free individual with room to breathe. Your car has space to move in, and it is up to you to move it skillfully. You have to change speeds as the road goes up a hill and down again; you have to ease around sharp curves, watch for other cars, hay wagons, bicycles, barefoot boys or women carrying babies. Even when you're driving at thirty-five or forty, a country road demands all the skill and attention you've got, and this turns out to be fun.

Our discoveries have made me suspect that a large proportion of highway accidents are directly caused by cars having much more power than can safely be used in everyday driving. The drivers want to use that power, but they can't. Feeling frustrated, they are seduced into trying to use it, and they crash. Suppose there were a law that no car could be designed to go faster than seventy miles an hour. What good is the margin of speed above that? If seventy were as fast as cars would go, wouldn't people soon get back the old sense of driving, of commanding their cars at fifty? Several small-car owners have told me that they enjoy driving at fifty. It was only after we shifted from a big car to a small one, I must confess, that we were content to let other cars pass us. Our small car could go sixty-five or seventy quite easily, but it seemed to be going agreeably fast at fifty-eight. I am not actually suggesting horsepower-regulating legislation, not this year anyway. But all that extra horsepower is at least as lethal as the Fourth-of-July fireworks most states banned long ago.

One weekend last summer we had a chance to compare the heady tranquillity of back-road driving with the eternal expressway race to nowhere. Starting early one Saturday morning we drove from Philadelphia to Tanglewood, near Lenox, Massachusetts, taking a back road that led along the Delaware and through the little old New Jersey town of Cranbury. Then, after a short stretch of expressway through Northeastern New Jersey and along The Palisades, we eventually rolled through country roads in the Berkshires. We saw white-painted churches with slender wooden steeples. We saw men working in their own fields and women hanging out clothes and picking berries. We saw wagons drawn by real live horses, and children fishing and swimming in country creeks. Maybe everyone is better off in a mechanized society. But the country that day looked beautifully simple. It is easy to forget there is any life left like this when you drive only on superhighways. We had a happy seven-hour ride.

Starting back late Sunday afternoon, we decided the fastest route home was along the New York Thruway to the Garden State Parkway and on to the New Jersey Turnpike. It began to rain. The shifting, weaving, triple stream of cars got denser with each access ramp, but neither the traffic nor the rain slowed anyone. Everyone wanted to get home—so did we—but it soon came to feel like an enormous six-hour game of chicken. A note on the Thruway toll ticket pointed out that tailgating was the cause of a high percentage of accidents, and suggested keeping two delineators behind the car ahead. (Delineators are those reflecting posts spaced along the side of the road.) Every time we dropped back to leave space, another car came screaming along, spewing up a wall of water, and darting in ahead of us. It took character to keep dropping back under those circumstances, but mounting hostility gave us strength. A green convertible honked arrogantly as it squeezed in ahead of us. Almost at once it honked again and splashed out and around the car just ahead, speeding on. Yet as we entered the final toll gate, there was that great green disgusting thing just pulling away. Speed doesn't get you anywhere any faster when you have to cope with traffic and with the accidents that unbridled speed causes. On that trip we passed two accidents, each involving five cars, scattered along the left-hand lane, the graveled shoulder and the middle grass strip. We passed them as far to the right as possible, with, I'm afraid, more horror than pity.

Even without traffic or accidents, speed doesn't get you anywhere enough faster to notice. This may sound like nonsense to someone who leads a split-second existence, but we proved it to ourselves last summer. With some Seattle friends, we drove up to Mount Baker National Forest to take an organized tour of the series of huge dams the Seattle City Light Company has built on the Skagit River. "Allow three and a half hours' driving time from Seattle," the brochure said. The tour was to start at 1:30, but a variety of complications prevented our getting off until 10:15 in the morning. Our host, somewhat an oddball, has always preferred to drive slowly and look at the world around him. But we had to make that tour on time. For some 130 miles of winding mountain driving, he pushed his car as fast as each grade and curve allowed. We arrived exhausted, our driver dripping with sweat, in three hours and fifteen minutes, exactly on time for the tour; then we waited half an hour until it actually got under way. Coming back in the cool of the evening we loafed along, watching the mountains turn from green to rust to mauve to gray, able now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

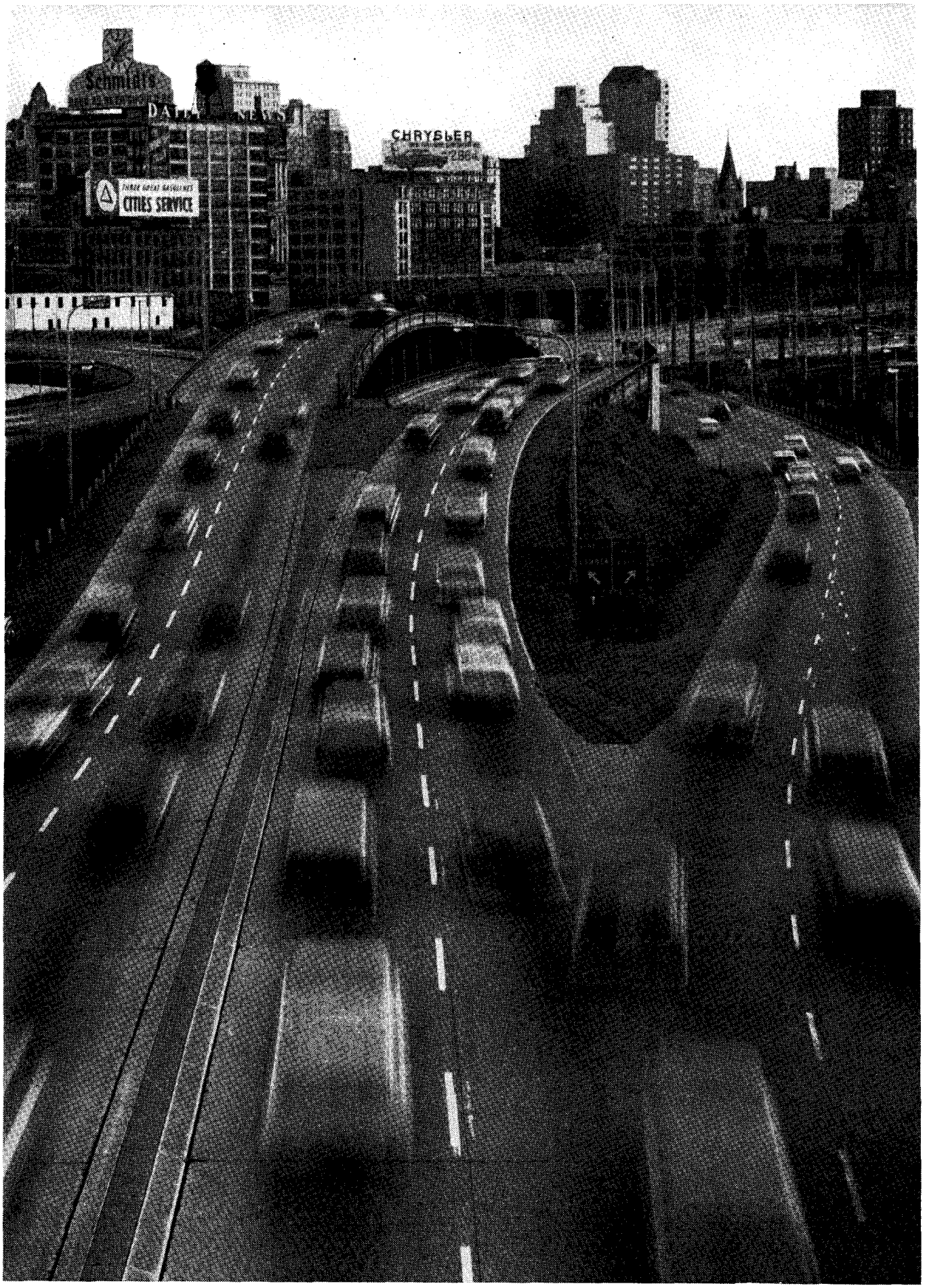
THE LONG WAY HOME

to hear the rush and ripple of the cascades and mountain streams. We got home in three hours and twenty-five minutes—ten more minutes, the difference between exhaustion and relaxation, between anxiety and delight. This may not seem to add up, but it happened. The fact is that the faster you drive, the more often you have to slow down.

Even on expressways there are important fringe benefits in taking just a little longer to get anywhere. To renounce potential murder and suicide is obviously good for the nerves, but a look at nature may do even more good. Thanks to someone's sagacity, most turnpikes have no billboards or hot-dog stands to mar the view. There is a lot of lovely country to be seen, and the right-hand lane—the slow lane—is the sensible place to see it from. In the middle lane you are sandwiched between two humming ribbons of whizzing machinery. In the left-hand lane you are sandwiched between a whizzing ribbon going your way and another one coming unnervingly toward you. Even on the aesthetic marvels where the two armies of speeding traffic are separated by tree-filled space, there is still the need to go faster, faster, not to hold up the line, no time to do any sight-seeing.

Drifting along well over to the right, at whatever snail's pace the traffic there happens to be moving, can be almost as enjoyable as winding along a country road. In autumn you can see the early brilliant crimson of sour gum and maple standing out against the rest of the woods. You have time to wonder, in April, why maples turn red before they turn green, or how many different shades of green it takes to make a May landscape, or to notice the July ditches filled with wild day lilies. There is time to recognize cloud formations and connect them with the weather. Those occasional signs for deer crossings mean deer may be lurking nearby, and you may see them if you're in a position to look. Letting the traffic pass you by, you can take in the wonderful abstract art forms that loom up in the approach to any big city and the Grandma Moses composition of houses spilling down a hilly landscape.

Not only can you see all these wonders, you can actually have time to talk about them. You even have time, if you want to go that far, to talk about important things like life and love and death and loneliness. A sense of tranquillity settles over you, an uncanny sense of independence and purpose because you are not just prudently turning your back on the "Great American Dance of Death." You are, briefly anyway, turning your back on the "Great American Rat Race." You are taking time to know you are alive, saving your drive and competitiveness, saving all your precious reflexes for the dozens of other daily races it is actually important to win. THE END



Hurtling over metropolitan expressways, drivers crowd and angle to "get there faster" in a frantic dance of death that claimed 38,000 lives last year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER EXERCISE

A NEW POEM by HOWARD NEMEROV

Howard Nemerov was born in 1920 in New York City, was graduated from Harvard in 1941, and served as a fighter pilot with the Royal Canadian Air Force and later with the United States Army Air Force during World War II. Since the late 1940's he has won high praise for poems, novels, essays and short stories that strikingly combine freedom of imagination and strict technical control. Mr. Nemerov is at present a member of the faculty of literature and language at Bennington College. His most recent volumes of poetry are The Salt Garden *&* Mirrors and Windows.

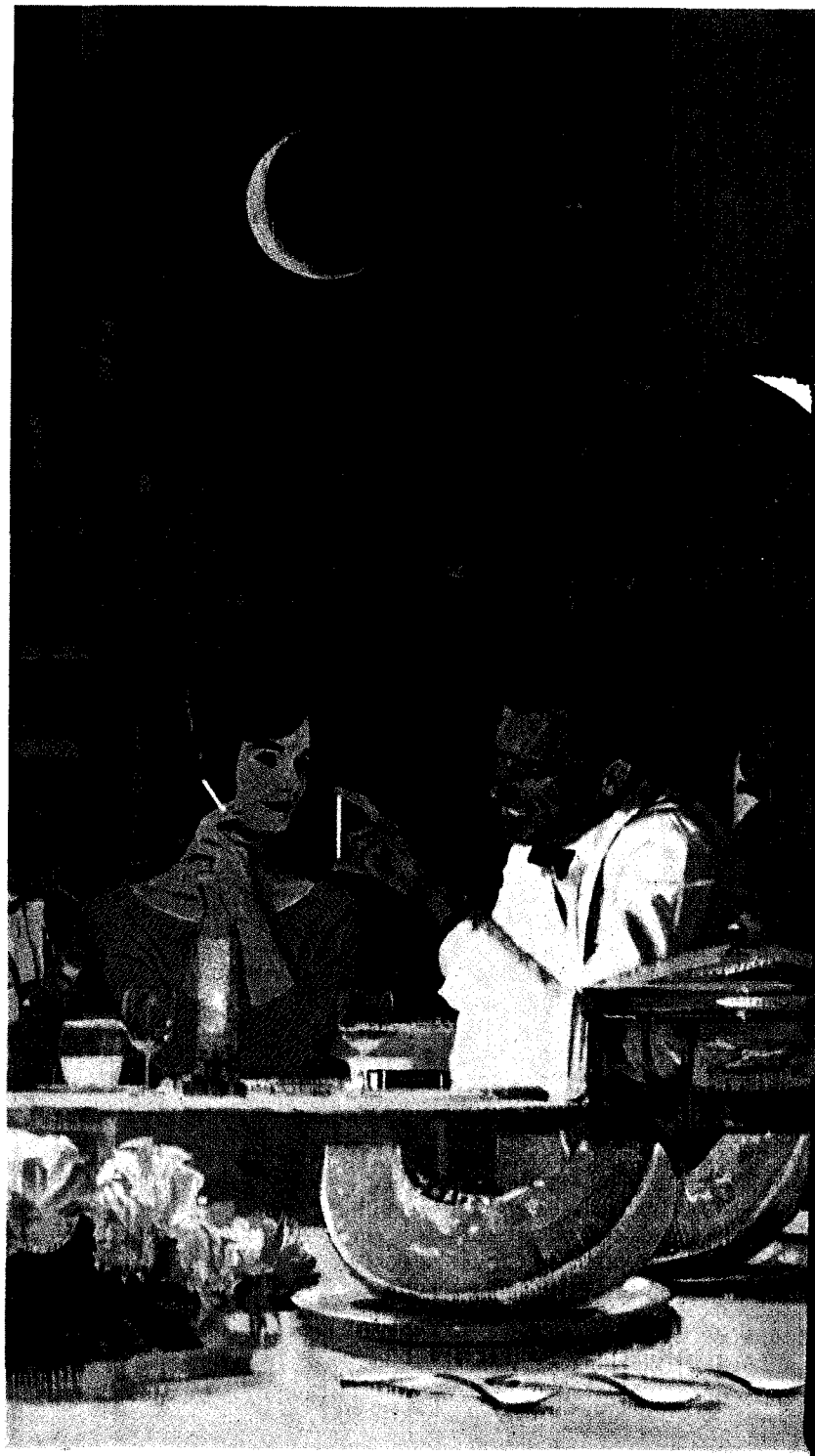
A man out walking alone in the snow,
Painfully cold, blinded by wind and snow,
And with nowhere in particular to go
But round in a circle, over the wooded hill
And down, back round by the road and past the mill
And up street again to his own doorsill—
Now what may such a man be but a lost
Man, aimlessly battling the snowy host
To get nowhere but home, where his own ghost
Will meet him, bowing, on the parlor floor,
Join him again when he's scarce through the door,
Enjoin him against wandering any more?

Suppose, instead, he really did get lost
There on the hill, beyond surveyor's post
And sidewalk, and Bohemia grew a coast
Which loomed before him, white as the white storm
Blowing into his eyes? With what good form
Would things be kept up by his ghost at the warm
Hearthside at home: His slippers and his drink,
No dust on the floor, or dishes in the sink;
It might be days till anyone would think
There was a kind of stillness to all this
Which made the house, though cheerful, an abyss,
And unidentifiably remiss.

Meanwhile his seven-league, left-handed heart
Had kept him circling up there, far apart
From what his ghost, out of domestic art,
Could manage in the way of keeping life
Respectable and decent (keep his wife
From noticing, for instance). His hard strife
Against the storm had long begun to seem
Unduly long, a walk around a dream
Whose nonsense only waking could redeem:
Till, seeing everywhere nothing but deep
Snow and dark woods, he knew he was asleep.
And, to wake up, lay down and went to sleep.

He dreamed a warm, familiar dream of home,
Went, like an auctioneer, from room to room,
Table and chair, razor and brush and comb
He catalogued, and the lady to whose lord
He was, who shared his castle, bed and board,
And realized in his dream that he was bored.
"There's nothing in this for me," he said aloud:
"Better the snow should be my lonely shroud."
The ghost at home heard, looked around, allowed
The force of this, and followed: Up the hill
He went, through snow, across the same doorsill
Stepped into dream: and soon the lady will.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Wherever particular people congregate"

You can light either end!

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

·IN HOC SIGNO VINCES·

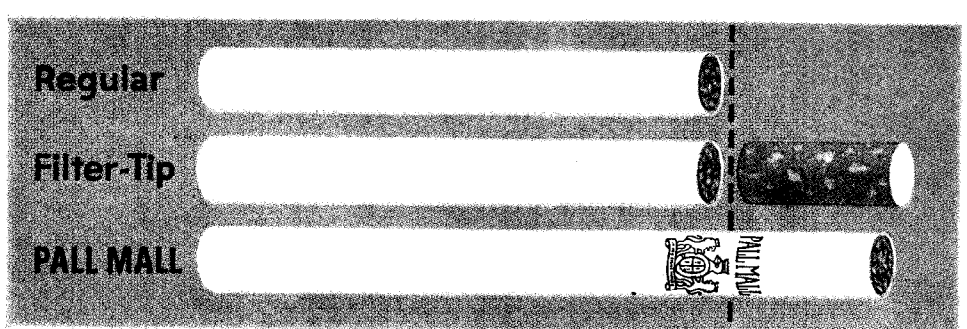
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



Compare all three! Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best.

See the difference! With Pall Mall, you get that famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally...over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, mellow tobaccos. Makes it mild . . . but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOLDIER WHO

An untold story of the Civil War: the hilarious account of a Union militiaman's home-front bravery.

An article complete on these two pages, by Ashley Halsey Jr.

THE DRAFT.

"Drafted! yes, MARIA, drafted! and I'm so short. If they shoot at my Legs they'll *hit me in the head!* I know it, MARIA, I know it!"

SCENE, FIFTH AVENUE.

HE. "Ah! Dearest ADDIE! I've succeeded. I've got a Substitute!"
SHE. "Have you? What a curious coincidence! And *I* have found one FOR YOU!"

Above: the plight of a Reluctant Warrior as drawn for Harper's Weekly *in 1862.*

One spring day in 1861 John R. Chapin consulted his clergyman on a grave matter: Did God want him to go to war?

The question was rendered complex enough to refer to the Deity, or at least to one of His earthly representatives at Rahway, New Jersey, by a peculiar circumstance. John Chapin, who had been a militia captain, felt that he could not go to war as less than a captain. And a most curious deal had been cooked up between the embryonic volunteer battery that he headed and another one. Both units, being undermanned, would merge. Then, being overofficered, they would elect new officers in the ultrademocratic manner of the day. One unit would elect the captain, the other the two lieutenants. Obviously someone was going to have to give.

After religious consultation and meditation, John Chapin made the sacrifice. He decided to stay home. The other unit elected a captain. The two young lieutenants of Chapin's battery were duly elected as the lieutenants. Chapin went back to his wife and four children, feeling that he had served God and country to best advantage—not to mention the Chapins. A captain then drew $1300. Chapin was making $4000 a year as the city clerk of Rahway, second only to the mayor. He doubted, quite logically, whether his family should be required to sacrifice its living standards that much.

Although Chapin by his own account was continually panting and champing to rush into battle, he never managed to find just the right circumstances to permit him to yield to his patriotic impulse. During most of the Civil War, Chapin was in uniform ready to serve, or at least had his uniform hanging handy in a clothes closet. The nearest he got to battle, by his own story, was when the great crisis at Gettysburg brought him all the way south from Rahway to Trenton, New Jersey, to guard the state capital in case the rebels broke through and crossed the Delaware. He always had his reasons for not charging into the thick of the fray. He gave them in details years later, when there was no point in disputing them. Some sound like very good reasons, indeed. Others are at least unusual. Take the problem of kittens. Who could expect a militia officer of Chapin's experience to head a company whose lieutenants were such juveniles that they kept kittens as personal pets?

"At the first meeting of the company, I was painfully surprised to find it composed of the very flower of the youth of the place, none over twenty-two, and one under sixteen," Chapin related. "To them the war seemed a holiday excursion. To illustrate, let me relate this.

"One day while on my way to the armory, I found myself walking behind two of my boys in full uniform with knapsacks on, and, clinging frantically to the tops of those knapsacks, each had a bleary-eyed, sickly-looking kitten. Overtaking them, I found myself in the presence of my lieutenants, Bramhall and Martin, two boys whom I loved as my own sons. After receiving their salute, I quietly remarked: 'Boys, soldiers may be permitted to bring *back* from service their pets, but they seldom if ever take them with them. Were I you, I would drop those kittens before you subject yourself to ridicule!'"

The lieutenants jettisoned the pets behind a fence, but their captain remained painfully mindful of the experience. He soon let the unit merger relieve him of command. The boys went to war without kittens or Chapin. They became horse artillery, the elite of cannoneers, with every man mounted instead of seated on limbers, and made a distinguished record.

By the following February, in 1862, Chapin organized a second battery with a nucleus of twenty-seven volunteers. This time he noted with satisfaction, "They comprised many of the older men of Rahway." He began drilling them.

The first Civil War draft call, for 300,000 men for nine months' service, soon created unprecedented furors. Rahway, a fairly populous place, was to furnish seventy-two men for the draft. "The members of the artillery company of which I had command urged me to take them in lieu of the men called from Rahway," Chapin relates. To swell out the ranks from twenty-seven to the requisite seventy-two, "many leading citizens, such as Joseph T. Crowell, president of the Senate of New Jersey, Mayor Lee of Rahway, Postmaster C. C. Hoff and others offered themselves as recruits if I would lead the battery into the field. It needed but little urging, for my heart was in the matter."

Again viewing the financial situation dispassionately, however, the bold captain spied another sound monetary argument against rushing recklessly into battle. The draft law permitted a draftee to hire a substitute for $300. If the volunteers waited until the draft took place, they could go as substitutes for the drafted men and be paid accordingly. "Dividing the pay received as such among the whole," Chapin thriftily pointed out, "each would have something to leave with his family." So they waited.

Chapin, ever eager for higher rank, meanwhile seized the opportunity to work on another personal project. He formally applied to Gov. Charles S. Olden of New Jersey for the lieutenant colonelcy of the 14th New Jersey Regiment, then being raised at Freehold. This obviously beat going to war as a mere captain. "In several interviews with the governor," Chapin said, "I urged my strong desire to serve, and his excellency promised his utmost influence to secure my election. . . ." for the lieutenant colonel, too, had to win his rank by election.

A few weeks later the military office seeker learned that the regiment had elected someone else as its lieutenant colonel. Governor Olden, he noted sadly, was "a dear good old man, but awfully slow." Olden next informed Chapin that he doubted he had the authority to accept Chapin's patiently waiting battery as volunteers in lieu of draftees. Two recruiting officers then invited Chapin to enlist his battery "for three years without the intervention of the governor."

Chapin quickly spiked that rash and dangerous suggestion. His reply emphasizes the highly democratic attitude of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVER WENT TO WAR

many toward military service. He told the Federal recruiters that "the men did not want to go for three years." They were, he added by explanation, "all men of family." Then he got down to his basic reason: "Several of them were officials, and nine months was as long as the city government of Rahway could get along without them." This local brand of patriotism apparently revolved around the question: why save the Union at the political risk of losing Rahway?

Shortly afterward the mayor of Rahway informed Chapin that the city council had appointed a committee to call on the governor and urge him to accept the battery as volunteers for nine-month service. The governor replied that he lacked authorization to enlist the battery in the United States service for as little as nine months. He added that four steel field pieces which he was sending were for state service only and should not be taken outside of New Jersey.

With this "lame and impotent conclusion," Chapin returned to Rahway to find himself outwitted in another politico-military maneuver. A rival captain had organized a new infantry company. Included were some of Chapin's artillerymen who were willing to serve as infantry if only they could escape from the waiting list. "Most of them, however, would not enlist except under my command," Chapin records. "To overcome this difficulty, I offered to help him recruit his company if he would see that I was elected a field officer [major or up], so that my men could be with me. This he faithfully promised to do, but failed to perform, securing the lieutenant colonelcy of the new regiment for himself."

The latest disappointment was softened by a development. Chapin received a letter from the governor, addressed to "Maj. John R. Chapin," although no mention was made anywhere of a specific promotion. In the letter, the governor introduced a committee of Princeton University students who wished to enlist under Chapin for nine-month service. Chapin, with the rank of major glittering before him, rounded up the Princeton recruits and promptly found them "a fine body of boys whom anyone might be proud to command."

Governor Olden, moreover, wrote to the Secretary of War in Washington in glowing terms, endorsing a nine-month battery, "to be under command of Maj. John R. Chapin." He asserted "Major Chapin is an accomplished artillery officer and will have no difficulty in raising a most excellent body of men." Chapin rallied all possible support for the proposal and, as he put it, "forwarded all to Washington and waited."

While Chapin was waiting—and he was by now a veteran of this form of warfare—there came a landslide in his favor. He had extensive fraternal connections. These now resulted in an incredible development. The captain who had missed out twice on fond hopes of becoming a lieutenant colonel and then somehow became a major, suddenly found himself elected a full colonel twice over. He was chosen to command two regiments, the 26th and 27th New Jersey, then forming at Camp Rosedale with recruits largely from the mining areas.

"I received word that, through influence among their officers, who knew me fraternally, each had elected me to the colonelcy, one unanimously, and the other by a large majority. I immediately repaired to their camp, where I was enthusiastically received."

The welcome was soon dampened, if not dashed. "While awaiting my commission from the governor, appointing my staff and equipping myself, I found that the general who was in command, and who had a friend whom he wanted as lieutenant colonel, had ordered the officers who held the election not to make a report to him. This was a most unprecedented and unlawful proceeding, and I saw the governor about it. He thought he could do nothing, inasmuch as he had no official notice of the election."

Chapin then turned to Attorney General Frelinghuysen of New Jersey. A stormy session ensued. Chapin stated he had been unanimously elected colonel of the 27th under a law providing that the commanding general "*shall* report the result of such election to the governor, who *shall* commission the officer so elected." The wording left no option anywhere. Yet, to Chapin's deep chagrin, a new election was ordered.

What followed would have made an amusing act for a comic opera. "Again I was elected by a practically unanimous vote," Chapin reports, "but again the general ordered no report, and I was helpless. Instructing the officers in their inalienable rights, we held a third election with the same results. Through their ignorance of military law, they were hoodwinked by the general yet another time. After having twice resigned my position in private life and twice resuming it, I finally withdrew my name, and the general had his way."

Chapin in his memoirs apologized for discussing the remarkable episode in so much detail. "I should not have entered upon such a personal matter," he said, "were it not that it created considerable excitement in Rahway. Also, it goes to show how few men were governed by patriotic motives during the 'late unpleasantness.'"

Having recognized the sordid stuff of which other men were made, Chapin settled down philosophically to drilling his state-militia, or home-guard, battery in handling four steel rifled cannon which the governor had sent them. "We continued our drilling with the guns and in saber exercises with the thirty or forty men who stood by me," he noted.

(An order of pithy Lt. Gen. D. H. Hill attests that the Confederacy also had some stay-at-homes. Hill, who disapproved an infantryman's request for band duty, because "shooters are more needed than tooters," said of certain reluctant Southern militia: "Others are warlike militia officers, and their regiments cannot dispense with such models of military skill and valor. And such noble regiments they have: Three field officers, four staff officers, ten captains, thirty lieutenants and one private with a misery in his bowels. . . .")

Then the Confederate Army drove northward into Pennsylvania in the campaign which was to culminate in the battle of Gettysburg. "The governors of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York issued frantic appeals for every available man to rush in and throw his body in the way of the invading veterans of the Confederate Army. The battery under my command was among the first to offer and was accepted. As it was understrength, I resigned my civilian position again and, with a drummer, fifer and American flag, paraded the streets of Rahway, drumming up recruits who came in all too slowly.

"In the midst of the excitement came a countercommand from Trenton, thus placing me in the position of a mountebank. Mad clear through after all the sacrifices I had made, I informed the governor that I was tired of the farce, and unless my battery was accepted, I would resign my commission and play soldier no more. Back came word to be in Trenton next day with my men and guns equipped for service in Pennsylvania.

"Now came the hour that 'tried men's souls' and showed what they were made of. No one knew where the Army of the Potomac was. We knew only that the conquering Confederates had marched unchallenged into Pennsylvania, burned Chambersburg, and were threatening Harrisburg. We were to throw ourselves into the path of this immense force of veterans who had twice defeated the Army of the Potomac and who were now marching undisturbed 'into the bowels of the land.'"

Chapin mustered his brave boys and made no bones about the crisis they faced. Perhaps he was too eloquent.

"To my pain, mortification and surprise, one third of my men declined to go. The laws of New Jersey did not permit of my compelling them, and I was forced to accept their resignations. The rest of us prepared to arrange our private affairs, load our material and take leave of our families before going to what we felt was certain disaster and death."

The shrunken little band, including the mayor of Rahway, the state-Senate president and the postmaster, arrived at Trenton. Hardly had they settled down in barracks when misleading news came—apparently based on the result of the first day's engagement at Gettysburg—that the Confederates had defeated the Army of the Potomac. Chapin rushed around to the adjutant general to obtain horses, harness and gun primers for his cannon, only to find none available. He returned to barracks "sick at heart and disgusted . . . at the inefficiency . . . after all the sacrifices we had made."

Finally, to the great joy and relief of all in Trenton, word was received that the Federals had won at Gettysburg. Chapin, however, was to continue battling against home-front odds. "The governor ordered me to fire a 100-gun salute in honor of the victory. This I failed to do, as there were no friction primers to be had. We had to use portfire, or burning rope, to ignite the powder. This soon gave out, and we fired only thirty-five times."

The stay-at-homes at Rahway, meanwhile, discharged the battery's most destructive shot of the entire war. They rolled out a brass Napoleon field gun which had been left behind, and began firing salutes. While the eight-foot-long rammer was still inside the barrel the gun went off prematurely. The rammer sailed out and "struck the upper sash at the Methodist parsonage six inches above the parson's head, took out the sash, struck the far wall and dropped into the room."

Amos Clark, handling the rammer, lost two fingers and was so seriously injured about the chest that he died of lockjaw, or tetanus, a week later. He was the battery's only fatality in line of duty. Clark's fatal injury "did not deter his kinsman, Patrick Clark, from trying his hand at firing a salute with an improvised rammer without anyone 'tending vent.' A premature explosion tore his right hand terribly, and he was laid up for weeks, rejoicing that lockjaw had not set in. This ended the attempt to fire a salute at Rahway."

While his men were falling right and left at Rahway, yet another crisis beset Chapin's battery. Ferocious rioting against the draft had broken out in New York City. Officials feared it might spread to Trenton. There were rumors that 1000 malcontents planned to seize the state arsenal and distribute its arms to rioters.

"The governor ordered me to arm my men with muskets—an arm they never had handled—against as earnest a protest as I dared make, in order to guard the arsenal. The next fifteen days found us cooped up within four walls, where rioters could have run all over us, because we could not use our guns to any effect." As usual, however, nothing happened.

After thirty days of service during the Gettysburg crisis, the battery marched back to Rahway to be mustered out. "We were handsomely received," says Chapin, "notwithstanding we had 'first marched up the hill and then marched down again.' Our guns were stored, and we resolved into private citizens once more."

On the Fourth of July, 1864, there came a grand anticlimax to the war service of Chapin and his battery. They had fired the usual salutes, returned their cannon to the armory and gone home. At nine P.M. a fire balloon sent up as part of a fireworks display roosted on the armory's immense shingle roof. The shingles blazed.

"No one thought the building would go, however, until the whole interior was a furnace. In the basement were our guns with considerable powder left in the chests from firing."

Chapin rallied his men, and they stood wondering what to do. "When all thought an explosion imminent, 'Little Johnny,' as we called one of our youngsters, crept through a basement window and, with sparks falling all about him, lifted the chest covers so that the fire hoses could drown the powder. It was a plucky thing to do, and well deserves the praise I fain would give him."

It was also the battery's most heroic moment. With its equipment ruined by a friendly fire balloon, it never recovered its military composure. Needless to say, the catastrophe left the battery unequipped to go to war. Appomattox found it still waiting, with well-drilled patience, for new equipment.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

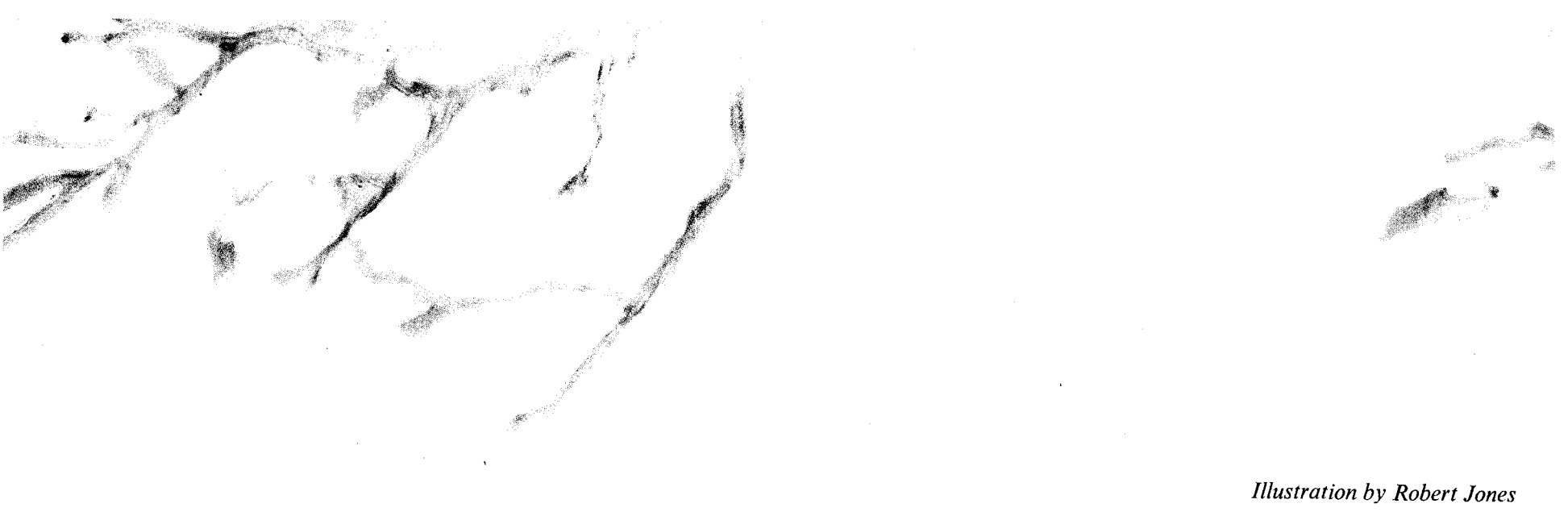


Illustration by Robert Jones

When I was offered a scholarship to State, my father was annoyed and my mother upset. Can you beat that? Everybody knows that American colleges are overcrowded, and people my age are hollering and shoving to get into almost every school. So why should my folks get themselves in an uproar because their Willy had a full scholarship at one of the best universities in the whole country?

"It's too big a place," mother complained. "The individual is lost in a school like State."

"Why were you offered it?" asked dad.

The question was rhetorical. Most of his questions are rhetorical, because he usually knows the answers to them in the first place. He's an awfully intelligent man. He took his Ph.D. in something called symbolic logic, and now he works with a group of scientists who are thinking up new ways to bring the world to an end and new ways to prevent it from ending.

Even though I knew dad's question was rhetorical, I answered it anyway. "State offered me the scholarship because I'm a well-rounded individual. Everybody knows me as well-rounded Willard Gregory Fulton."

"The university offered you that scholarship because you were chosen all-state-high-school quarterback," dad replied. "Isn't that a fact?"

"Look at my grades," I said. "And not only that—look at my winsome personality."

"I don't care about grades," dad said. "I care about intellectual curiosity. Do you? And how is yours? What do you know about music, art, literature, history? What you need, Willy boy, is to stop chasing footballs and start getting a good liberal education."

It brought us to why my folks were upset about that scholarship. If I went to State, I wouldn't go to Putnam College and get "a good liberal education." That was it in a nutshell.

Although mother and dad had advanced ideas on almost everything, they were old-fashioned about my college education. They thought that Putnam was the only place in the world for me to go. As you might guess, they had been graduated from Putnam—in the same class. In fact, I was the Class Baby. What's more, both my grandfathers and all four of my uncles and two of my aunts were graduates of Putnam, and I had about 15,000 cousins who were going to be sent there. Do you wonder that I didn't want to go to dear old Putnam?

If you mentioned Putnam in our part of the country, most people asked, "Where?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love can guide the heart when there seems to be

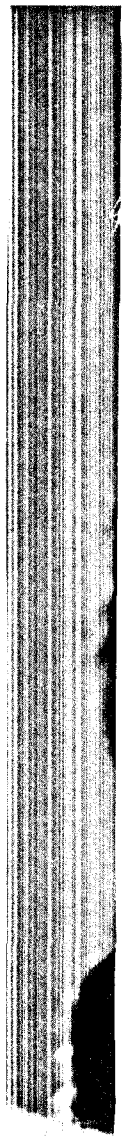
NO PLACE TO GO

BY CHARLES MERCER

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real gusto

in a great light beer



If the beer you're drinking now leaves you with a vague feeling that there's something missing, try the beer brewed specifically for the head of the house—Schlitz!

Schlitz knows that a great beer begins with character. Schlitz brings that character to lighthearted life with just the kiss of the hops.

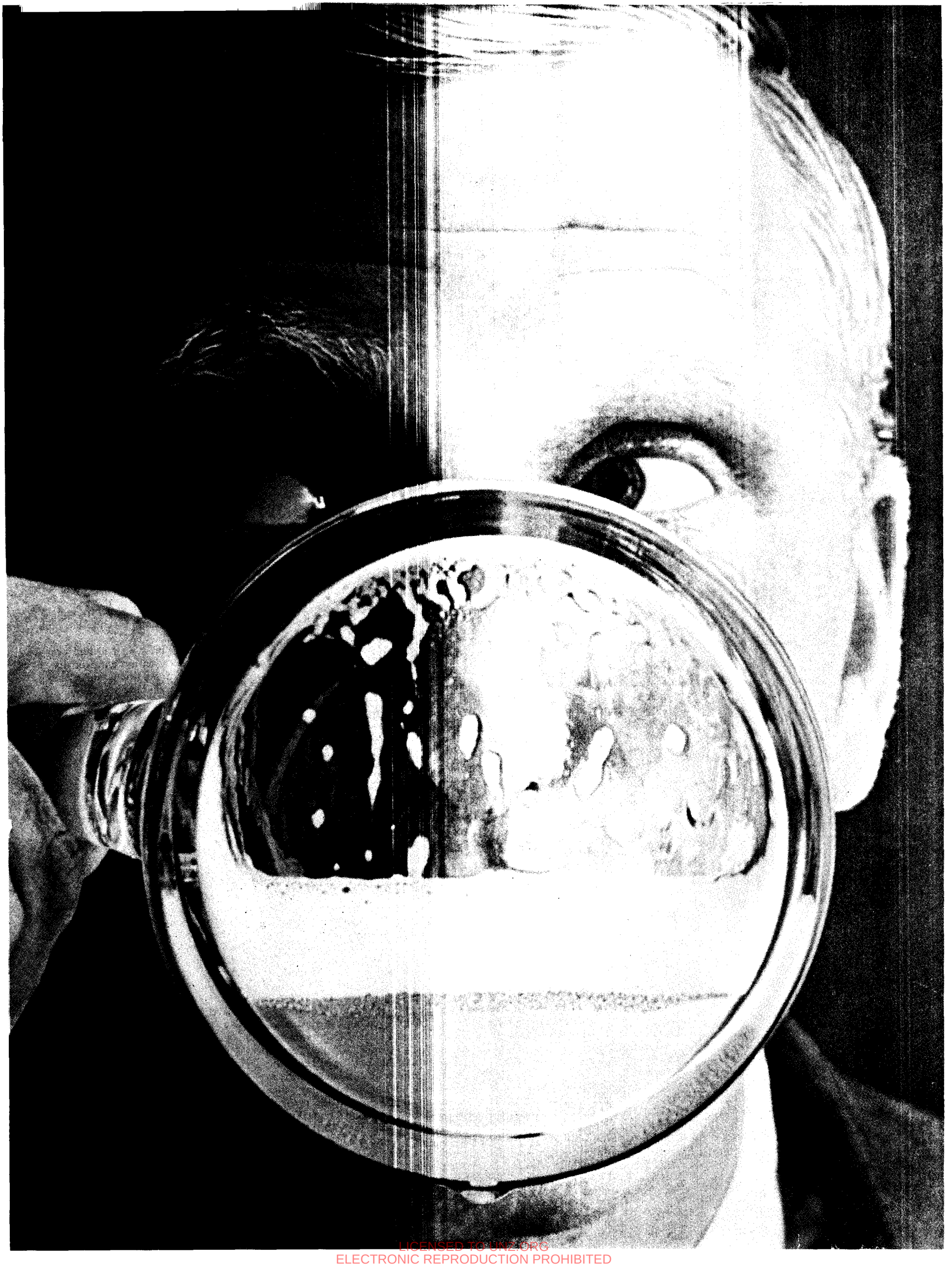
So Schlitz gives you the gusto a man wants in a great light beer. Schlitz tastes bright, sits light. Settle on Schlitz, the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous—simply because it tastes so good.

Schlitz®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© 1962 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO PLACE TO GO!

You had to explain that it was a couple of thousand miles back east and was an outstanding coeducational college which purposely kept its enrollment small. Then, if somebody asked about its football team, you became embarrassed. Away back around 1900 Harvard beat Putnam 65–0, or something, and ever since, Putnam had been losing games to schools like East Flats Normal. But it was outstanding academically. Yes, sir!

My folks remained persistent about Putnam in subtle ways, even though I had that scholarship to State tucked under my arm. And then in May they stopped being subtle and filled out a Putnam application form for me and badgered me into signing it.

A week later I received a letter from Dean of Admissions Davis. I brought it to the dinner table that evening and, when I started to read it aloud, dad said, "I heard from Rusty Davis today too. He's delighted that you've applied."

"In that case my letter's out of date," I said and dramatically tore it into a dozen pieces and put them beside my plate.

"Oh, Will!" wailed mother.

Dad blinked at me. "No need for violence, old boy." A thing about him is that he never really gets mad; he just turns philosophical. "What did your letter say?"

"He told me Putnam is deluged with applicants this year and mine came very late. He said my high-school grades are all right, but there are lots of applicants with better. He sort of shrugged off my record in track and football by saying dear old Putnam has de-emphasized athletics. Yours truly."

"Put yourself in the dean's place," dad said.

"I wouldn't think of it."

"Well, then, project yourself. He doesn't want you to get the idea you're doing Putnam a favor by going there."

"It's not that way at State," I said. "The dean of admissions there practically threw his arms around my neck and said, 'Willard, my boy, we're honored to have you.' "

"And that," said dad, "shows the difference between the schools. You'll feel different about Rusty—the dean—after you meet him next month."

Mother smiled at me and said, "We have a wonderful surprise for you."

Dad said, "Your mother and I are going back to a reunion, and we're inviting you to come with us."

"Thanks very much," I said, "but ——"

"It will be wonderful," mother said.

"But what about them?" I pointed at Dick and Susan, my kid brother and sister, who were concentrating on stuffing themselves with meat and potatoes.

"You both are going to stay with Aunt Grace," she told them.

They cheered and went right on stuffing themselves, the well-adjusted little monsters.

"They don't really hear you," I said. "All they want to do is survive and become Putnamites some day. It's nice of you to invite me, but ——"

"In a way we'll be your guests," dad said. "We'll take the new car, and we hoped you would drive us."

It was bribery. I saw myself, Willy Fulton, the red-hot driver, speeding into the rising sun.

"Every twisting, burning mile?"

"Every twisting, burning mile."

I was corruptible. And to their credit, my folks didn't utter one word of backseat driving all the way from our door to the Putnam campus. I never had seen Putnam, but I'd certainly heard it described often enough—beautiful, venerable, elm-shadowed, ivy-clad, and so on. It turned out to be true—just as my folks had described it to me.

After we passed through its gates that noon, my folks began to seem different to me. They acted younger and gayer. I'd never thought of my father as much of a mixer, but from the minute we got out of the car he began mixing it up like a congressman at a barbecue. He knew nearly everybody, and nearly everybody seemed to know him. He no longer was James Forsythe Fulton; he was just good old Fully.

"Hey, Fully!" some old fossil around forty would yell. "*Dorothy!*" he'd yell at mother. Then they'd fall on each other's necks and wring each other's hands, and then the guy would look up at me and yell, "*No!* It can't be! The Class *Baby!*"

One guy asked, "Is this the famous quarterback?"

My father said, "This is an infamous throwback."

I guess I am, in a way. My parents aren't very tall, but I am, and I'm built pretty big. Everybody in my family is fair, but I'm dark, and I have to keep my hair chopped back in a crew cut or it would be wavy. Nobody understands it—not even my grandfather, who's a doctor and interested in genetics.

At any rate, it seemed to me I'd never seen so many smalls and short-stouts as were graduated in my parents' class. Of course all of them had to yak about the Class Baby. Within an hour after we arrived, I'd never hated a place so much in all my life.

The underclassmen had left on vacation, but the seniors were hanging around for commencement, and the loyal alumni and alumnae swarmed everywhere. As was the custom, the college had allotted dormitory space to the visitors and their families. For some reason or other we had been registered as Jim Fulton, Dorothy Gregory—my mother's maiden name—and child.

"There's something indecent about it," I told mother.

"Oh, don't be stuffy," she said.

"I don't feel stuffy," I said. "Just illegitimate." A couple of youngsters, eight-year-old twins belonging to one of my parents' classmates, started playing tag around my legs. "Mother, why couldn't you have waited a decent time before having me?"

She looked sort of flustered and said, "Willard, these things are not always planned."

"Well," I said, "I wish I'd been one of those planned things."

She said, "Stop acting like the Class Baby," and I said, "I'm too big for the role."

We were still sawing it around in a friendly way when we reached the cubicle assigned us. My folks took one look inside it and blanched, as the saying goes, and I whined, "Where are you going to put my crib?"

Mother got to laughing and couldn't stop, and even dad laughed before he went off to get me my own quarters in a cubicle down the hall.

I realized that life with my family was a two-way street. They'd let me have my way in driving all those miles from home. Now it was only fair to let them have fun in their way. I began to feel almost as old as Putnam Hall and tried very hard to look at my folks as young people having a good time.

It wouldn't have been so hard if they'd let me alone, but they wanted me to join in. Before I'd even unpacked my bag, dad bounced into my room wearing a crazy hat with his class numerals on it and a big tag on his lapel which announced that he was good old Fully Fulton. He really had me organized. First we were going to have lunch in the refectory, and then we were going to tour the campus, and then he'd made an appointment for me with Dean Davis. He and mother had to go to a class dinner, but I told him not to worry about me. I didn't need a sitter.

Lunch was one of those creamed-chicken affairs that leave you starved and hunting for chocolate bars. But the campus tour was even worse. They'd drafted some poor senior into showing about fifty fossils and their families what was new at dear old Putnam. The old graduates kept trying to ask intelligent questions, and you'd stand there for what seemed hours, giving a glazed look at a library or brick wall or something. Finally, to my relief, I had to peel off the tour formation in order to keep my appointment with the dean of admissions.

There was something tough and unsalesmanly about Dean Davis. I liked him when he looked me straight in the eye and asked why I wanted to come to Putnam. I looked him straight back and told him that I didn't want to, that I had a scholarship to State and planned to go there. He didn't even blink; he just asked if I knew what I wanted to do after college. Actually I planned to take a premed course; I think I'd like to be a doctor. But I hate to talk about it, because a person my age who talks about becoming a doctor sounds as if he'd seen too many of those old movies about Young Doctor Kildare. So I told the dean I hadn't made up my mind what I wanted to become.

That ended the interview, which must have been about the shortest Dean Davis ever conducted.

NEXT WEEK

Mr. Lincoln for the Defense

a story by ELISA BIALK

It also ended any danger of my attending Putnam College, I thought, when I walked out of the dean's office. I decided to case the town and find a movie but, as I went out the east gate, I saw a snack bar called the Campus Sweet Shop and remembered that I was starving.

When I went inside and started toward the counter, something happened to me that everybody says is impossible. While taking about six steps from the door to the counter, I fell in love. Four or five times in my life I'd thought I was in love, but I'd always had to concentrate on it and never before had the ceiling hit the floor and crushed me.

She was sitting at the counter, a slim girl with dark hair, trim, no bows or bangles, not even lipstick. I saw her beautiful face in the counter mirror, and then I tripped over a magazine rack, but staggered on, as if I were carrying two tacklers across a goal line. I just don't see how it can take anybody months or years to fall in love, and I don't see how anybody can stop himself from speaking immediately when it happens. You make one of those instantaneous decisions, like whether to pass or run, and it has to be right, and because it has to be, it is.

Sound travels slowly, especially in a situation like mine. It took me a while to hear the clatter of the falling magazines and that rack tangled around my legs. But she had heard it and looked around at me with slight surprise. By that time I was hanging onto the counter with both hands. But as I started to tell you, I'd made one of those instantaneous decisions.

I said to her, "Hi. What are you doing?"

"What does it look as if I'm doing?" she asked. "I'm drinking a chocolate milk shake."

I admire coolness in man and beast, but I admire it even more in woman. "I didn't mean to ask what you're doing *now*," I said. "What are you doing *after* you drink the shake?"

She just looked at me with that surprised expression, as I got all the way to my feet. The counterman, a wise-guy type, leaned across and said, "Hey, graceful, all reading matter must be returned to the shelves."

I set the rack upright and started picking up the spilled magazines. Then, without a word, the girl swung around and helped me. She was quick and graceful, and I hoped she'd say something, because I'd run out of conversation. But she didn't say anything, and then I was glad she didn't, because it was nice somehow just to be picking up the magazines together without a big yak.

At last I found myself sitting next to her at the counter, while the counterman fixed me with a frosty stare and asked, "What will you have, graceful?" I'd been starving, but now I'd lost my appetite and thought I'd never eat again. I just shook my head.

"Are you all right?" the girl asked me. "Did you hit your head when you fell?"

"I never fall," I said.

"Then what were you doing there on your knees?" the counterman asked. "Praying?"

I didn't like him much. I said to the girl, "Let's get out of here and go someplace else."

She dragged on the straw stuck in her chocolate shake and looked at me sort of meditatively. At last she asked, "Do you go to Putnam?"

I told her no, I was just visiting the campus with my folks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So am I," she said. "They're reunioning. I'm coming to Putnam in the fall as a freshman."

If I'd been in motion at the moment I suppose I'd have knocked over another magazine rack. The world exploded and, when the smoke cleared away, all I could see was me sitting in Dean Davis's office that afternoon, telling him I didn't want to come to Putnam.

"Well," I finally said, "I'm thinking about Putnam."

"Have you seen the campus?" When she looked up at me, I saw that her eyes were amazingly blue. "It's a beautiful campus."

"I haven't seen it," I lied. "I just got here."

"Then I'll show it to you," she said. "Come on. And watch the magazine racks on your way out."

Her name was Ellen Reed, and her home was so far from mine that I felt sad. Though she lived a long distance from me, it turned out that the world isn't such a large place, because her parents had been graduated in the same class with mine. In fact, if I hadn't happened to have been born three months before her, she might have been the Class Baby.

As we ambled across the campus, I realized that I hadn't really appreciated Putnam College until Ellen began to show it to me. It had the most beautiful campus in America and the finest faculty in the world, and my folks were absolutely right in thinking it was the only place for me to get a good liberal education. That's what I thought as I walked around with Ellen.

Even though I'd just fallen in love, I finally began to have symptoms of starvation again, so we went into another eatery. Ellen said she wasn't hungry, but she watched me eat a couple of cheeseburgers and a plate of French fries and a double malted. While I ate, I gave her my biography. Usually I didn't mind telling anybody I played football, but would never have thought of mentioning that I'd like to become a doctor. But I told Ellen I wanted to be a doctor and never mentioned football. How do you figure that? I mean, what would somebody like Freud say about it? Then she told me her biography, and it seemed that we'd known each other forever.

I'd always been critical of girls and, even when I'd pretended to be in love a few times, I'd sit around waiting for the girl to trip herself up by acting superior or inferior or petty or something. They always did too. But Ellen seemed to be different from other girls. I knew instinctively that she couldn't disappoint me; she was the perfect girl.

For instance, at home I'd sooner drop dead than walk along holding a girl's hand, but that spring evening I suddenly realized that Ellen and I were strolling across the campus hand in hand. Don't ask me how it happened, just as don't ask me how I got tangled up with that magazine rack in the Campus Sweet Shop. We floated along, not saying much. It turned dark and still we just floated around and around the campus.

After while we heard singing on the lighted steps of a dormitory. It wasn't very melodious, and a few hours before I'd have been pretty scornful of it because it came from alumni who were trying to sing *Dear Putnam, How Thy Sons and Daughters Adore Thee*. As you might gather from the title, that song never will make the top ten in anybody's hit tunes. But loving Putnam as I then had begun to love the dear old college, I led Ellen over to the singers with the idea of croaking a bar or two myself.

As we reached the steps and I started to come in on the bass, a man exclaimed, "Ellen!"

Then my mother cried, "Willy!" Her voice sounded exactly like it did one time when something tripped me up and I fell into a fish pond at a garden party. Sort of horrified, if you know what I mean.

A mob of people poured down the steps upon us, and Ellen gripped my hand tightly. To be accurate, the mob consisted of four people—my mother and father and her mother and father. Their voices sounded shrill, like the voices of excited children.

Her mother said, "Ellen, we've been looking everywhere for you. Where have you been?"

"Just walking around with Will," Ellen said.

"Will?" asked her father.

Then she introduced me to her parents. They didn't really see me, because all they could look at was her right hand in my left. I stuck out my right to her father and said heartily, "Very pleased to meet you, sir. Ellen's been telling me some fine things about you." Then I introduced her to my parents. But they didn't really see her either, because they were looking at our hands.

"Well," my father said.

"Well, well," her father said.

"Well, well, well," I said, "isn't it a small world? I mean Ellen and me bumping into each other after all these years and you folks friends and all."

"But how did you ——" Mrs. Reed's voice died away.

"You folks being friends, you see," I said.

"Yes, but how ——" My mother's voice died away too.

"Ellen has been giving me a tour of the campus," I said. "Putnam is a *wonderful* place. I wouldn't think of going to any other college."

Ellen had let my hand go, but suddenly she gripped it again. I nearly whooped with joy.

"Don't you think Putnam is a *wonderful* school, sir?" I asked Mr. Reed.

"What? Oh, yes, yes." But he suddenly didn't sound very enthusiastic about his alma mater.

My father said in a dry tone, "From what I hear, that's not precisely what you told Dean Davis this afternoon."

He reminded me of something I wanted to forget.

"That was this afternoon," I said. "I've changed my mind. I mean I—I was just playing hard to get. Well, you folks have a good time and enjoy your singing." Ellen and I turned away.

In a couple of minutes, when Ellen asked me what my father had meant by his remark about Dean Davis, I confessed all. I told her the whole sad story of my crossed-up life—how I'd thought I didn't want to go to Putnam and had been chosen all-state-high-school quarterback and received a scholarship to State. But now, I said, I'd changed my mind, and I wanted to go to Putnam.

"It will work out." Her tone was confident. "Putnam *needs* some good football players. Even my father says so." What a wonderful girl!

We found a place where they served sodas and hamburgers, and there was a jukebox you could dance to. Around one o'clock I took her back to the dormitory where she was quartered, and we made a date for breakfast.

When I reached my room I was whistling the Putnam alma mater. I opened the door, and my whistling died, because there sat my mother and father. They hadn't waited up for me in years.

"Willy," mother said.

"Will," dad said.

"That's me," I said, "your Willard. I never can thank you folks enough for bringing me back to Putnam. It's the finest school in the country. Dad, would you please fix me up with another appointment tomorrow morning with Dean Davis? Right after breakfast, huh? I've got a breakfast date with Ellen."

"A breakfast date!" mother exclaimed.

"Why not? She eats breakfast. I eat breakfast. Why shouldn't we eat breakfast together?"

"Willard," my father said.

"Willy," mother said, "we've made a big mistake —— about sending you to Putnam, we mean. It's too far from home. You'll be better off at State."

"Oh, no, I won't!" My voice went surprisingly high and sort of cracked. "You've always wanted me to go to Putnam, and now I want to. And so you don't want me to. What's the story? Don't you like Ellen? Is there something wrong with her folks?"

"She's a nice little girl," mother said, "and Dave and Eleanor Reed are two of the nicest people we know, but ——"

Taxpayers would be happier if the people making history these days would come out with a compact economy model.

Dave Murray

"Will," said my father, "you don't pick a college because of a—a girl."

"You don't?" I was beginning to get sore. "How did you ever get a degree in symbolic logic, dad? For instance, when did you two meet?"

Neither of them could look me in the eye at that point.

"I'm not such a dope as you sometimes think. I've got a pretty good memory. I remember you saying one time, dad, that you weren't sure at first you wanted to come to Putnam because your father went here. And I remember you saying, mother, that you and dad met the summer before your freshman year. So now I've met a girl, the only girl in the world, and I love her and ——"

"Love!" Mother almost shrieked the word. "At your age how can ——"

"Mother," I said, "how old were you when you fell in love with dad?"

She actually blushed.

"Dad," I said, "it's time my mother heard about logic."

He stared at me, and then he smiled and got to his feet. "O.K., Willy, I bow to logic. But leaving love entirely out of it, Dean Davis has turned very lukewarm about you. I'm not sure I can do anything about it."

"Will you *try?*" I asked him.

"Of course I'll try, Willy."

And he did. But he didn't get anywhere. He told me the next morning that Dean Davis refused to make any appointments, because he was going to Alumni Field Day. I felt terrible, but Ellen refused to give up hope that I'd somehow get into Putnam. Something would turn up, she told me as we walked around.

We wandered across the campus and down a street lined with fraternity houses, while I tried to think of some way to square myself with the dean.

In the yard of one fraternity house four or five seniors were booting and passing a football. Even in spring a real football lover doesn't always turn to baseball, you may have noticed. Those seniors in the yard just didn't want to admit to themselves that they'd played their last season of football.

One booted a waverer, and the ball bounced out into the street toward us. Instinctively I scooped it up and heaved it straight back to the guy who had kicked it. It was a pretty long pass that wafted into his clutch like an arrow.

As Ellen and I walked on, one of the seniors yelled, "Hey, freshman!"

Ellen turned and called, "He's not a freshman. He only wants to be."

The seniors came over and asked what she meant. Maybe she should be an actress, because the way she told the sad story of Willy Fulton, potential All-American Quarterback who couldn't get into Putnam, had them practically weeping. One said, "We'll go corner Davis."

"Sure," another said, "aren't we almost alumni?"

"I've got a better idea," Ellen told them. "Bring as many members of the squad as you can to Field Day this afternoon. Pass and kick a ball around with Will and see for yourselves whether he's good material. Let the alumni see him in action. Dean Davis will be there. If he's as good as I think he is, the alumni will take care of the dean."

Field Day at Putnam is a gathering of alumni and alumnae with their families at the athletic field. Kids get underfoot, and people drink sodas and beer and talk and try middle-aged sports, like softball and quoits. It doesn't make much sense unless you were graduated years before. I couldn't believe that any seniors would want to bother attending it. But I was wrong. About a dozen graduating members of the squad came with the coach.

"All right, Will," Ellen said. "Be a show-off like you never were before."

I was. I punted, passed, caught and ran. For all I know or really care, I never would have been first-string football material at State, but Ellen told me that at Putnam that day I looked like all the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Although Putnam said it had de-emphasized football, the alumni who watched us wanted a winning team as much as any group of alumni from State I ever saw. When we finished our workout, a lot of them surrounded Dean Davis, and dad beckoned me over.

As I came up, sweating, I heard the dean say, "I'm not against the boy. His grades are very good. But he says he doesn't want to come here."

"I've changed my mind," I panted. "I *love* Putnam. I want to enter in the fall, even though you have de-emphasized football."

"Well," the dean said slowly, "we haven't de-emphasized it *that* much."

Everybody around home thinks I came to Putnam because I wanted to study. Everybody around Putnam thinks I came here to play football. It's true I want to study, and it's true I want to play football. But that's not why I came to Putnam College. Ellen knows why. So do our folks. They just don't want to admit the true reason, because it might give a clue to why they went to dear old Putnam.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For your home . . .

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S FAMOUS

FOUR FREEDOMS

framed and ready to hang! / just $9.95 each $35 the set of four

In the 18 years since these four memorable scenes were painted by Norman Rockwell, they have become American classics. Simple, yet eloquent, they have become symbols of the cherished rights that have made free men strong.

And now you can enjoy reproductions of any—or *all*—of these scenes in your own home—FREEDOM FROM FEAR, FREEDOM FROM WANT, FREEDOM OF SPEECH, and FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

By the unique Transichrome process, the actual inks are carefully lifted from the covers and the rich, true colors of the original paintings are transferred to artist's canvas, then permanently bonded under a deep, glossy, protective finish. The distinctive texture of the canvas becomes an actual part of the picture, giving it that rare quality so highly prized in oil paintings. Each canvas is then carefully hand-mounted on artist's stretchers for lasting beauty.

And the mounted picture will come to you already framed in smart, attractive limed oak, today's most popular style. Here, truly, is a conversation piece which will give you lasting satisfaction. And the pictures are yours for only $9.95 if you order one, $18 for two, $27 for three, or $35 for the set of four.

To order, just check your choice on the coupon, fill in the blanks and mail it today. Your credit is good—we'll be glad to bill you later.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Dept. 1211, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.
Please send me a reproduction of the FOUR FREEDOMS painting(s) checked below, mounted on canvas and framed in limed oak:

☐ A. FREEDOM FROM FEAR ☐ C. FREEDOM OF SPEECH
☐ B. FREEDOM FROM WANT ☐ D. FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

All canvases measure approximately 10½" by 13½"

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone_____ State_____

Prices: One picture $9.95 Two pictures $18 Three pictures $27
Complete set of four pictures $35

☐ Payment of $_____ is enclosed. (Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax.)
☐ Please bill me for the amount of my order plus postage and handling.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with your FOUR FREEDOMS reproduction(s), return within 10 days and pay nothing—or receive a full refund if you have paid in advance.

GOOD-BY IN SILENCE

continued from page 23

tough bosun's shade. But it was no ghost. "A verra long time," MacFarlane said, and extended his hand. "I've been down yarning with your wife."

"Mac! You stayed with the *Sophy?*"

"Aye. Came round with her, and a rough cruise we had of it. But she's Clyde-side-built; she'd take worse." He settled his cap, a man gray at the temples, but ageless as Odysseus. "Ye'll find your gear in Cabin Eighty-nine. I had them shift you. Your lady's in the bar."

"Thanks." It was good to see MacFarlane again, to find a tangible link between past and present. "Speaking of drinks, Mac, was it you slipped that bottle into our cabin on our wedding night?"

"Your steward," the bosun said, "but I gave him the whisky. A wasted gift, I'm thinking. If I had a wife like yours, mister, I'd not leave her to weep alone."

"She told you about Bruce?"

"Just that ye lost him. How?"

"An accident. Our housekeeper should never have let him take his bicycle into highway traffic."

"You weren't home with him?"

Jon Eliot shook his head. Yule had been in New York designing costumes for a musical, and he, in Arizona rendering first aid to a fouled-up story.

"A cruel blow," the bosun said.

"Mac, if I could help her ——"

"Oh?" MacFarlane said. "I take it ye need no help then, yourself?"

"I carry my load," Jon said dully.

"As she carries hers," MacFarlane said, "half daft with the weight of it." Over his shoulder, moving away, he drove blunt words. "Find the heart and the sense to ask her help. Can ye not see that way she'll be helping herself?"

Jon Eliot pondered with head bent. MacFarlane had spoken like the voice of conscience. But how to answer?

I am sure only of this: The luck goes, Mac; the godhead departs. Did you pour a seaman's cup when we passed the sea god's temple? He turned from his profitless thoughts and plodded back along the deck. It gave him an obscure satisfaction to note one boat cover humped out of shape with the lacings slack. Even MacFarlane was not quite omnipotent.

Below, Yule passed him with the smile she would have given a chance acquaintance. He asked the nobly-mustached bar steward for rye whisky and, to his surprise, got it—poured from a familiar bottle. "The lady here before you," the barman told him in stately English, "desired the same. This being our first run with *Sophia*, sir, we are not yet fully stocked. But one of our officers, a Scotsman, transported a supply of rye whisky from North America."

After the resinous island wines, the rye was harsh on Jon's palate. He finished his drink and walked down the alleyway between closed cabin doors. His feet knew the way; MacFarlane, the damned old sentimentalist, could have spared them Stateroom 89.

Hand on the knob, he turned with a sense of eyes watching him. But the passageway stretched empty behind him.

Yule lay in the lower berth with eyes closed. He bent over her. Even with the marks of sorrow on her face, she was lovely still. He turned to the day bed under the port light and knelt there, forearms crossed on the ledge.

Memory was stubborn; it would not retire sensibly to sleep even though mind and body were weary. Sixteen years ago they had shared this cabin, but not as they shared it now. He surrendered to memory, while Yule lay alone in her berth and the *Sophy* hurried on.

In those years they had been very close. They had returned to the *Herald*, and free nights he had toiled at fiction, doggedly multiplying rejection slips till Yule called a halt. "I've saved us six hundred dollars," she told him. "Don't ask me how, Jon. I'm sick of watching you try to lick the world with your left hand. When it's gone, you're a writer or you go back to being a good newspaperman."

So they buried themselves in solitude, renting a shack on an upcoast island a dozen miles from anywhere. His story output doubled and so did the rejections, picked up glumly at Samiston on their once-a-week journeys to the outside. It had gone on that way, with Yule pregnant and their stake diminishing. Often they found themselves islandbound for weeks on end.

Then one night in early spring, with the kitty shrunk to $100, Yule awoke moaning.

"It's junior ahead of time," she told Jon shakily after a new spasm. "What's it like on the water?"

"Breezy," he said, already scrambling for her clothes and his.

They pushed off for Samiston with Yule blanket-wrapped on the skiff bottom boards. Daybreak, a mere sour curdling in the east, found them tossing in mid-channel, their progress slowed by an ugly following sea. The hospital town was still eight miles to the northwest, and the waves were lumping and cresting, the wind, stiffening. Yule, white-faced and shaking in her drenched blankets, couldn't wait for weather. He held his course, fighting panic.

Yule stirred. "How much longer?"

"Soon," he lied. "Take it easy, eh?"

"Tell *him* to take it easy," she said through a grimace. "I don't like this so-called Pacific, I want the Cyclades."

"What?" he said stupidly.

"The Isles of Greece. All blue and sunshiny. You promised to take me."

"Sure," Jon said and cleared his eyes of spray. A steamer was plodding down the passage. "You lie still, honey. Think about the Cyclades."

A crest slopped inboard. He peeled off his jacket, tugged an oar from under the thwarts and, fumbling one-handed, knotted the sleeves around it. He was wigwagging without any real hope when the steamer acknowledged their puny presence with a growl from her whistle. She jogged down toward them, passed and began to swing cross-seas. A rainbow oil slick undulated toward them, taming graybacks to mounded hillocks. With no shock of surprise, Jon read the name gold-lettered on her bow.

"We've got it made," he shouted to Yule, limping the half-swamped outboard rig into the *Sophy*'s lee.

Yubel the gull planed from his masthead perch for a look-see. MacFarlane, with a scowl for the squandered oil, gazed down upon them. "My bad pennies," the bosun grumbled.

The *Sophy* was late by ten sacred minutes on that run. Bruce missed being born on board by an hour. Toward noon Jon Eliot swaggered down to the post office. The *Princess Sophia* had left them a further gift. The mail she'd unloaded contained his first story acceptance, a letter and a check. He rammed the envelope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into his pocket and tramped back up the hill to Samiston Hospital.

"When do we start?" he asked Yule.

"Tomorrow. We can't afford longer." She was haggard and pale, witch-faced, but the misted gray eyes were wonderful. "Although you may have to kidnap me—us. I'm an unnatural mother."

"The ether," he said, and put the letter in her hands. "But not for that island. I mean the Cyclades."

And in the end they'd made it, taking expensive time from their careers for a trip that had not eased their hurt.

The *Sophy* drove hard through the night, no peace or rest in her thrumming. The breeze that eddied in at the port was sharp with salt, chill from immutable stars. Jon Eliot bowed his forehead on his arms, a lost and beaten man. He had not wept when Bruce died, had not known the taste of his own tears since his harsh childhood. But he wept now.

He was aware, dimly, of a stirring behind him. She spoke his name. Her hand touched his shoulder and fell away.

"Yule, I need you." The words racked his throat. "We're both to blame." He reached for her blindly and knew in the moment before the *Sophy* bucked staggering under them that the tears on his face were no longer all his own.

The deck tilted. He was down with Yule held hard against him, one of his arms crooked to shield her. The cabin bulkhead slammed into his back, and he sprawled dazed while a grinding crash echoed on and on. Other sounds intruded: the hard banging of a door, the jangle of glass—then screams. Water flumed through the port, and he rolled free, blundering into the turned day bed as he struggled to his feet. He fought the port cover forward on its hinge against the weight of water and held it with a shoulder while he dogged it shut. Yule's voice quested for him in the dark. "Jon, are you hurt—are you hurt?"

"Winded, just. You all right?"

"Yes." Her hand groped into his. Busy with life jackets, he felt her trembling.

He tested the door, twisting and hauling. No use. The door was jammed, frozen fast in a sprung frame. Jon shouted, and realized someone was calling to him from the other side, with words he could not comprehend. Something heavier than fist or boot crashed against the door. A panel splintered. He tugged, and the door flew back against the wall.

They stepped across the sill into a white electric glare. A boy chance-met on the mole at Kyrenos grinned at them from under tousled fair hair. The fire ax he held was almost as tall as his skinny self. Behind him, scowling, loomed MacFarlane with a lantern.

"Are we sinking?" Jon asked.

"If we sink," the bosun told him grimly, "we'll take one of their damned islands down with us." He jerked his chin at the ragged blond boy from Kyrenos. "A stowaway, but handier than most." And to the boy, "Come along, you."

"No!" Yule reached a swift hand. "We'll take care of him."

MacFarlane grumbled off with ax and lantern. They groped uphill, the boy tagging after them. The tinted Aegean dawn found them huddled against a heap of chairs, Yule with her head on her husband's shoulder, the boy standing over them with an air of possession that fetched a smile to Jon Eliot's mouth. An islet topped by the inevitable temple rose close beyond the *Sophy*'s sky-flung nose.

The bar steward approached. He carried a bottle of rye whisky, near-empty, which he passed with a formal bow to Jon. "My glasses, I regret, are every one broken," he said. "For your interest, sir and madam, the temple yonder is to Poseidon, the god of the sea."

NEXT WEEK
In The POST

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

ART VS. KNOWLEDGE

By the Distinguished English Philosopher

EDGAR WIND

"Speak to this boy for us," Jon said. He met Yule's glance, but did not try to read it. "We want to know about him."

The steward put rapid questions. He turned to them, frowning. "His name, he says, is Demetrios. He has no other, sir. He is without parents. You were kind to him, and he made a game that you were his father and his mother. Demetrios did not wish to end the game, so he stole upon the ship. He hid himself first in a boat, then in a linen closet by your cabin. This was because he wished much to be near you. I will now remove him."

"No!" They spoke in unison, firmly. In earlier years it had startled them to discover how often their thoughts ran parallel. Jon met the hope and the question in his wife's eyes. He answered her with a nod. There would be red tape to unravel, complications in plenty. But they had never been cautious people, and he committed them recklessly.

"Tell Demetrios," he said to the steward, "this need not be a game. We wish to take him to America with us. Ask him if he will be our son."

The steward interpreted. While he still spoke, the boy dropped to his knees—laughing, weeping.

Presently MacFarlane paused by them, weary and gray in the strengthening light. What he saw appeared to satisfy him; he nodded as if a question had been answered to his satisfaction. "Help's coming," he told them. "But they'll not get the *Sophy* off this reef. She's finished."

Yule spoke. "What will you do, Mac?"

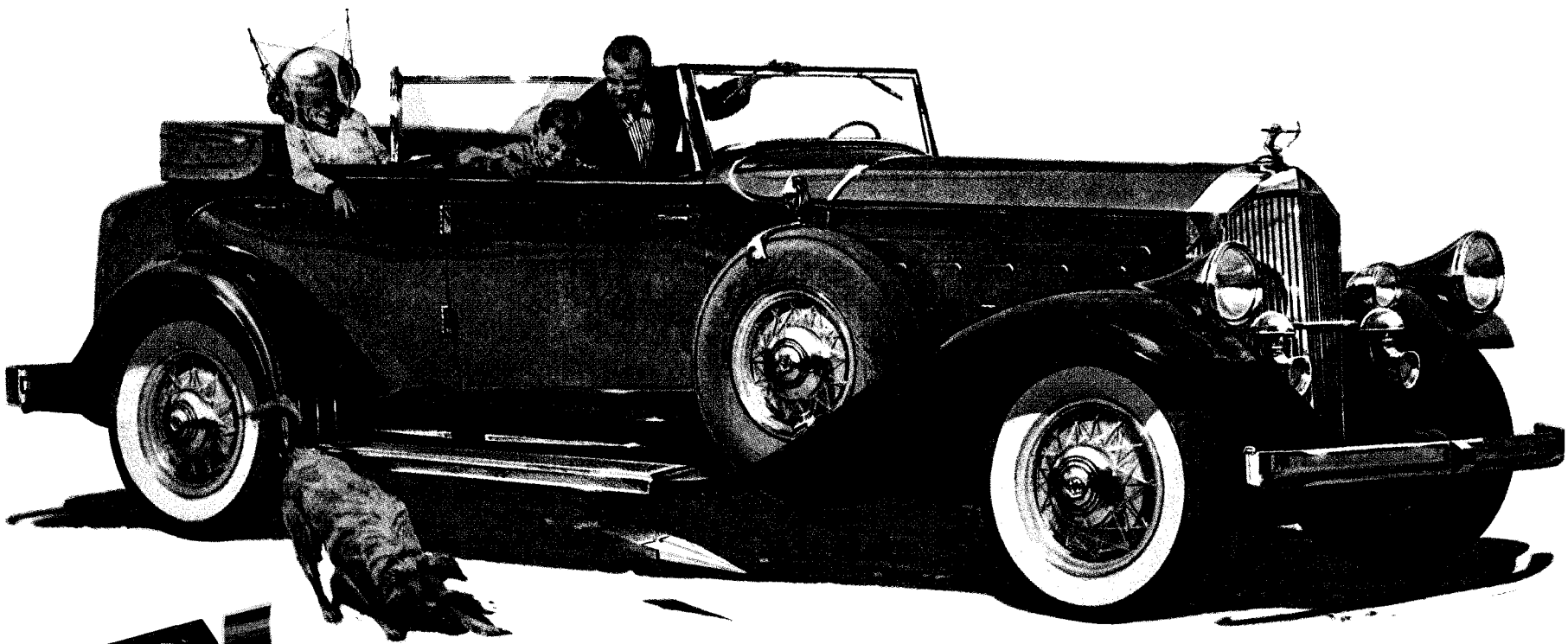
"There's other ships," the bosun said. But his eyes were bleak.

He went away. Jon got up stiffly and drew Yule to her feet. He crossed with her to the rail, Demetrios trailing them.

"I don't want a drink," Yule said as Jon slipped the bottle from his pocket. He said, "Not for us."

Poseidon's temple—the *Sophy* had died like a princess, her prow in the sea-god's courtyard. He poured the libation, crowning the morning sea while a gull uncommonly like Yubel watched from a boat davit. "In thanks," Jon Eliot said, "for a safe voyage." THE END

Way back when running boards were the cat's pajamas, Federal-Mogul was the last word in engine bearings. It still is. Ask your mechanic.



This is the box your mechanic reaches for when he wants the finest engine bearings.

FEDERAL-MOGUL SERVICE

DIVISION OF FEDERAL-MOGUL-BOWER BEARINGS, INC.

11031 Shoemaker, Detroit 13, Michigan

BEARING FEDERAL Mogul SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vergil Fletcher and his Collinsville, Illinois, High School team had good reason for jubilation when this photo was made. They'd just topped off an undefeated season by winning the State basketball championship in a state that's famous for first-rate high school teams.

Why "Verge" Fletcher's champion cagers drink tea, the hot refresher

"Illinois is chock-full of topnotch high school basketball teams," says Vergil Fletcher, "and you might as well stay home as to go up against some of them unless your team is at its best. That's where hot tea comes in big. We drink it because it keeps a ball player relaxed but plenty alert. Invigorates him. Makes him feel like he'd like to play some basketball. Only trouble is, the other teams drink it, too!"

"Verge" Fletcher and his teams are only a few of the thousands of coaches and athletes who know that tea, the hot refresher, brings out the best in a man.

Why don't you get the good of tea, too? Make it your hot refresher for a week or so and see how good you feel about it. Lively, satisfying taste . . . clean, fresh feeling in your mouth . . . and the "just great" glow you have when you're relaxed but on your toes and ready for action. *Take Tea—You'll See!*

"I've been a tea drinker just about all my life," says Fletcher, shown at left with some of Collinsville's trophies. "Picked it up from my high school coach who later was my college coach. 'Hot refresher'—that's a good name for it, because that's what it is".

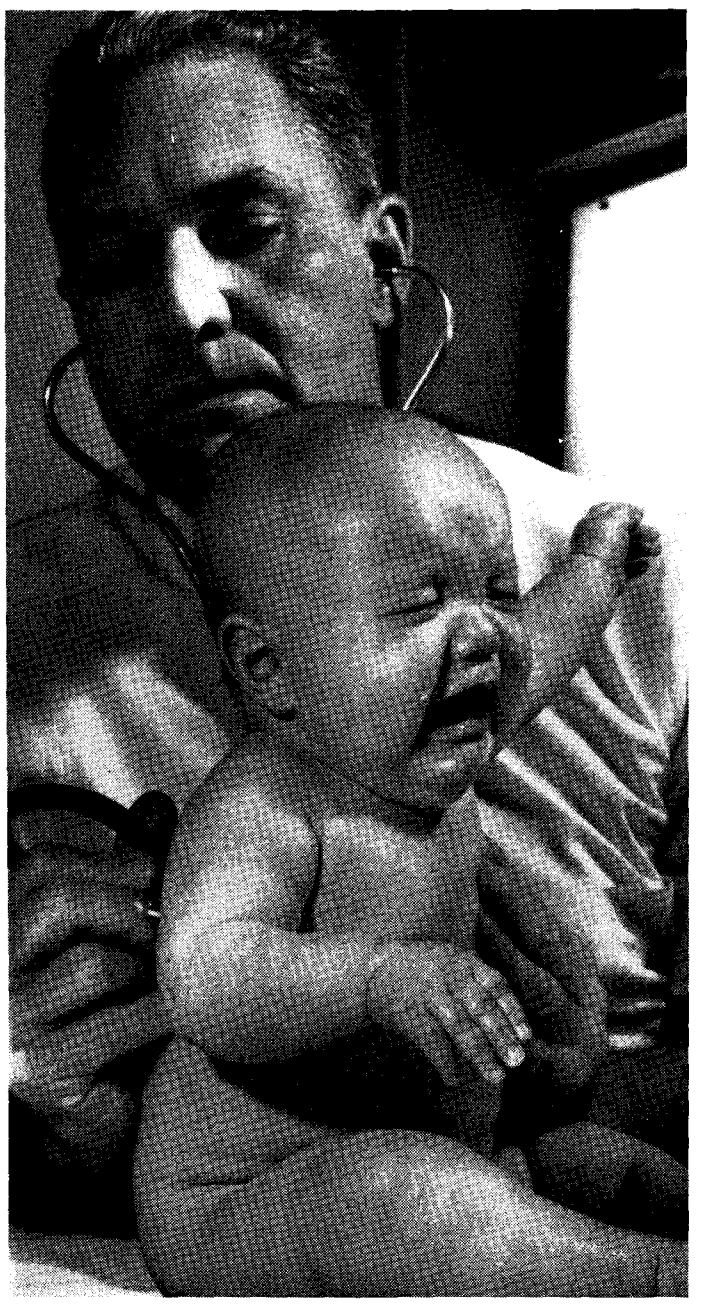
TEA COUNCIL OF THE U. S. A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE CAN SAVE MORE BABIES

Our country's infant-mortality rate is shockingly high. Here is what is being done to reduce this tragic loss of life.

BY RUTH AND EDWARD BRECHER



Expert professional attention, essential to infant health, is too often not available. "The greatest factor in America's baby loss lies in a lack of helping hands," say the authors.

Approximately 150,000 American families will lose babies this year, either during childbirth or during the months immediately preceding or following. Almost every parent whose baby dies during this crucial "perinatal" period will ask one emotion-laden question: "Could *my* baby have been saved?"

With the co-operation of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, we have asked dozens of the nation's foremost obstetricians, pediatricians and public-health officials the same question in broader form: "How much is being done these days to save the lives of babies—and what else should be done?"

The infant mortality rate in the United States is higher than in nine other countries. Of 112,000 babies who died during their first year of life in this country in 1959, the latest year for which we have full statistics, 42,000 could have been saved if we had done as well as Sweden, which had the lowest death rate per thousand live births.

Out of every 1000 infants born alive in the United States that year, twenty-six died. Of every 1000 born alive in Sweden, fewer than seventeen died. Different countries tally births and deaths differently; but the tallying variations do not explain why the United States stands a poor tenth on a 1959 list of infant death rates published by the Statistical Office of the United Nations.

	Infant deaths per thousand live births (1959)
Sweden	16.6
Netherlands	16.8
Norway	18.7
Australia	21.5
Switzerland	22.2
Denmark	22.5
United Kingdom	23.1
Finland	23.6
New Zealand	23.9
UNITED STATES	26.4

The obstetricians and pediatricians we consulted advanced a number of explanations of our death rate. They pointed out, for example, that a substantial part of the gap between Sweden and America is due to social, economic and educational factors over which the medical profession has little or no control. But they also conceded that a substantial part is due to shortcomings in the quantity and quality of care given *some* mothers and babies in the United States before, during and immediately after birth.

Many obstetricians, for example, pointed out that their comprehensive care of pregnant patients, beginning as early in pregnancy as possible, undoubtedly saves many babies' lives. But in every state, they added, babies die because their mothers received no prenatal care. Tens of thousands of women see no physician until they are in labor. These "drop-ins," as hospitals call them, are four to five times more likely than other women to lose their babies. In Sweden, by contrast, "drop-ins" are quite rare. All prenatal care is paid for by the government.

One way in which our medical shortcomings contribute to our infant mortality is poignantly illustrated by a pair of obstetrical case histories.

George and Mabel White, as we will call them, live in an attractive New England suburb. Their first baby was born uneventfully in a hospital near their home, accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. Their second baby, born in the same hospital, quickly developed Rh complications. Fully equipped hospitals are ready to handle such complications, and mobilize their resources in advance when an Rh-negative woman with an Rh-positive husband is admitted. In this case no advance preparations were made because no one had tested the White family's blood to find out whether Mabel's was Rh-negative and George's Rh-positive. Nor were tests run on Mabel's blood to learn whether the amount of Rh antibody in it was rising as her pregnancy neared its term.

Immediately after a baby is born to an Rh-negative mother, two additional tests—a Coombs and a bilirubin—should be run on its blood to determine whether it has Rh disease. These tests also were omitted. Hence the White baby's illness was not diagnosed until a day or two after birth when the nurse in charge of the newborn nursery happened to notice that the baby looked jaundiced.

Even then a prompt blood transfusion might have saved the baby. But this suburban hospital was one of a great many which lack a skilled pediatric team and the equipment for such a transfusion. So an ambulance rushed the baby twenty miles to another hospital. It died shortly after admission.

The second of these case histories reached its tragic climax just fifteen months later; it is horrifyingly similar and can be told more briefly.

Same Rh-negative mother, Mabel White; and the same Rh-positive father, George White.

Same physician; same failure to test the amount of antibody in Mabel's blood as her pregnancy neared its term.

Same suburban hospital, still unstaffed and unequipped to perform exchange transfusions. Same failure to run Coombs and bilirubin tests immediately after birth; and the same delay in diagnosing Rh disease.

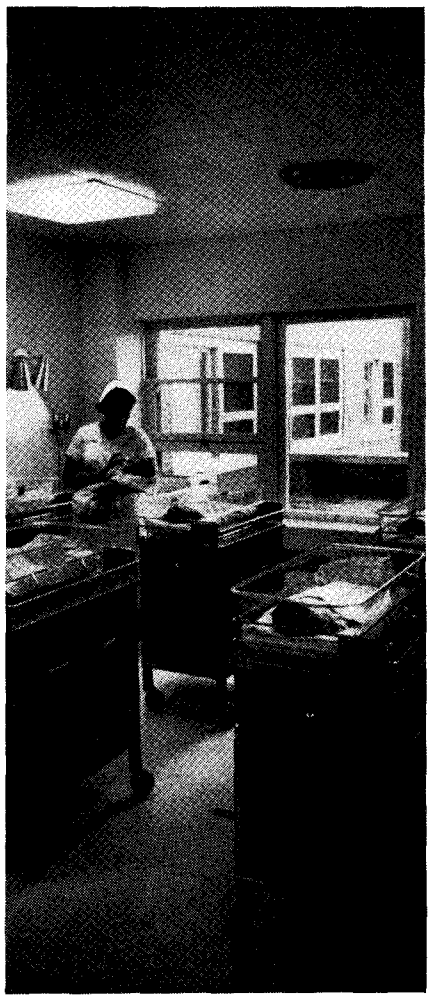
Same hurried transfer of the baby in an ambulance to another hospital. And same denouement: death of the baby shortly after admission.

"Could the same thing happen in your state?" we asked obstetricians from other states which pride themselves on their medical services—Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Minnesota, California.

All conceded that it could happen in some parts of their states. A California obstetrician added: "The available evidence suggests that half the babies who die from Rh disease in my state could be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOO FEW HANDS TO HELP SO MANY BABIES



Evanston Hospital, Illinois: Adequate operating funds have created this spacious, efficiently designed nursery, where newborn infants receive constant supervision.

saved." As a matter of fact, California has established a statewide perinatal-mortality committee to curb preventable Rh deaths. Once that is under control the committee will move on to larger problems.

Improved obstetrical requirements for accredited hospitals might go far toward reducing childbirth tragedies. Merely specifying that Rh-antibody tests must be run on every Rh-negative woman, and that an antibody rise late in pregnancy means that the hospital must have exchange transfusion facilities ready or else transfer the case to another hospital, would help in many instances.

Hospital accreditation standards are set by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, sponsored by the American College of Physicians, the American College of Surgeons, American Hospital Association and American Medical Association. Of the 7000 to 9000 hospitals in the United States, only about 4000 are accredited. Most of the others are too small—less than twenty-five beds—to be eligible for accreditation. A woman having a baby should try by all means to use an accredited hospital. She can ascertain what ones in her community are accredited by writing to the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, 200 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois, and sending a stamped, self-addressed reply envelope.

Accredited hospitals must measure up to certain requirements in obstetrics as well as in other departments. But the Joint Commission's obstetrical standards, while praiseworthy as far as they go, are in several respects less strict for obstetrics than for surgery or other specialties.

For example, the commission requires that every accredited hospital have a so-called "tissue committee" of surgeons to review all surgical operations; otherwise the institution loses its accreditation.

In obstetrics the commission advocates "perinatal-mortality committees" to probe the causes of babies' deaths in the hospital or soon after leaving it. It does not insist, however, upon such committees; and many hospitals, accredited and unaccredited, lack them. In these hospitals babies may die from preventable causes without the hospitals' knowing it. Effective committee reviews would quickly end this hazard.

"The establishment of a conscientious perinatal-mortality committee in every hospital in which babies are born," says Dr. Robert A. Kimbrough, who is medical director of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, "could both save babies' lives and enhance public confidence in the American hospital system."

At the governmental level of control, many city and state health departments give licenses to hospitals which fail to meet even the Joint Commission's minimum obstetrical standards. A few others, notably including the Chicago Board of Health, set licensing requirements considerably stricter than those of the Joint Commission.

The Chicago board's program is impressive. It has a city-wide perinatal-mortality committee staffed by qualified obstetricians and pediatricians. Infant deaths are reported to the board immediately by telephone. A mobile unit reviews all relevant hospital records the same day. The committee studies these within forty-eight hours. If it discovers evidence of preventable death, the Board of Health requires immediate reform. So far no other major city has followed Chicago's lead.

Most states have maternal-mortality committees staffed by leading obstetricians, whose investigations have helped make maternal deaths a rare occurrence.

Why can't all states set up statewide committees for babies as California has? "Too many babies die," was the answer usually given us. "The number of cases would swamp any committee."

What kills newborn babies?

The National Office of Vital Statistics lists the following causes of death taken from death certificates of babies born alive but who died before their twenty-eighth day:

CAUSE	Number of Deaths (1959)
Immaturity (born too soon)	19,767
Asphyxia or failure to breathe	19,505
Birth injuries	10,439
Congenital malformations	10,273
Pneumonia of newborn	3,761
Accidents	3,600
Rh disease & other forms of erythroblastosis	2,165
All other causes and cause unknown	11,268
	80,778

Immaturity, or premature birth, in addition to heading the list, was also an accompanying factor in nearly half of the deaths attributed to other causes.

To save babies' lives, far more information than these bare death-certificate statistics is needed.

Why were those 19,767 babies who died of "immaturity" born prematurely? How many of their mothers had toxemia or other conditions contributing to premature birth? No one really knows the answers. Indeed, little is known about causes of prematurity.

Take "asphyxia or failure to breathe," which killed 19,505 infants. Is there a relationship between the anesthesia given the mother before the baby is born and the subsequent failure of some newborn babies to breathe? What are the best methods for resuscitating a baby which fails to breathe or stops breathing? How many could be saved by making the best resuscitation methods general?

The raw "cause of death" certificates throw almost no light on such crucial questions as these.

"Birth injuries," fatal to 10,439, is another cause of death surrounded by vagueness. Such injuries occur most often during long, difficult labors; but except for uncommon conditions such as too narrow a maternal pelvis, little is known as to why some mothers have longer, more difficult labor than others.

Large-scale efforts to find answers to many such questions are under way currently—some critics say belatedly. One, employing Univac, has been set up in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the American Medical Association's Education and Research Foundation. Co-operating hospitals in various parts of the country send in detailed records on each birth. Univac computers process the data. The results will be studied for clues to high death rates. Each hospital's record will be returned to it for use in improving its own procedures. Some 500,000 births, it is now expected, will be studied in this manner during 1962.

The Kaiser Foundation Research Institute and co-operating institutions are giving much more thorough study to 25,000 births in the San Francisco area. This project, under Dr. Jacob Yerushalmy, is investigating, among other things, fetal losses very early in pregnancy.

The most comprehensive study of all is a long-term project at fifteen outstanding medical centers throughout the country. This study is planned and financed by the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, a unit of the U.S. Public Health Service. Two notable features of this project are the storing in huge freezers of blood-serum samples taken from 50,000 women during pregnancy, and the presence at 50,000 births of "recording angels," who write down everything that happens to mother and baby in the delivery room. Both measures are for future reference. Unusually detailed physical examinations also are performed.

If a baby later dies, the mother's serum can be thawed and studied for clues. Virus antibodies, for example, may reveal that the mother had an undiagnosed virus infection during pregnancy. If many mothers whose babies die or have defects turn out to have had any particular virus, the findings may be the basis for creating a vaccine or other preventive to protect future babies.

The voluminous notes of the "recording angels" also will be related to the subsequent fate of those 50,000 babies over several years. The whole project is designed primarily to throw new light on the causes of cerebral palsy, mental retardation and other lifelong defects. However, it should prove valuable in identifying factors involved in babies' deaths.

The large-scale studies are likely to give decisive answers to such questions as "induction of labor" risks. Labor may be induced by surgically breaking the amnion, or "bag of waters," by slowly injecting the hormone oxytocin into the mother's bloodstream, or by a combination of both procedures.

Induced labor may be "medically indicated" as a baby-saving move if the mother is diabetic, toxemic, is Rh negative with a rising antibody level, or lives far from the hospital and has a record of delivering babies in a hurry. In addition, medical men perform "elective inductions" for the convenience of the family, the hospital or themselves. One overburdened obstetrician told us frankly that every Saturday morning he induces the patients whom he expects in labor over the weekend in order to safeguard his needed Sunday rest. Some induce early in the week to avoid weekend deliveries in which a mother and baby may get less hospital service. Others do so to avoid calls between two and five A.M., the uncivilized hours when more labors begin than at any other time. In some communities induction is popular under the name "childbirth by appointment." Are elective inductions as safe as some obstetricians and eager mothers believe? Or do they incur a risk which will become evident when studied by the thousands?

Cook County Hospital, Chicago: Despite the heavy demands imposed by inadequate facilities, dedicated personnel tend babies in an overcrowded nursery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Frank Ross

"AMERICAN OBSTETRICS—INCREASINGLY TECHNICAL"

This baby weighed thirty ounces three weeks after birth, but has thrived under expert care. Prematurity is the major cause of death among newborn infants.

Without waiting for the research findings, most obstetricians agree on one crucial factor: Premature birth and perinatal death are closely associated with the "socioeconomic status" of these babies' parents.

Among patients from well-to-do suburbs the prematurity and perinatal death rates are often 50 to 65 percent lower than among charity patients in big cities.

Race is sometimes cited as a factor in infant deaths, since the death rate among nonwhite babies (Negro, Indian and other) in the United States is nearly twice as high as among white babies. But what appears at first glance to be a race factor is in all probability economic and educational instead. Well-educated, well-off Negro families—as a North Carolina study indicates—have as low a rate as comparable white families.

Against this background, Sweden's achievement in cutting its infant death rate far below ours can be better understood. Observers familiar with obstetrics in both countries believe the difference is due primarily to Sweden's providing at least moderately good prenatal care, and care during childbirth, for *every* Swedish woman.

Sweden attempts to overcome the obstetrical handicaps of low-income families as fully as possible. Swedish women workers, for example, receive a cash payment under their employers' health-insurance plan to help with the costs of pregnancy. Women not covered by health insurance receive cash aid from the government. Those who cannot afford the recommended amount of meat, milk or other nutriment get additional government aid. Vitamins and needed medicines are supplied without cost to all pregnant women. Medical and hospital costs are either covered by health insurance or paid by the government. By contrast, many of our Blue Cross, Blue Shield and other health plans discriminate against pregnancy and childbirth in that their maternity benefits, with few exceptions, are less than those for illness and surgical operations; and new babies in many cases are not covered at all in the period immediately following birth, when they are most likely to need costly care.

Free prenatal clinics and free obstetrical services are available to many indigent families in the United States, of course. But the quality is sometimes substandard, and the clinics do not reach many women who need them.

While it may be true, as argued, that low-income families have too many children, letting their babies die is not an acceptable solution to the problem of too many births. The availability of birth-control information and materials in countries like Sweden and the Netherlands perhaps contributes its mite toward lowering their infant death rates. Our infant death rate would go down if more women limited their families to five or six—the risk of loss is quite high after the eighth or ninth—and if fewer babies were born to teen-agers, whose relatively immature reproductive organs increase the risk somewhat.

But probably the most urgent factor in America's baby loss is the lack of helping hands, both trained and practical.

When a woman in labor reaches the hospital, someone should stay with her—a nurse or attendant, or her husband. Yet obstetricians glumly concede that in many understaffed hospitals women in labor are left unattended.

Sometimes no physician is on hand for the delivery. This is particularly likely to occur in small outlying hospitals at night or on weekends. There simply are not enough physicians to staff all such hospitals around the clock. Published statistics "assume" that all births in hospitals are attended by physicians, but health officials in several states agreed that exceptions are far too frequent.

After birth, most American babies are put in the hospital's newborn nursery for their first few precarious days. The American Academy of Pediatrics publishes precise recommendations for these nurseries. One is that they always have at least one watchful trained nurse on hand, with an extra attendant for each dozen additional babies. Another is that thirty square feet of floor space be provided for each baby. Yet some nurseries have thirty or forty infants crowded into one inadequate room, only intermittently attended.

Many hospitals economize on nurses by having no registered nurse in the labor room, the recovery room, the newborn nursery or the maternity ward night after night. Weekends may be even worse. "To determine how good a hospital's obstetrical service really is," one obstetrician remarked, "just drop in on Saturday night."

Shorthanded, overcrowded hospitals often send mother and baby home in two days instead of the usual four or five. Very crowded ones keep them only twenty-four hours.

"We have too few obstetricians, physicians, nurses and hospital facilities to give even our present crop of 4,300,000 babies a year the quality of service they deserve," says Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, president of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists.

"But population experts warn us," Doctor Eastman says, "that we haven't seen anything yet. By 1970 we should expect some 6,000,000 babies a year. How will a country which lacks staff and facilities even for the present babies handle the population explosion that lies ahead?"

To cope with this overwhelming problem, obstetricians themselves offer several proposals: Expand medical-school facilities to train more physicians; attract more physicians to obstetrics; staff hospitals with more nurses who have had graduate training in obstetrics; and form more obstetrical teams or partnerships, as they can handle more cases than the same number of physicians working individually.

One further proposal is a center of current discussion: the use here of fully trained nurse-midwives—as in Sweden, the Netherlands and other countries with low infant death rates—to attend normal, spontaneous, uncomplicated births. Most American obstetricians oppose nurse-midwives as such, but agree that there is need for more women as "obstetrical assistants." Nurse-midwife proponents reply that if women are to be limited to the role of assistants, running errands for doctors and handing them their forceps, the outstanding young women so urgently needed will never be attracted to obstetrics. Thus the heart of the problem lies in deciding just how much responsibility these young women—call them assistants or nurse-midwives as you please—are to be given. Nurse-midwives are today being trained at half a dozen American medical centers. One obvious solution to the controversy would be to employ graduates of these training programs as members of obstetrical teams in areas where they are so urgently needed—and let them demonstrate in action how much responsibility they are capable of carrying.

American obstetrics at its best is both excellent and increasingly technical. One subtle new technique for saving babies' lives is the "fetal heart monitor" developed at Yale Medical Center by Dr. Edward H. Hon, now at Loma Linda University in Los Angeles, and Dr. Orvan W. Hess. If the flow of blood through an unborn baby's umbilical cord is cut off during labor or birth, the lack of oxygen may kill the unborn infant or cause permanent brain damage. A slowing of the fetal heartbeat may be the alarm signal. Sometimes this slowing cannot be detected by stethoscope because of the baby's position; often it is missed because it occurs at a time when no one is listening. The fetal heart monitor picks up the baby's heartbeat continuously through electrodes and displays it on a screen or records it. This technique gives ample warning if the blood supply is interrupted.

Technical solutions are being found for another cause of infant death springing from "placenta previa," a condition in which the blood-filled placenta, the organ from which the baby draws oxygen and nourishment before birth, lies so abnormally low in the uterus that it blocks the baby's emergence. If torn, it often costs the mother much blood and the baby much oxygen. X rays are not always able to reveal this condition in time for a Caesarean or other measures. Hence, a technique is being developed at several medical centers for injecting minute quantities of a radioactive salt in the mother's blood. This salt promptly reaches the placenta. A sensitive radiation-detecting device is then moved over the mother's abdomen. Its greatest reaction, naturally, is over the radiating placenta. Thus placenta previa can be diagnosed in time, or ruled out, with far less radiation than X rays entail.

Even while research develops new baby-saving procedures, the old nagging problem of finding manpower, money, hospital and medical-training facilities remains unsolved.

In at least thirty-eight communities, notably Seattle, Washington, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, groups of parents already have organized to improve childbirth conditions. These groups will meet next June in Seattle, as the International Childbirth Education Association, to consider a nationwide program.

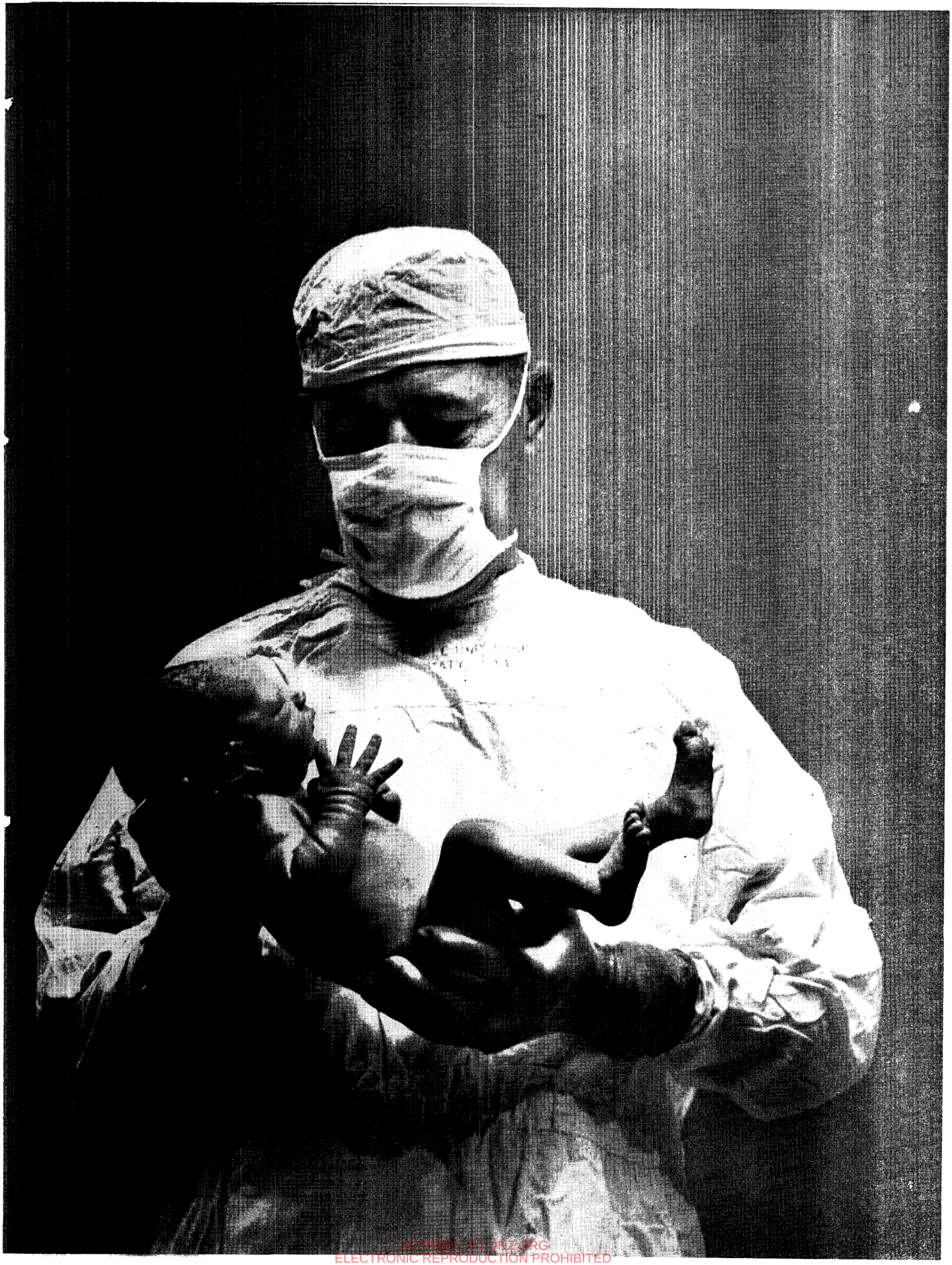
Obviously there are many things that a lay group can do in this field: Campaign for better obstetrics, hospitals, nursing, training, universal Rh tests for pregnant women, greater maternity and newborn-baby benefits under health-insurance plans, improved pregnancy clinics—the list could go on and on.

A few of the obstetricians with whom we discussed the formation of childbirth associations shuddered at the thought of lay "interference" with their specialty. But many others were enthusiastic.

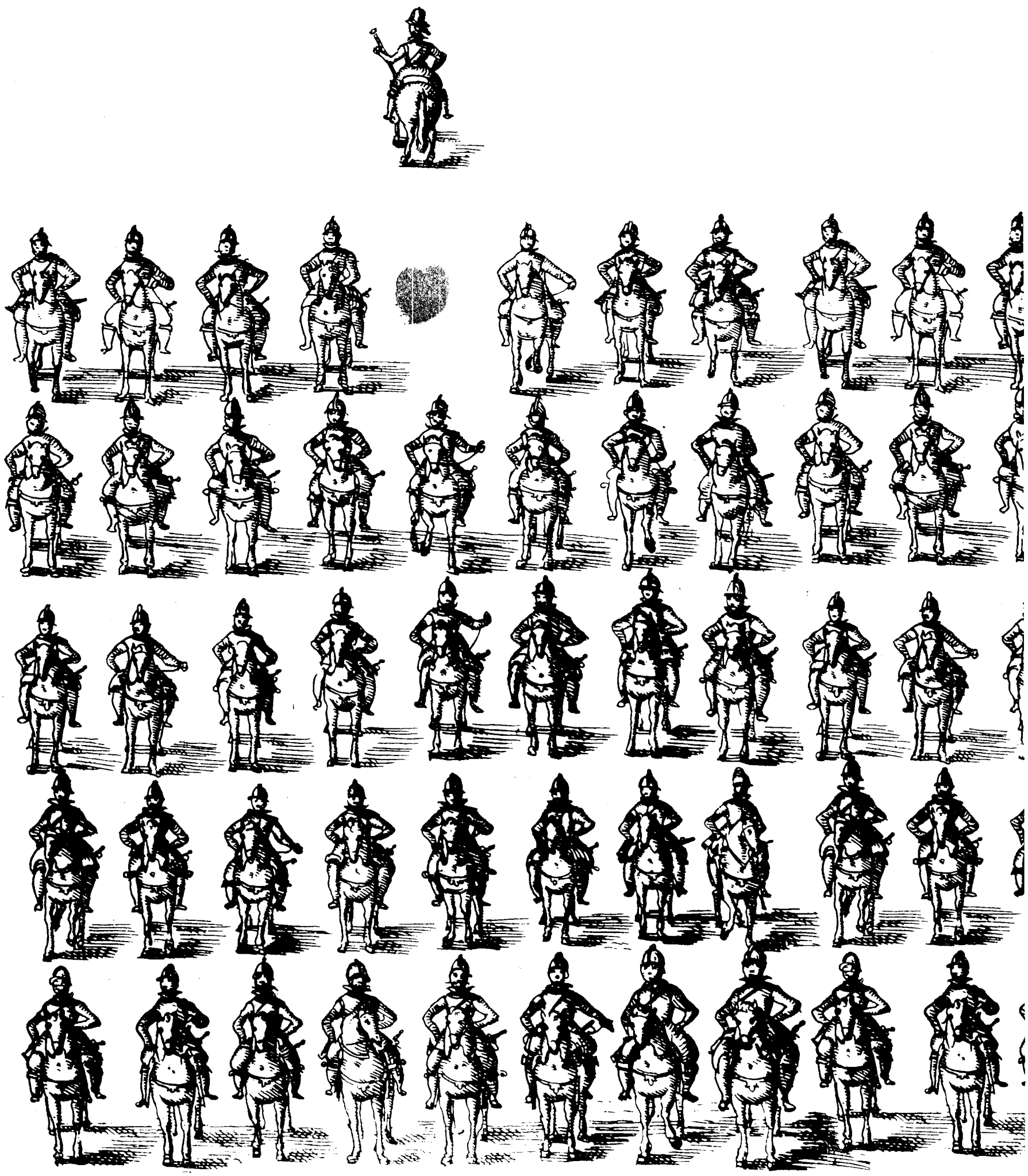
After all, parents are the cause of our population explosion—and it is they who should be most concerned with solving the problems it poses. THE END

After three minutes of life, a boy rests secure in his doctor's hands. Continued proper care and medical attention can insure his growth to sturdy maturity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

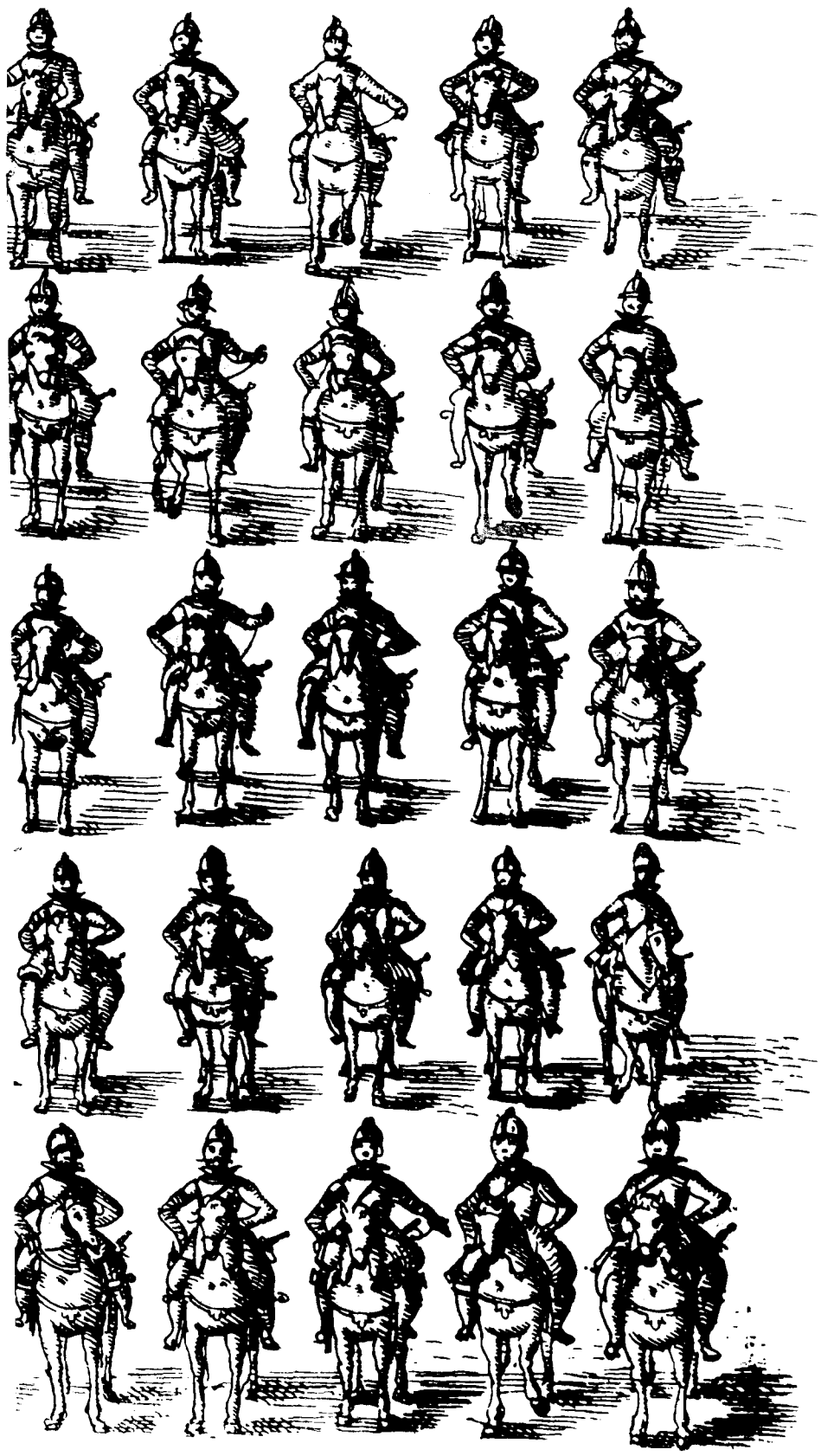


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Design by George Tscherny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Never look too closely at an inspiring legend.

Report on a Hero

By Robert Standish

I am a ghost. Not a disembodied spirit, but a man who makes a fair to good living by telling other men's stories for them. And women's too. Did you by chance read *Sand in the Bearings*, the story of Lady Olivia Brackenbury's adventures in the Sahara? No? Then you missed something. I mention it because I ghosted it for her. She was the romantic type. She wanted to call it *Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold*, which was absurd. She never gave them the chance. It was banned in Boston, of course, which helped. I will say for Lady Olivia that she was most reasonable and co-operative, gave me a free hand and let me use my imagination a bit. Which is more than I can say for Lord Cullender.

There's a difficult man for you! He agreed to let me ghost his family history for him, and when I had spent nearly a year digging out the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What do DOCTORS do when they have HEADACHE PAIN?

A SURVEY SHOWS MANY DOCTORS TAKE THE FAST, PAIN-RELIEVING INGREDIENTS IN ANACIN®. IN FACT, 3 OUT OF 4 DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS SAME TYPE RELIEF TO THEIR PATIENTS.

ANACIN gives fast, long-lasting and — more complete pain relief than aspirin or aspirin with buffering. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains *not* just one but a combination of *three* medically proven ingredients. Anacin gives you *extra* medication that not only promptly relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure, and depression. And Anacin Tablets are *safe*—they may be taken as directed as often as needed without irritating or upsetting the stomach. See if Anacin doesn't *work better* for you.

Why ANACIN gives fast — more complete relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin

ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

BUFFERED ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!

Hero facts, he didn't like it. He didn't want a ghost so much as a whitewash brush. I suspect, too, that he wasn't terribly enthusiastic about having me for a son-in-law. "I can't control the past actions of my ancestors," he told me when I broached the subject of marrying Belinda, "but I'll be dashed if I'll be grandfather to the children of a penny-a-line scribbler who hunts for skeletons in other people's cupboards."

There was a lot more, little of it relevant and all of it most unfair. However, let the facts speak for themselves. When I do a research job, I really do it. This one took me back 546 years.

It rained steadily all through the night of October 24, 1415. Our hero, a young Irishman named Patrick Cullen, spent it shivering under a hedge, awakening in the morning wet to the skin and wishing—cobbler that he was—that he had stuck to his last. The day was St. Crispin's Day. Patrick Cullen was a buck private in the relatively small English army facing the French on the field of Agincourt.

Now, as battles went in those days, Agincourt wasn't much. The ballyhoo about Agincourt has always been louder than the facts warranted. Keeping your powder dry is of secondary importance to hiring a good public-relations man. Henry V had the best talent in the business, even though Shakespeare wasn't born until almost 150 years after Agincourt.

But to return to our hero on that fateful St. Crispin's Day. Patrick seems to have been very brave or very careless, for when it was over, his breastplate had been pierced in seventeen places. He was lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from his wounds, with a very low expectation of life. But—and this is all that need concern us—his conduct had been noted in high places. Henry V, riding past on a fast horse and congratulating himself on the fact that he had not needed it, recognized Patrick and stopped.

"Well, my good man, you bore yourself very bravely today, and I am most pleased with you," remarked the king who did not, as later generations have supposed, talk in blank verse. "What's your name?"

"Cullen, your majesty. Patrick Cullen."

"Irish, eh? And fighting *for* me! But you know, Patrick," continued the king, who had a very pretty wit, "with all those holes in you, you should have been called Cullender, not Cullen."

"Very funny!" groaned Patrick. "Terrific! Do you write all your own gags?"

"Now don't be like that, Patrick," said the king reprovingly, "because from now on you're going to be called Cullender—Baron Cullender. What do you?"

"I'm a shoemaker, your majesty. I left Ireland because nobody there can afford to wear shoes. I worked up a nice connection making dancing pumps for leprechauns. But they're like kings—they don't pay their debts."

"Well, here's one king who does, Patrick. Your luck has changed. You must thank your patron saint for that."

"What patron saint?"

"Tut, tut, Patrick! You amaze me. Not only have you a patron saint, but this is his day—St. Crispin's Day. St. Crispin is the patron saint of shoemakers. Where do you live?"

"Plymouth, your majesty."

"Excellent! On Dartmoor, which isn't very far from Plymouth, I own a castle which I almost never use. It's yours, Patrick. I give it to you as a reward for your bravery. Stand up and I'll dub you Baron Cullender of Cullender Castle."

"Stand up? Don't make me laugh, or I'll bleed to death."

"Very well, we won't insist on strict protocol. We'll record it in your patent of nobility that you lay down in the presence of your sovereign to be created Baron Cullender."

"What kind of a castle is it?" asked Patrick, dazed by the turn of events.

"Between ourselves, Patrick, it's rather like you, full of holes and drafty as hell. But I hope you'll be comfortable there. So get well, my boy—and don't lie about in the wet grass or you'll catch cold."

It was a nice gesture and bound to please the Irish.

Unfortunately for Patrick there had been 5,000 French noblemen killed that day, so the entire English force, except for a handful who were horizontal, were away souvenir hunting. The result was that Patrick lay in the wet grass for two more days. Indeed, but for a magnificent constitution, he would still be there.

It is pleasing to record, however, that despite his numerous perforations and a bout of double pneumonia, Patrick did recover. Even more amazing is the fact that Henry V remembered to sign the patent of nobility and the deeds to Cullender Castle, because kings were notoriously forgetful.

Anyway, six months later, still wheezing a bit and remarkably spry on his crutches—the 200-mile walk from London had run these in well—Patrick arrived in Plymouth, having taken a quick look at Cullender Castle en route. He hastened to tell Bridget the good news. "Me a baroness!" she giggled. "What will the neighbors think?"

"You don't have to worry, my pet, because there aren't any neighbors."

"No neighbors! Who will I talk to in my spare time?"

"You won't have any spare time, my pet. There's two acres of stone floors to scrub."

Plymouth received the news in blank astonishment. Nobility, as everyone knew, was a commodity, like beans, bought and sold for cash on the barrelhead, or occasionally conferred on loyal subjects who, when the king was around, were prepared to be a little careless about their good-looking daughters.

Imagination balks at the hardships of the ensuing years while Patrick, saddled with a castle twenty times as big as he needed, tried to ride the economic blizzards. His only customers were those who felt there was a certain snob value in having shoes made by a baron.

Bridget's artless simplicity is worth a brief digression here. So unimpressed was she by the whole business that when she helped Patrick out of his perforated breastplate, she gave it a rinse at the well and used it for straining the vegetables.

It was at this stage of my research that I looked into the etymology of the word "cullender." In the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*—called so, presumably, because it has only two thousand four hundred seventy-five pages—"cullender" is given as an alternate spelling of the more generally used "colander," which is derived from the Latin word *colare*, to strain. The editors were unable to trace the derivation of "cullender." I intend bringing the matter to their attention and, doubtless, future editions will mention the little quip of Henry V.

If Patrick were baron, Bridget most certainly was not, for over the years, in the intervals of scrubbing the stone floors and battling pneumonia—the chief

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hazard of life at Cullender Castle—she gave him five sons and seven daughters.

From 1452, when Patrick died, until late in the seventeenth century, the Cullens, despite the title, remained in almost complete obscurity. Then fate took a hand in the affairs of this family. The fourteenth Baron Cullender made a pair of boots for one John Churchill, a relatively obscure Devon man whose years of fame were only just over the horizon of time. I cannot say from knowledge that these were good boots, but I feel that they must have been, because when John Churchill, who by this time was Duke of Marlborough, led the British armies to victory in the War of the Spanish Succession, many of his foot soldiers were wearing Cullen boots.

The ground floor of Cullender Castle had been turned into a factory, and relays of cobblers were working three shifts in a vain effort to keep pace with the demand. That was the turning point in the history of the Cullens, and they never looked back. Then, as now, there was lots of gravy in army contracts. Anyway, when Marlborough's wars were over, the Cullens were living in real style, and it was this same Baron Cullender who rescued Patrick's breastplate from the kitchen where, after nearly 300 years, it was still giving yeoman service as a cullender. The children cleaned it up a bit, and it was

What some girls do with party leftovers is marry them.

Walt Streightiff

hung in a place of honor above the fireplace in the banqueting hall and thereafter known as The Cullender.

The Cullender owed its survival to solid construction. It had been made at a time when military thinking favored heavy armor. Light armor was, on the whole, considered desirable for the upper classes, enabling as it did a quick getaway when things got too rough. But where the expendable ranks were concerned, the light and heavy schools of thought waged a ding-dong battle which was never conclusive. Armor that was heavy enough to anchor troops to the battlefield was also heavy enough to impede their movements. Conversely, armor which was light enough to permit free movement encouraged ideas which were not in accordance with the best military traditions, with the result that lightly equipped infantry, being unencumbered by horses, tended to vanish over the horizon in hot pursuit of their betters.

But this, however interesting, is a mere digression. Much of my research was like that, I found. For example, there is an item in the fourteenth Baron Cullender's accounts showing that he paid four shillings to an unemployed sign painter to emblazon in letters of scarlet and gold, on the wall where The Cullender has hung ever since, the famous quotation from Henry V's battle speech: THESE WOUNDS I HAD ON CRISPIN'S DAY. Everybody pinches chunks of Shakespeare, but I am persuaded that the fourteenth Baron Cullender was one of the pioneers.

Nevertheless, let us give credit where credit is due, for the Cullens were unqestionably the first people to go in for large-scale manufacture of marching boots. They set a standard. Just as there had been divided opinion on the weight of armor, so now there were two schools of thought regarding the weight of marching boots. If the boots were too heavy, it was argued, there was the risk that the cavalry might find themselves at danger spots with no infantry to protect them. The cavalry, of course, was the branch of the service favored by the upper classes. Hence the words "chivalry," "chevalier," "cavalier" and the Spanish *caballero*.

I must watch this tendency to digress.

The Cullen genius lay in designing a boot that was lightish but not light enough to encourage any wrong ideas.

The fourteenth Baron Cullender was a remarkable man. While admitting that certain standards of quality had to be maintained in order to get the best out of the foot soldier, he held that it was a mistake to raise the standard too high. "It is quite evident," he says in his well-known treatise, "that the mobility and general effectiveness of a modern army depends in large measure upon the comfort and durability of its boots, especially the former. Take any group of 100,000 men at the beginning of a campaign. The stupidity of their generals ensures that six months later 25,000 of them will, for a variety of reasons, no longer require boots. Those who are still vertical and whose boots are in poor repair need only glance around a battlefield to find a more or less unlimited supply of replacements. I submit that to make boots more durable than the men who are going to wear them is an economic absurdity, the burden of which will inevitably fall on the survivors, if any, in the form of higher taxation at the war's end."

Successive governments, seeing the force of these arguments, adopted what was known as the Cullen Standard. By the time the Napoleonic Wars came around, these policies were really paying off, and economists were no longer offended by the spectacle of battlefields littered with what were called "expended expendables" whose boots were in condition to stand up to another year of war.

I was talking a while back about my difficulties with the present Lord Cullender, the twenty-eighth baron of his line. "I don't want my ancestors portrayed as rascals!" he protested.

"Then you should have employed a novelist, not a historian," I told him.

He didn't listen to the rest, but I learned via Belinda that he wasn't best pleased. "After all," she said, turning on the sweetness, "they're my ancestors, too, and they'll be our children's ancestors, if daddy doesn't set the dogs on you."

Belinda, when she turns it on, isn't easy to resist. She has the authentic peach-bloom complexion, flaxen hair and cornflower-blue eyes that prompted Pope Gregory I, on being told that the prisoners being marched through in triumph were Angles, to perpetrate his age-old pun: "*Non Angli, sed angeli!* Not Angles, but angels." She has a lot of other things too.

By the time the Napoleonic Wars were over, the Cullens were really loaded, because with British armies scattered all over Europe the consumption of boot leather reached fantastic proportions.

Then, during the thirty-nine years between Waterloo and the Crimean War, the Machine Age dawned. Fine, handsewn boots, such as had been made for Marlborough's foot soldiers, were as outmoded as bows and arrows. The Cullens—infinitely adaptable—were learning new tricks. Indeed, they were inventing a few, with disastrous effects upon quality. Commenting on the high porosity of the Cullen boots made for the Crimean campaign, a very dirty crack of Florence

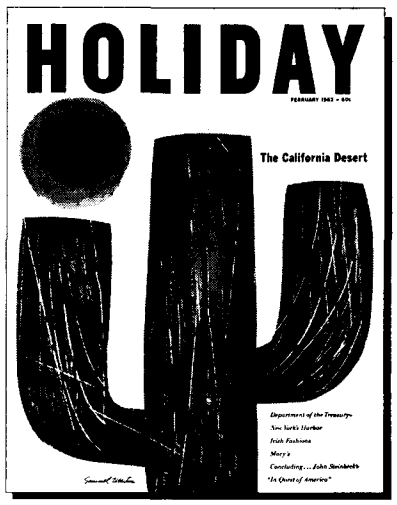
February **HOLIDAY** Magazine

offers

JOHN STEINBECK

in his "QUEST OF AMERICA" drops in on TEXAS and then swings through the Deep South to catch the first show of the NEW ORLEANS' "Cheerleaders," and their jibes and jeers for those who dared bring their children to a newly integrated school.

California Desert



The bountiful desert, the barrens of California now teem with human life, thanks to air conditioning and the mania for sunshine. If you feel the social order closing in, try Southern California's dry frontier.

Treasury Department

William Manchester has produced an account of an important government department without a dull line and packed with information. Second of a series on the operation of our government departments.

Also

Alfred Kazin reveals the marvels of THE NEW YORK HARBOR . . . Aubrey Menen, those of MACY'S . . . enjoy a Shunpike Tour of the SOUTH CAROLINA COAST . . . the Swiss ski resort of GSTAAD . . . THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD . . . IRISH FASHIONS . . . HANDBOOK ON COFFEE, our national drink . . . and Alfred Bester's Antic Arts Portrait of TAMMY GRIMES.

Don't Miss FEBRUARY

on sale now **HOLIDAY**

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comb it pretty

Comb it with an ACE®

Comb it for compliments. Keep your hair beautifully groomed with an Ace Comb—America's very best. Genuine hard rubber, combs ever so smoothly, protects against damage to hair and scalp. Styles for every one.

AMAZING OFFER!

ONLY 10¢

GEO. WASHINGTON COMMEMORATIVE SPOON

To interest you in collecting the famous Presidents Commemorative Spoons, we offer to send you the first spoon of the series for only 10¢! The collection, designed by an outstanding sculptor, consists of 33 in all, from Washington to Eisenhower. Each spoon commemorates a different president; displays his portrait, name and term of office. Engraved in the bowl is the outstanding event of his term of office. All are extra-heavy quality silverplate, made by International Silver. With first spoon we tell you how to collect the entire series by mail, three at a time, for only $1.25 each. Send for your Washington spoon. Limit, one to a family. Mail coupon with 10¢, name and address to: Presidents Spoons, Dept. T20 P.O.Box48-457,Miami, Florida.

PRESIDENTS SPOONS, DEPT. T20
P.O. Box 48-457, Miami, Florida

Send me the Washington Commemorative Spoon and tell me how to get the others of the collection. I am enclosing 10¢.

Name_____

Address_____

City & State_____

Hero Nightingale's has survived. Two orderlies were staggering past her carrying a laundry basketful of amputated toes. "Hold this lamp a moment," she said to one of them. Then she remarked bitterly, "Medical dictionaries of the future will call this Cullen's Disease."

Realizing that this was by way of being a literary find, I showed it to Belinda in my enthusiasm. "I don't think daddy's going to like that much. Don't you think, Bill, darling"—my name's Bill, by the way—"that you could be a little more—well, tactful about all this? Why not write about some of the—well, nice things the Cullens have done?"

"I'd love to, my pet," I told her. "In fact, I've gone practically cross-eyed looking for them in the family archives, but it isn't as easy as it may seem to you. I'm sure, for example, that between Patrick Cullen and the fourteenth Baron Cullender there were lots of charming Cullens. But if there were, they left no records. There is a complete blank for over two hundred fifty years."

"I'm sure if you tried, Bill, you could find something nice to write about during the—er—blank period."

"But, darling," I protested, trying to keep the high moral indignation out of my voice, "you wouldn't love me if, merely to smoodge your old man, I were prepared to sell my literary integrity. Would you?"

She replied, "I could try."

I wonder, did Anne Hathaway try to do things like that to Shakespeare? Maybe that was why he only left her his second-best bed!

I now avoided Lord Cullender. The wing of Cullender Castle where the archives were housed had a separate entrance. My research had by now advanced to the years 1910-20, which embraced World War I, which must have seemed like Christmas to the Cullens, with more than 8,000,000 Britons wearing out boots in France, Belgium, Mesopotamia, Egypt and other gritty places.

Beginning with the year 1911 there was a battery of filing cabinets on "Russian Contracts." The then Lord Cullender was approached by an emissary of one of the grand dukes, shopping for 4,000,000 pairs of marching boots. Copious notes in Lord Cullender's handwriting told the story of protracted negotiations before agreement could be reached on quality and price. Starting with the emissary himself and ending with Rasputin, everybody wanted a cut, with disastrous results on the quality of the boots. In one conversation Lord Cullender suggested to the grand duke's emissary that in wet weather the Imperial Russian armies might find the boots gave better service "if your troops followed the example of our Chinese friends, who wear them slung round the neck by the laces."

The emissary liked this idea, and negotiations proceeded more swiftly.

The British Government, with 200 years of dealing with the Cullens to guide them, installed resident inspectors in the Cullen factories. The head of the family refers to this in high indignation as "unwarrantable interference." But it undoubtedly improved the quality of the boots supplied to the British Army.

I hope I am not leaving the impression that the Cullens were merely rascals, for that would be an unfair picture of them. They were rascals, of course, but they were many other things as well. They were good organizers, with good financial brains. Above all, they knew their own limitations. There is an excellent example of this in the minutes of a board meeting held shortly after the 1914–18 war when it was suggested, as a means of finding employment for the eight thousand-odd workers who had been laid off at the conclusion of hostilities, that Cullens turn their factories over to the manufacture of civilian footware. Speaking against the motion, Belinda's grandfather said, "For more than two hundred years we have prospered making boots for consumers unable to exercise any free-will choice. I see no reason to compete against firms accustomed to catering to individual whims and tastes."

That killed it stone dead.

In one of the Russian files I came across an item from Moscow in reply to a letter sent by Lord Cullender in an effort to extract payments from the Bolshevik Government for boots delivered to the Czar's armies. There came from Moscow a solid-gold hammer and sickle mounted on a lapislazuli base, with the inscription, inlaid in gold, reading:

TO LORD CULLENDER
IN GRATITUDE FOR
NOTABLE SERVICES TO
THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

The explanation of this ironic gesture is to be found on page eighteen hundred twenty-two of Boraslavinsky's monumental *Rise of the Russian Proletariat:* "There can be no doubt that the quality of the marching boots supplied to the Imperial Russian armies by their more industrialized allies, far more than anything written by Karl Marx, was responsible for the Russian Revolution of 1917. It is doubtful whether one moujik in 500 had ever heard of Karl Marx. But dumb, patient and uncomplaining as they undoubtedly were, there was not a moujik among them so dumb, patient and uncomplaining that he did not know when his boots hurt him, or when the soles parted company with the uppers."

coming in the NEXT POST

The Bride Left Home

The lighthearted story of a marriage mix-up.

On page 1927 Boraslavinsky credits the Cullens with indirect responsibility for the grand old Russian marching song titled, *Limping Across the Steppes.*

This was a rich pocket of pay dirt.

Something prompted me to go into the great banqueting hall of Cullender Castle, where hung The Cullender itself. Seeing it was easier said than done, for The Cullender hung on an iron bracket close on twenty feet from the floor. Borrowing a ladder from a gardener, I was just able to touch old Patrick Cullen's breastplate, which was chained firmly to its bracket. I think at the back of my mind there lurked a query as to its genuineness. Seen from the floor level, the thing was unrecognizable, just so much scrap iron, blackened with age where it had not rusted. If someone had told me it was a discarded coal hod, I would have believed it. According to the archives, The Cullender had seventeen holes, but I could find only eleven. But that proved nothing because rust could have eaten away the iron between the original holes.

"Satisfied?" asked the harsh voice of Lord Cullender from below.

"Perfectly," I replied, "But if it belonged to me, I think I'd do something about preserving it. In a little time it will all have been eaten away by rust."

To this he merely grunted.

Then we got talking about the book I was going to write. He knew, or pretended to know, nothing about the Russian episode and hit the roof.

"If you're frightened of the truth, Lord Cullender," I told him, "you should have come to some arrangement with a romantic novelist. I'm a historian, jealous of my literary integrity."

"If your literary integrity, as you call it, means license to call my forebears a pack of rascals, I don't think much of it. Furthermore," he added savagely, "if you write a line of the scurrilous nonsense you'll never see Belinda again."

There it was, the straight choice between Belinda and my—well, call it professional pride. Since it was impolitic to write the truth about the Cullens and I refused to present two and a half centuries of rascality in any other guise, I was, so to speak, on the spot.

When I told Belinda what her father had said, she said, "The only thing to do, darling, is to abandon the book."

"And chuck away the fruit of twelve months' research?" I asked.

"I'm not deaf," she replied. "If you really loved me, you wouldn't hesitate."

"If you really loved me," I was forced to tell her, "you would put my *amour-propre* before any other consideration. Your father, I notice, doesn't mind living like a fighting cock off the proceeds of Cullen skulduggery."

There was a lot more, of course, and none of it worth repeating. But on the following day, when I went to the wing where the archives were kept, the doors were locked against me. But I had already taken from the files the most damning documents I needed to substantiate my case. Furthermore, I had Lord Cullender's signature to a contract which, among other things, gave me the right to remove from the files such documents as I needed, provided that I left a written receipt for them and returned them when the book was completed.

Realizing that it wouldn't be long before I was barred from the castle, I took one more look at The Cullender. Lord Cullender arrived in the banqueting hall just as I had taken the last of a roll of flash photos of it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suspecting that I was no longer a welcome guest—"Get out and don't come back!" was the way my host put it—I packed my bags and left.

I spent the next months in London, writing the book, seeing Belinda only on the few occasions when her father let her off the leash. When the book was completed, I sent Lord Cullender a carbon copy, inviting him, in accordance with the terms of our contract, to "correct any inaccuracies." I pointed out at the same time that this did not give him the right of general censorship. Attached were photostatic copies of the relevant documents which I held.

The best resolution of our differences would have been for Lord Cullender to have offered to buy the copyright of the book from me at a figure which would have given me some reasonable compensation for eighteen months' work. But the offer had to come from him, for if I had proposed it my action might have been construed as obtaining money from him under threat of publication. I didn't want him to buy me out, mark you, because my publishers were wildly enthusiastic and confident that they had a prospective best seller on their hands. Under the terms of my contract with Lord Cullender I was, as stated earlier, the "ghost." If he approved of the book, it was to appear under his name, but we had not provided for the possibility that he would disapprove. Since he had never paid me a cent and had merely put the family archives at my disposal, my view—and my lawyer's—was that the copyright was mine and that, while he was free to refuse to have his name on the cover, there was nothing whatever to stop me from publishing it under my own name.

When two weeks had passed without a reply from Lord Cullender, I wrote him a further letter in conciliatory terms, suggesting that if he cared to write a preface to the book pointing out any passages which in his judgment were unfair to the Cullen family and offering his own interpretations, I would be happy to embody it. This letter, of course, was submitted to my lawyer before I mailed it.

This time there was a reply, which took the form of an abusive letter in which he demanded the return of all documents "abstracted from the Cullen archives" and threatening criminal proceedings if I did not comply within forty-eight hours. Belinda arrived an hour after the letter. "Daddy is being very difficult," she told me. "Please, Bill, darling, send him back what he wants."

"Whose side are you on?" I asked her. "His or mine?"

"I'm not on anyone's side," she replied, "and I think you're both behaving like children."

"Marry me right away, Belinda," I said, "and I'll do as you say."

But she wouldn't do that. She was too scared of her old man. "Then as I understand it," I said slowly and distinctly, "you'll marry me only with your father's consent. Is that it?"

"Yes, darling, that's it. But," she added, "you'll never get it."

"But if I do get it, you'll marry me?"

"Of course, darling!"

"You just leave that side of it to me," I told her.

That evening I mailed a large envelope to Lord Cullender by registered post. In it, among other things, was a formal request for Belinda's hand in marriage. Three days later Belinda phoned me from Cullender Castle to say that her father had consented to an early wedding. On the day following that I received a note from him, phrased coolly, but agreeing to the publication of *The Cullender*, as I planned to call the book, and taking me up on my offer to let him write a preface.

There is little more to tell. Belinda and I were married from Cullender Castle. I have seen fathers give away their daughters with more enthusiasm than shown by Lord Cullender in giving Belinda to me. But all I wanted was Belinda.

All that is in the past tense now. Belinda and I have been married more than a year. Indeed, our son's baptismal name—or one of them—is Patrick.

Belinda and I are ideally happy, or would be if she didn't ask me almost every day to tell her how I overcame her father's objections to the match.

I am hoping that in time she will forget about it, because this is a question I don't intend to answer. The big envelope contained an enlargement of one of the photos I had taken of The Cullender, and on the back of it is a certificate signed by one of the world's leading authorities on fifteenth-century armor to the effect that The Cullender is a backplate and not, as the family has always supposed, a breastplate, which raises the query as to what precisely Patrick was doing on that far-off St. Crispin's Day.

The Cullender no longer hangs in the banqueting hall at Cullender Castle. Perhaps one day Belinda, Patrick and I will live there. Meanwhile, I am in the market for a good, strong fifteenth-century breastplate. I'm just the boy to shoot a few holes in it.

THE END

ENGLISH DUAL CHIMES *Circa 1840.* Strikes either Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock... **the BOURBON** *that didn't watch the clock...seven long years!*

EXCLUSIVE!
Old Charter at *10* years old is available in limited amount. Send us your dealer's name ...we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whiskey improves with age. Old Charter goes into the cask the finest whiskey obtainable. Long, quiet years later it emerges with all the subtle flavor a bountiful nature can bestow upon a whiskey.

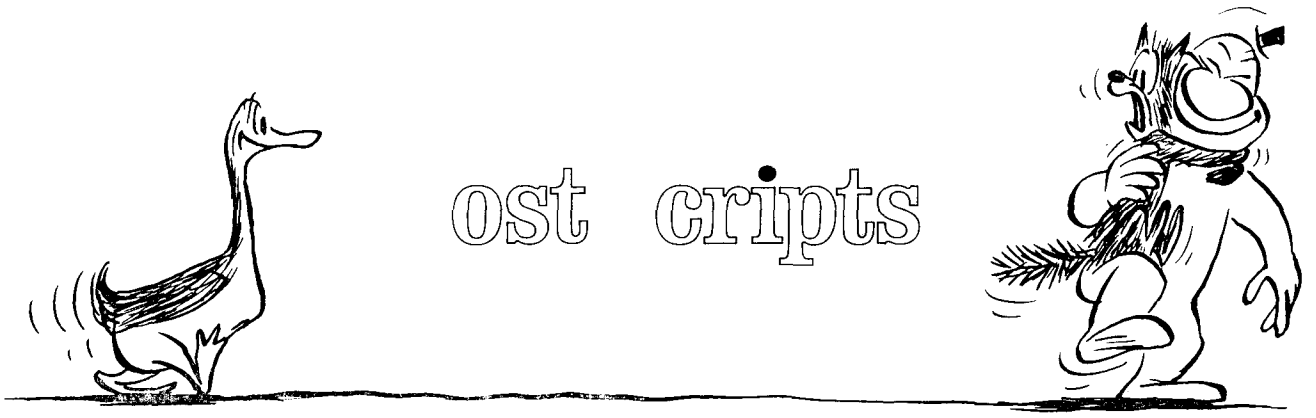
Long the standard of excellence for bourbon drinkers, Old Charter's superb quality and rare smooth flavor have actually converted many Scotch, Canadian and Bonded whiskey drinkers. Try it yourself and you'll see why.

OLD CHARTER

Kentucky's Finest Aged **BOURBON**

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 AND 10 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF
OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Song Lyrics Aren't Just Dashed Off

~~Shake hands with Say hello hi howdy~~ Give my ~~best wishes highest~~ regards to ~~The Great White Way~~ Broadway, ~~and do the same thing to~~ remember me to ~~Columbus Circle Harold~~ Herald Square. . . .

~~Minnesota, North South Dakota Oklahoma Colorado Arizona~~ California, ~~I'm on my way~~ here I ~~am~~ come, right back where I ~~used to be was before~~ started from. . . .

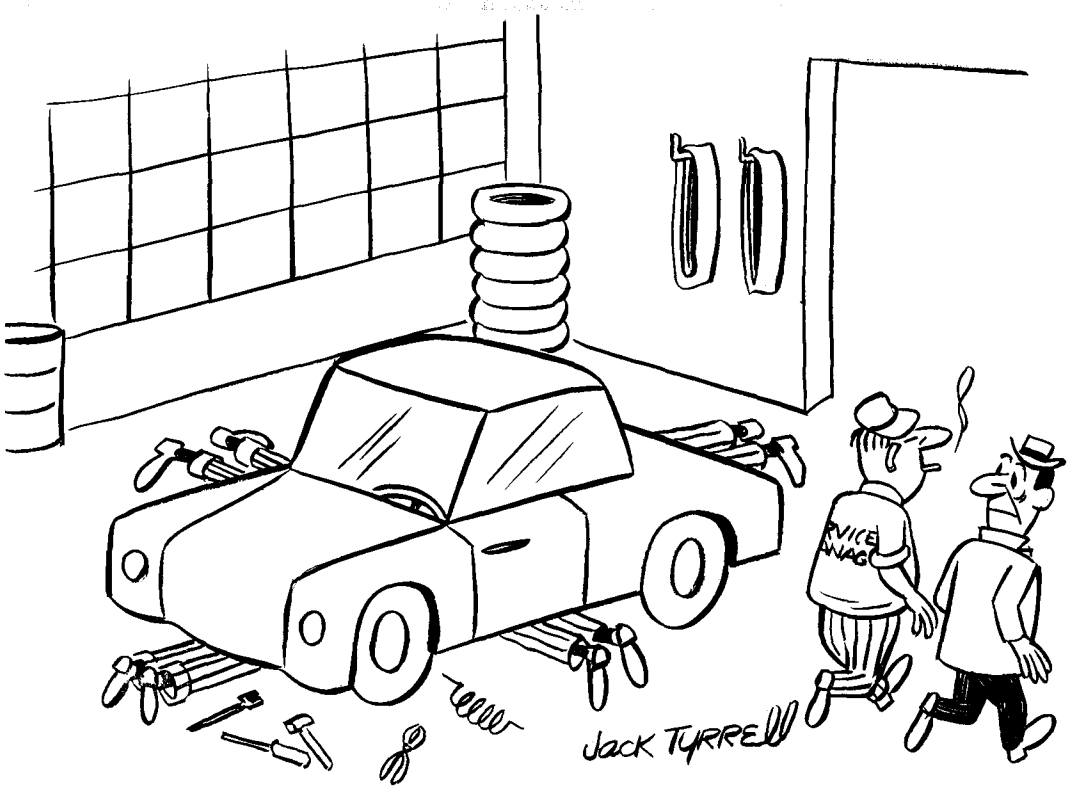
Alone from ~~day to~~ night to ~~day~~ night you'll ~~pretty generally usually always~~ find me, too ~~puny~~ weak to ~~bust~~ break the chains that bind me; I ~~sure as heck don't~~ need no ~~fetters~~ shackles to ~~make me realize~~ remind me, I'm just a ~~captive of slave to~~ prisoner of ~~romance~~ love. . . .

~~Margaret Maggie Peggy~~ Peg ~~of~~ o' my heart, ~~I'm dreaming of you~~ I love you; don't ~~let's the two of us~~ let us part, ~~I'm dreaming of you~~ I love you. . . .

~~Excuse me, son Sorry to bother you, lad~~ Pardon me, boy, ~~but could you tell me if that's~~ is that the ~~Chatanooga~~ Chattanooga Choo Choo? Track ~~Number Twenty Well, boy, I sure thank you plenty~~ Twenty-nine. Boy, you can give me a shine. . . .

~~Whenever~~ When ~~all the folks~~ they ~~start launch commence kickoff~~ begin the ~~begin~~ beguine. . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Three clubs."

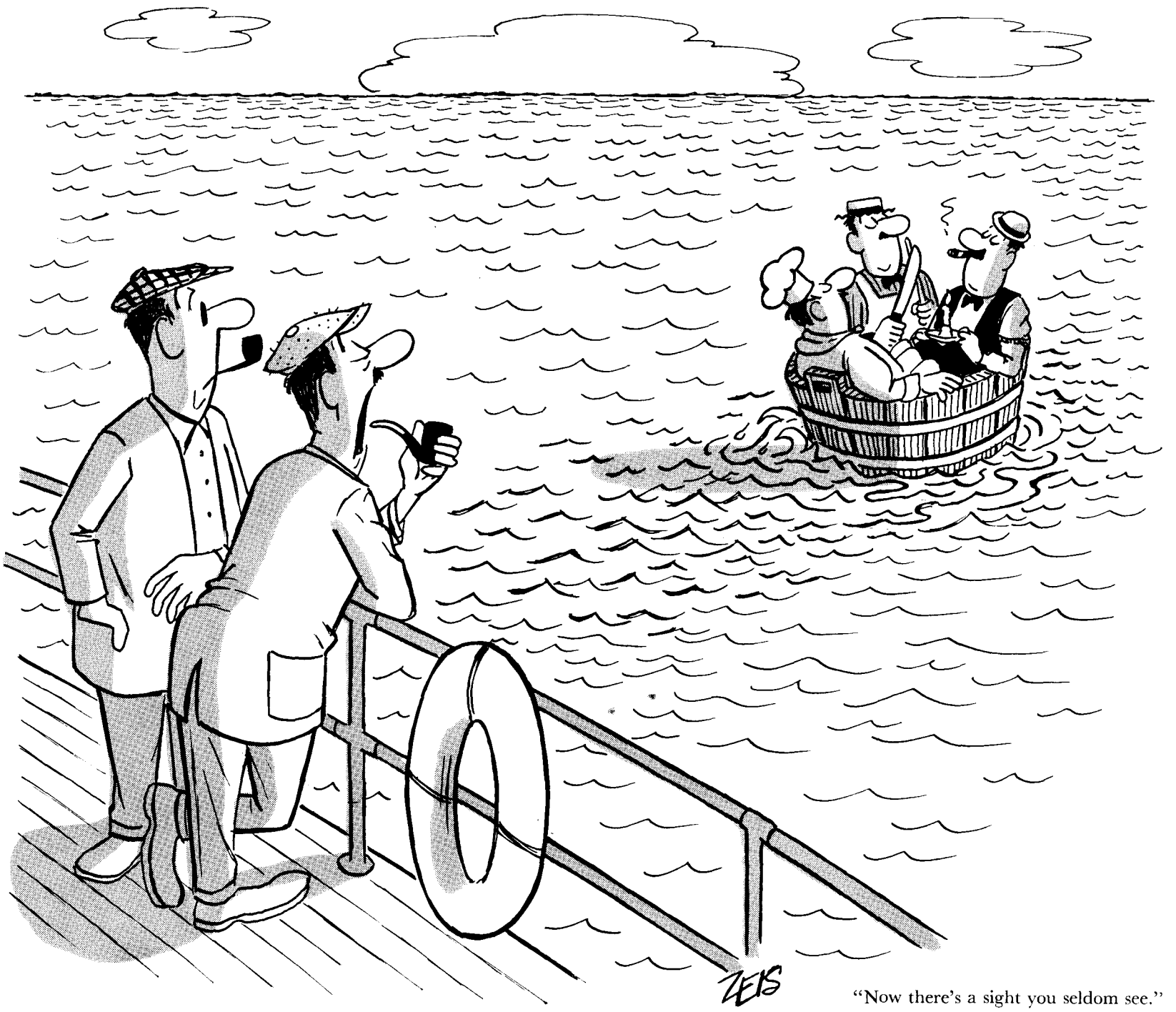
AHEM-LINE, 1962

It's nineteen inches from the floor—
Of skirt there's less; of leg there's more.
When I am standing, people gaze;
And when I sit, my husband prays.

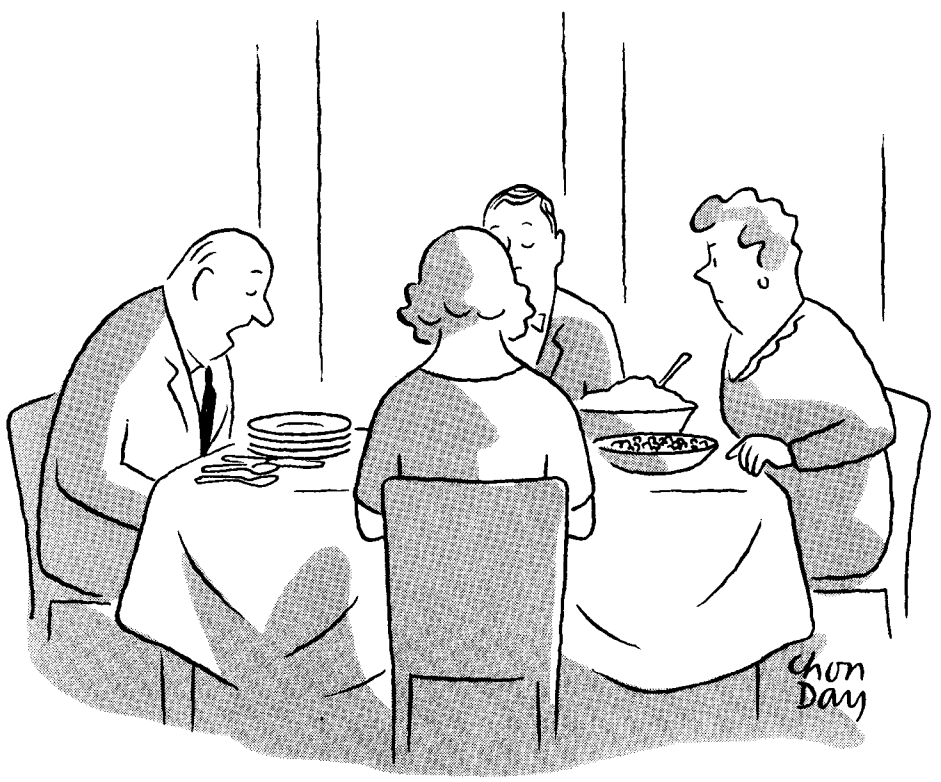
KAY NELSON

"I told him it was wild buffalo meat."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

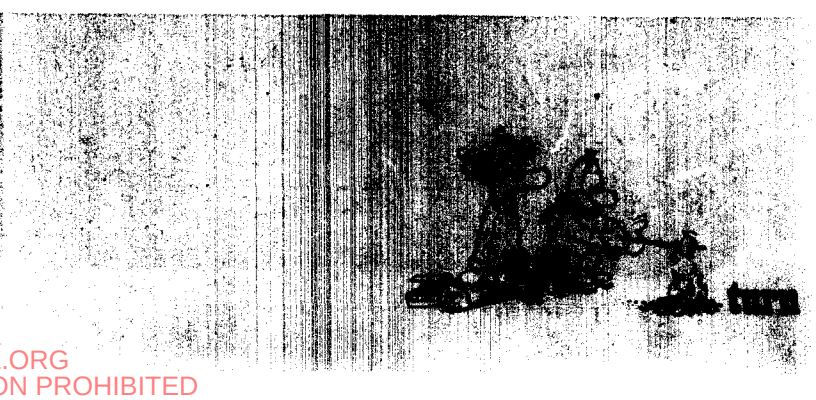


"Now there's a sight you seldom see."



"For what we are about to receive—with the possible exception of these instant mashed potatoes—we are truly thankful."

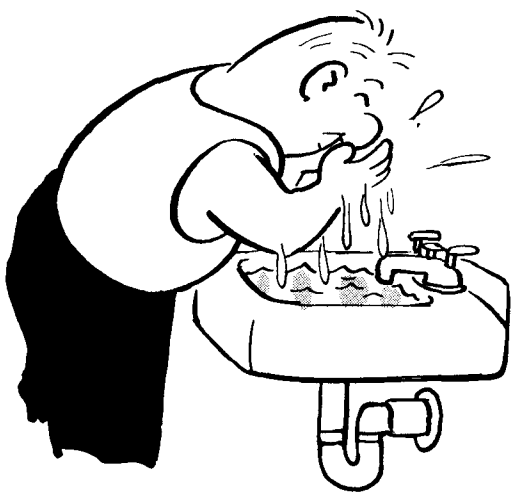
"You've got a mighty sick dog here."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

ZINC:



PLACE TO WASH

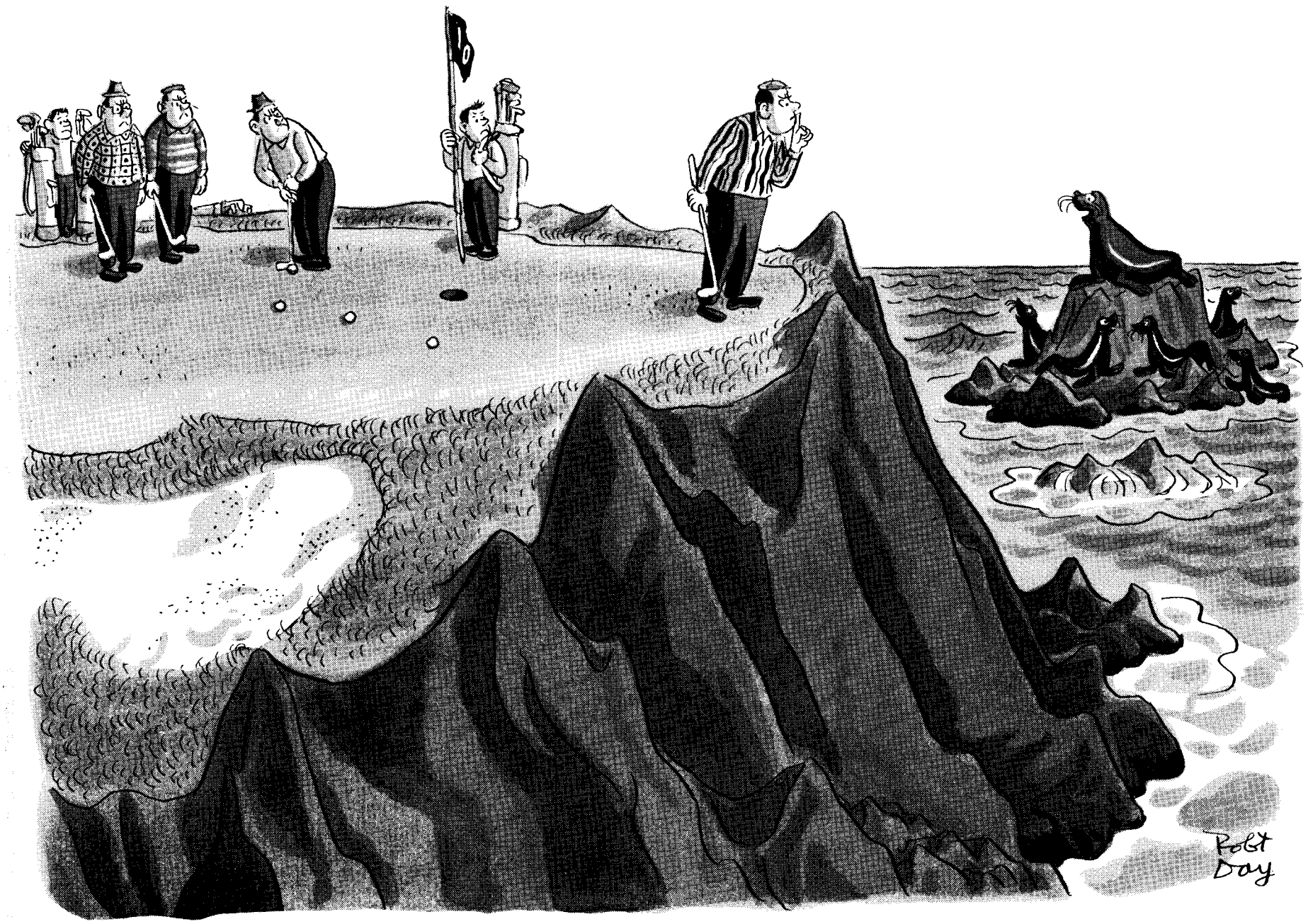
BISON:

SOMETIMES USED INSTEAD OF A ZINC

SENTIMENT:

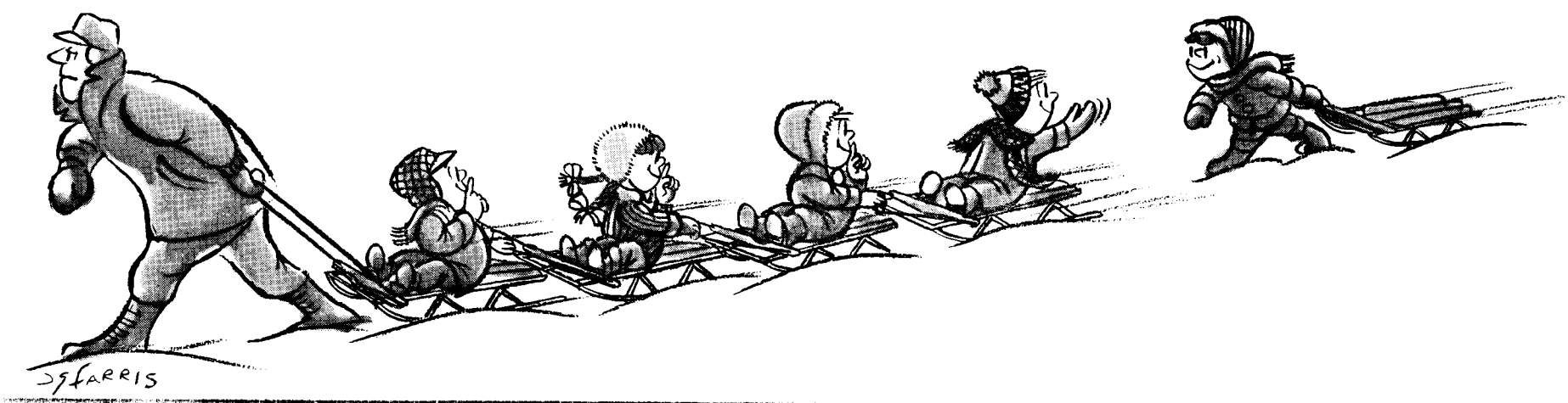
WHAT ZINCS TO THE BOTTOM OF A BISON

BIL KEANE

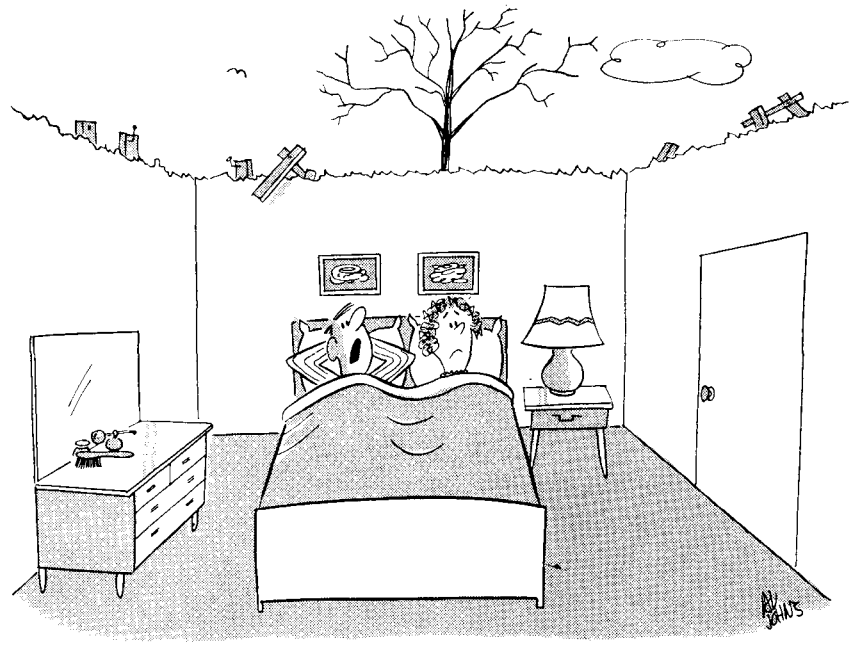


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who hired that birdbrain?"



"Already, I don't like it."



"That was quite a wind we had last night."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART 5/BY LESLIE FORD

WOULD THE LAW CONDEMN THE WRONG MAN FOR THIS UNFORGIVABLE CRIME?

TOO LATE TO SCREAM

Mary Melissa Seaton was criminally assaulted outside her home shortly before she was to be married. Her fiancé Archie Chalmers and his friend Nat Ryan, who wanted to spare the girl the ordeal of testifying in court, set out to find and kill her assailant. While they searched, the wanted man, confidently defiant of his pursuers, loitered at police headquarters. He had, however, aroused the suspicions of Mike Kulac, a police sanitation inspector who made a routine visit to the criminal's apartment. Before Mike could make his report to Detective Sergeant Trumper, police chose the suspect at random to appear before Mary Melissa in a line-up. When the girl saw her attacker, she became too frightened to identify him. In spite of her silence, Trumper, Chalmers and Ryan focused their attention on one man: Alvin Tibble.

Each man is an island. Dave Trumper was thinking he'd heard that somewhere as the Bureau of Identification detective unlocked the grilled door to let Captain Justice in. He went on out, turning to cast a grim look at the eight islands waiting inside there, each keeping to himself, frightened and suspicious, the clean man near the door more of an island than any. He heard the door being locked then as he went along and Justice's quiet voice, "I'm sorry, you men, but we'll have to ask you to co-operate here."

By the elevators Trumper saw Mike Kulac, in green slacks and pink sport shirt, the poor guy as unhappy as he'd ever seen anybody. Mike Kulac's embarrassment was real. He'd stuck his neck out, bypassing his own sergeant and captain, and he was conscious of the clothes he'd come in, not stopping to change. He flushed painfully. "My conscience hurts, I guess," he said. "You got half a minute to help me out, Dave?"

He breaks my heart, Dave Trumper thought. *What's a friend for, in the name of the Lord?*

He put his hand on Kulac's shoulder then. "Sure, Mike. Make it three quarters, that I can easily spare."

They went in the Homicide room. "Lieutenant Hulan, this is Officer Kulac. We'll just be a second." He opened the door of the captain's office. "Come on in, Mike. What's on your mind?"

"Have you got a psycho in your files, Dave, that's crazy about shoes? Ladies' slippers, I mean? This fella I ran across collects 'em, one of a kind. He ——"

Trumper started to speak and then stopped and his voice when it came sounded far off. "What's that you say?"

Mike Kulac flushed a darker red. "I guess it don't matter. But this creep I ran into; his name's Tibble ——" He stopped as he saw the look on Trumper's face.

"Alvin Tibble?" Justice had the line-up list, but Trumper remembered the eighth man. "Short kind of fella, real clean?"

Kulac was nodding. "Yeah."

"One second, Mike." Trumper went to the door. "Hulan—go get the captain, quick; tell him to come in here right away. You stay there, watch them. Keep a special eye on the short fella standing by the door. Hurry, man." He turned back. "Just hold on a minute, Mike; I want the captain to hear you."

He heard quick steps in the hall, and Justice's thick-set body came into view, his blue eyes sharp and snapping.

"We've got him, captain." His voice was more grating than usual. "Officer Kulac, Sanitarian. He's come across a psycho who collects ladies' slippers; his name's Alvin Tibble—and that's the last man I picked for the line-up."

Justice stared at them for a split second and swung around, Trumper with him as he went quickly along the hall. They started running when they heard the crash and the shouting in the Bureau of Identification. But the gambler's lawyer was the only outsider to burst into the inner room off the hall behind Trumper and Justice with Kulac in his beach costume, to come to a stop at the locked grill, nobody inside with time enough on his hands at the moment to unlock it. Two of the line-up men picked for citizens' duty lay on the floor and a B. of I. detective had been smashed into a corner. Another was doubled up gasping against the wall. Across from them Lieutenant Hulan, his shirt ripped off, was holding a writhing, lashing Tibble pinned to the wall with his left hand, trying to take something out of his mouth with his right, the blood streaming down his right arm. Then above the shouting inside and Captain Justice shouting to them to unlock the door, Trumper could hear the scream of the rackets lawyer behind him as his client, the line-up man who was in the numbers, grabbed a gun from the detective collapsed against the right wall. "No! They'll fry you!"

His voice rose to a piercing scream and cut off abruptly when his client brought the gun down not on the law but on the back of Tibble's head. As he dropped it on the floor by the detective, they got the door unlocked and carried Tibble back to a cell. Hulan stood dazed in the little room. His fingers opened slowly, in his hand a bloody wad.

He looked around at Justice. "He was trying to swallow it. One of the detectives grabs it from him and he starts fighting and gets it back, and then he's got it wadded up and in his mouth."

"I'll take it," Justice said. "You get that hand fixed up—you're losing too much blood." He took the wadded paper and turned to the rackets lawyer. "Go on home, will you? Your boy gets a medal."

Back in the office, with a man from the Crime Lab, they smoothed the wad out.

The Lab man whistled softly. Captain Justice and Trumper looked at each other, faces impassive. Inside, Trumper's heart glowed. It was a piece of stylish gray note paper. At the top was embossed RITTER MEADE, PORTRAITS. At the left-hand corner in handwriting was the word "Continued," below it a list of seven girls' names. Three were crossed out in red ink; beside them dates had been entered in red ink. The last one crossed out was Mary Melissa Seaton's and the red-inked date was Thursday, June 20. Below hers were four names, not crossed out or dated.

"Makes you sick, doesn't it?" Justice said. He put his finger down at the word "Continued."

"That's what gets you," he said quietly. His finger moved to the two names above Mary Melissa's. "How many others never told us about it?"

He handed the paper to the technician and then turned to Kulac. "Let's hear your story now, officer."

They listened silently, neither he nor Trumper saying what was the grimmer thing in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

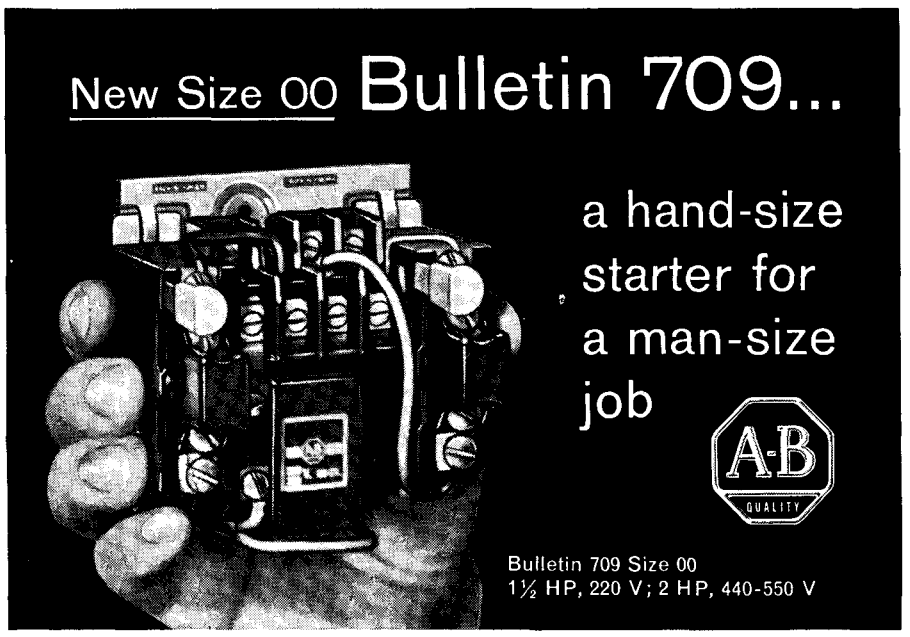
names like these

PRINCESS GRACE • A. J. CRONIN • DIOR • G. KEITH FUNSTON • DOLORES HART • HAROLD DODDS • STEVE ALLEN • GRES • ROMAIN GARY • ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG • KARIM AGA KHAN • LORETTA YOUNG • PEARL BUCK • GREER GARSON • GEORGE ABBOTT • DR. ROBERT E. FITCH • DAPHNE DU MAURIER • LANVIN • PATRICE MUNSEL • MRS. FREDERICK CUSHING • GIVENCHY • GLORIA SCHAFFER • TONY RANDALL • SLOAN WILSON • CLARK GABLE • RICCI • NORAH LOFTS • CHARLES TAFT • DINA MERRILL • DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK • ORSON BEAN • SIMONETTA • DR. WALTER HELLER • MIGNON EBERHART • MARGARET CHASE SMITH • MRS. CHARLTON HESTON • QUEEN ELIZABETH • HEIM • MARY STEWART • JANET LEIGH • CARDIN • NANCY SINATRA SANDS • PRINCESS RADZIWILL • OLEG CASSINI • JACK LEMMON • CHARLTON HESTON • MRS. THOMAS BANCROFT • JOHN CIARDI • SENORA DE OYARZABAL • NORMAN NORELL • ELIZABETH RUDEL SMITH • RUMER GODDEN • PATOU • DOUGLAS DILLON • NATHANIEL BENCHLEY • ADLAI STEVENSON • MRS. NICHOLAS R. DU PONT • BALENCIAGA • ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES • NATALIE WOOD • MRS. LAURANCE ROCKEFELLER • FABIANI • PHYLLIS McGINLEY • LUTHER HODGES • CHARLES & PEGGY SOLOMON • PERTEGAZ • JAMES GALANOS • AUDREY HEPBURN • COMTESSE DE MOHL • EVA MARIE SAINT • MARCHESA DI MONTEZEMOLO • ROBERT CUMMINGS

help Ladies' Home Journal attract the most interesting audience* among women's magazines. More readers with youth, higher incomes, bigger families. What better place for advertisers to make names for themselves.

*based on Nielsen Media Service Report #1

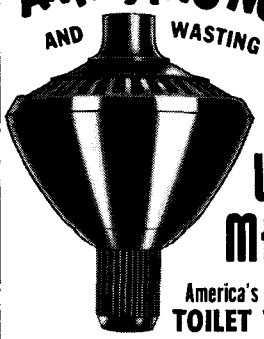
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALLEN-BRADLEY
Quality Motor Control

Here's the latest addition to the Allen-Bradley family of across-the-line starters—the tiny new Size 00—with the same inherent reliability and long life designed into all starters of this new A-B line. Millions of trouble-free operations are assured. A new, hot molded arc hood provides an unusually high interrupting capacity. The double-break contacts of weld-resistant cadmium oxide silver provide long life—without "servicing." New trip-free and tamperproof solderpot thermal relays give reliable and permanently accurate overload protection. Very definite "eye appeal" has been designed into the Nema 1 enclosure. At its lower cost, the new Size 00 starter will prove itself a valuable addition for both the "user" and all resale manufacturers. For more information on *all* the Bulletin 709 starters, please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin.

STOP ANNOYING NOISES AND WASTING WATER



GET THE GENUINE
WATER MASTER
America's Largest Selling
TOILET TANK BALL
The efficient Water Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing.
75c AT HARDWARE STORES EVERYWHERE
Higher in Canada

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
213 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

LIPS SORE?
Blistex
POCKET SIZE 39c HIGHER IN CANADA
BEST FOR COLD SORES CHAPPED LIPS FEVER BLISTERS

FLORIDA CAMPSITES

deep in the heart of the great (440,000 acre) Ocala National Forest. Unrestricted. Pitch tent, park trailer, build lodge. $5.00 down.
FREE MAPS AND PHOTOS
Word Vernor, DeLand, Fla. ADS0088-Q-1

FEET HURT?
Here's Fast Relief
Callouses on bottom of feet, or tired, aching feet are symptoms of weak, fallen arch. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise quickly relieve these conditions. Choice of metal, leather, foam rubber, or plastic. $2 pair up. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.
Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

MAKE $30 TO $100 A DAY

Some make more, some less...
Make BIG Money!
H. D. Hart makes $30 to $100 every day he works with our highly efficient wall washer which cleans walls 6 times faster and better than by hand. No special skill...small investment...operate from home. Customers everywhere—homes, offices, schools, churches, hotels, etc. Enjoy independence...free from layoffs and bosses. Can start part time until full time is justified.
Write Today for All the Facts!
VON SCHRADER MFG. CO. • 296 "W" Pl., Racine, Wis.

SCREAM their minds. *O.K., we've got him. Who's going to charge him?* Not the first two, and not the Seaton girl.

"And here was this closet, all full of shoes, like a showcase, all lights and mirrors ——"

"Hold on a minute." Justice turned to the Crime Lab technician. "Go get that red sandal you've got belongs to the girl at Mount Vale. Bring Miss Seaton's slipper too."

He turned back. "Go on, officer."

Mike Kulac's flat face was getting red toward the end. "He scared hell out of me, sitting there on the bed, that nasty grin on his face. If I'd turned my back to him opening that closet ——"

The technician brought in a worn red sandal. The satin slipper he had with it was sparkling white. Kulac nodded. "He had a red one, all right. There were two or three like that other."

Justice got up. "Let's all go have a look. Wrap these up and bring 'em along. If we get the mates to 'em, we've got him without Miss Seaton. Get with it, Trump. See Tibble's cleaned up enough to go with us. See he's handcuffed and get a couple of judo men to bring him." He called out into the corner room. "One of you fellows get Northeastern, tell 'em to watch that house tight. Two good-looking young fellows turn up, arrest 'em."

Trumper had forgotten Chalmers and Ryan for the moment, but he was not likely to forget them again for some time. Alvin Tibble had recovered and was in control of himself, the raving and cursing over, quietly contemptuous, nastily offensive. He refused to clean up till he had seen his lawyer.

"What's the idea, Tibble? You playing for time?"

Alvin smiled. He knew the girl wouldn't charge him.

As they got out of the police car, a uniformed officer strolled by, said "No visitors," and moved on. Justice and Trumper went up the steps ahead of Tibble handcuffed between the judo experts. At the door Tibble said, "The lock's tricky; I'll take the keys."

Inside, the two who were waiting—Chalmers by the newel at the foot of the stairs, Nat Ryan, the gun in his hand, in the door at the left leading to the stuffy front parlor—had exchanged a glance and straightened up, hearing the key in the lock, not being able to see that Tibble was not alone. The door opened a little.

"*La casa es suya*," Alvin Tibble said. He flung it open with a courtly gesture. "As we say in old Spai——"

The "n" of Spain was the first sound of a scream, high-pitched and piercing. Dave Trumper pushed past Captain Justice and took two quick steps in front of Tibble as he cowered, his face white, the handcuffs holding him to the detective behind him.

Justice went over to Nat. "Give me that thing. You crazy fools. You're under arrest for breaking and entering."

Ryan gave him the gun. "Entering, captain. No breaking. We've got a key."

"Where'd you get it? Give it to me."

Archie Chalmers handed it over. Justice motioned to the Northeastern officer who'd followed them inside. "Stay here with these two.... Lead the way, Kulac."

They went up the stairs, Tibble recovering partly. "Here's his gymnasium." Kulac pointed through the bathroom to the door of the back room. "That's where his show is." Seeing the door there wide open, Trumper felt a warning even before Kulac came to a dead stop.

"It's gone. The bed's gone."

Alvin smiled, as Reggie Montgomery would smile. "What's gone, may I ask, officer?" he inquired politely.

There was a studio couch in the room, mattress on springs, with a white spread. There were no books or bookcases, no paintings, no signs of where any had been, roller marks showing where a hurried job of yellow paint had been put on the walls. On one wall was a mirror with a yellow-painted wood frame. It could at one time have been at the top of a bed. Now it was behind a pine chest of drawers.

"Is that the shoe closet?"

Captain Justice pointed to a door with a brown crockery handle. Trumper looked around at Tibble, still smiling. The wooden door was the only thing in the room that was as Kulac had described it. He went to it and pulled it open. No lights came on to light mirrored shelves. There were no shoes, no portraits of brides, nothing but some clothes on hangers on a rod, the walls painted yellow like the walls of the room.

Justice turned slowly. "Where are they, Tibble? Where are the shoes?"

"What shoes?" Alvin smiled confidently at Kulac.

"Get him out," Justice said quietly. "Take him back. Charge him with assaulting an officer and language. Kulac, you go with 'em till he's in the car. Tell Chalmers and Ryan they can go for the present. We'll see them tomorrow. Then you come back here and help the Crime Lab take this place apart, cellar to roof."

Alvin smiled still, his eyes glittering. "You haven't got a charge against me. Even if you had shoes—and you'll never get 'em—who's going to charge me? I know my rights. Don't make me laugh, you dumb, stupid ——"

"Get him out."

The commissioner himself was in the corner room at Headquarters at the ragged end of a strained day. He and the chief, the inspector, the captains of Detectives, Bureau of Identification and the Crime Lab had all come on their own to see what went on. "I talked to Seaton," the commissioner went on. "He won't let us try to get the girl to charge him. He's afraid she'll crack up."

"Do you know these girls, sir?"

Justice handed him a copy of the names on the paper taken from Tibble. "The two at the top are the important ones. These people are all Ritter Meade customers. We found the place closed up and a sign 'Gone Out of Business.' If one of these girls ——"

As the commissioner looked at the list he shook his head. "My wife and I went to the wedding of this one, just before Christmas. Do you know who she married?" None of them did. They were not Society. "Elliott Flarington."

They knew him. The Governor's Committee on the Police and Port of Baltimore City.

The commissioner shook his head slowly. "You can be sure she never told him. Put her on the stand and she'll lie herself black in the face. She's no use whatever—and neither is this other girl. She's married too, and she's having a bad time—an alcoholic, I hear. There's no use at all approaching either of them."

"We'll never bother them," the inspector said quietly. "I don't blame Seaton or the girl. Or the two boys, for that matter. We have no prosecuting witness, and that house of the fellow's cleaned out. No shoes, no bed, no nothing. If I was the Seatons ——"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The telephone rang. "Excuse me," Justice said. He reached for it. "Justice, Homicide. . . . Sergeant Trumper? Just a minute." He covered the phone. "A lady for you, Trump. Take it inside."

Trumper went into the small office and closed the door. He picked the phone up and said, "Trumper."

It was a lady, and a real one—the voice was gently vague.

"Sergeant Trumper, I wanted to tell you. This is Melissa Seaton—Mary Melissa's mother?"

"Yes, Mrs. Seaton." Trumper came near to holding his breath.

"I think that after what happened this afternoon, it was really rather awful; I'm very sure Mary Melissa won't make any problem. I think she sees she hasn't a choice, really. She knows she can't let that—creature go free. If you and the captain, to make it impressive, and Lieutenant Hulan—he's sweet—would all come and talk to her, you could just settle it now. But I know you're ——"

"No, ma'am. We wouldn't mind at all. When can we come?"

"As soon as you can. And don't tell her I called; I don't want her to feel I'm like Mrs. Chalmers. Thank you, Sergeant Trumper."

He put the phone down and stood there for an instant before he went back into the Homicide room and told them.

"I expect she couldn't let the two boys commit murder for her," the commissioner said. "The rape would have to come out at their trial; she'd have to defend them."

They were too thankful to ask questions when they talked to Mary Melissa Seaton, and around eight o'clock they were back to enter her charge against Alvin Tibble for rape. Tibble's sister, Mrs. Meade, also was there, in a bitter frenzy, with a lawyer friend of her husband. Trumper got home at 1:30, tired through and through.

"I'm sorry for that woman," he told his doll in the kitchen. "She hasn't got one doubt we're framing the boy. When she saw him he still had the blood dried on his neck and the lump on his head, and you could'a heard her across Fallsway. You just start praying nothing goes wrong. I'm always scared."

"That's occupational," his doll said.

In the Chief Magistrate's Court below the Press room at ten o'clock the next morning, he stood close to Mary Melissa Seaton to shield her, not from Tibble, handcuffed for safety, but from Mrs. Meade, frightening in her bitterness. The radio announced on the 10:30 news that a prima-facie case had been established and sent to the Grand Jury.

The State of Maryland vs. Alvin Tibble opened in Part VIII of the Criminal Court of Baltimore City the last Monday in August, Judge Jonas Hartigan presiding; for the prosecution, Alexander Dobson, deputy state's attorney; for the defendant, Enoch Chew.

Sitting in the front bench of the center section, Nat Ryan remembered what he'd heard about Chew, from people who admitted he was the state of Maryland's top trial lawyer but claimed he was half conger eel, half cobra and had sold out badly in taking this case. It was Mrs. Chalmers who had got him to do it and was paying his fee. To Archie it had been like the poleax blow that hit Nat Ryan the day it finally got through to him that Mrs. Chalmers was accusing him of attacking Mary Melissa. After his first blinding rage had subsided, he'd remembered the times he'd told Mary Melissa, "She's been charming to me," and he was remembering it now, grimly sardonic, until he looked over at the state's table and saw Mary Melissa, her dark head bent down.

Sitting there in the courtroom listening to the two lawyers pick out a jury, he felt the bitterness of the summer turned into a kind of nostalgia, in the knowledge that when the trial was over it was the end of the road. He and Archie might go on, working together on a plan Archie had, but it would be without Mary Melissa. Her parents were taking her abroad, and she was going to an art school in Rome for a year and maybe more. The frightening thing that had got more frightening as the summer went on was Mary Melissa's shrinking away from any man's touch. She wouldn't go dancing or swimming. "I feel naked enough when I've got my clothes on," she'd said. Looking at her now, Nat knew it was part of her agony there in front of the benches, in a taut quivering knot. *The poor little devil, she's scared out of her wits.*

The summer night that was most vivid in his mind was an evening at the end of July that started at the Seatons'. "The trouble with you, Archie," Mary Melissa had said, "—I mean why you got so stinking—is you didn't want to get married at all. You're not a monk, but you're a born bachelor who forgot for a minute. Maybe it was lucky."

When Archie said, "Oh, for Heaven's sake," and barged off into the woods, she'd gone on calmly, "It's true. With his mother, why shouldn't he be scared of all women? I'm scared of men. It's different, but it's the same thing. It makes the idea of marriage just horrible."

That night when they'd got back to Farthingale Alley, Archie poured them a nightcap and sat not drinking his. "Moment of truth, Nat," he said. "I guess she's right. I don't know when it dawned on me it was you she was in love with. I didn't know till mother started in that you were in love with her. Then I didn't have the guts to do anything about it. So I've made a rotten mess, and now it's too late. It wouldn't do any good to tell her now it was you all the time. Maybe a shock ——"

an intimate chat with "Suzie Wong"

Backstage With Nancy Kwan

BY PETE MARTIN

in the Post next week

DuBouchett-Many, Blanc & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ind., Fresno, Calif.

DuBOUCHETT CORDIALS

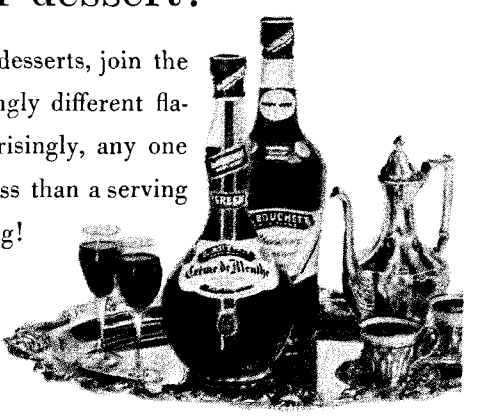
MANY, BLANC *(doo-boo-shay)*

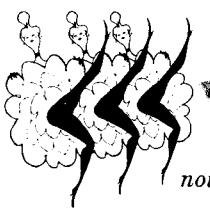
change to a

DuBOUCHETT Cordial

for your dessert!

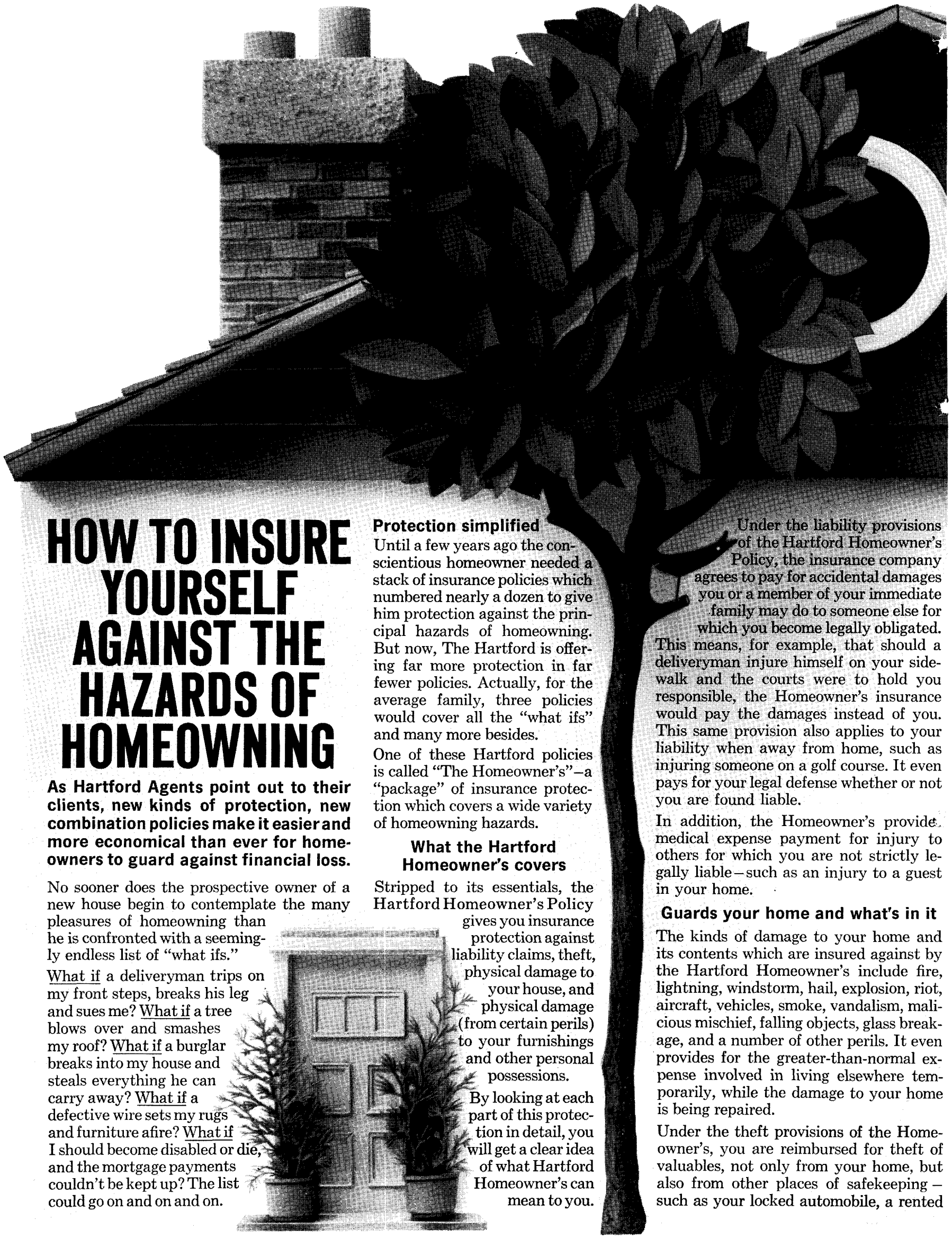
If you're tired of those same old desserts, join the thousands discovering the refreshingly different flavor of DuBouchett Cordials! Surprisingly, any one of DuBouchett's 27 flavors costs less than a serving of apple pie. Perfect for entertaining!





nothing does so many things so well as DuBouchett Cordials!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOW TO INSURE YOURSELF AGAINST THE HAZARDS OF HOMEOWNING

As Hartford Agents point out to their clients, new kinds of protection, new combination policies make it easier and more economical than ever for homeowners to guard against financial loss.

No sooner does the prospective owner of a new house begin to contemplate the many pleasures of homeowning than he is confronted with a seemingly endless list of "what ifs."

What if a deliveryman trips on my front steps, breaks his leg and sues me? What if a tree blows over and smashes my roof? What if a burglar breaks into my house and steals everything he can carry away? What if a defective wire sets my rugs and furniture afire? What if I should become disabled or die, and the mortgage payments couldn't be kept up? The list could go on and on and on.

Protection simplified

Until a few years ago the conscientious homeowner needed a stack of insurance policies which numbered nearly a dozen to give him protection against the principal hazards of homeowning. But now, The Hartford is offering far more protection in far fewer policies. Actually, for the average family, three policies would cover all the "what ifs" and many more besides.

One of these Hartford policies is called "The Homeowner's"—a "package" of insurance protection which covers a wide variety of homeowning hazards.

What the Hartford Homeowner's covers

Stripped to its essentials, the Hartford Homeowner's Policy gives you insurance protection against liability claims, theft, physical damage to your house, and physical damage (from certain perils) to your furnishings and other personal possessions.

By looking at each part of this protection in detail, you will get a clear idea of what Hartford Homeowner's can mean to you.

Under the liability provisions of the Hartford Homeowner's Policy, the insurance company agrees to pay for accidental damages you or a member of your immediate family may do to someone else for which you become legally obligated. This means, for example, that should a deliveryman injure himself on your sidewalk and the courts were to hold you responsible, the Homeowner's insurance would pay the damages instead of you. This same provision also applies to your liability when away from home, such as injuring someone on a golf course. It even pays for your legal defense whether or not you are found liable.

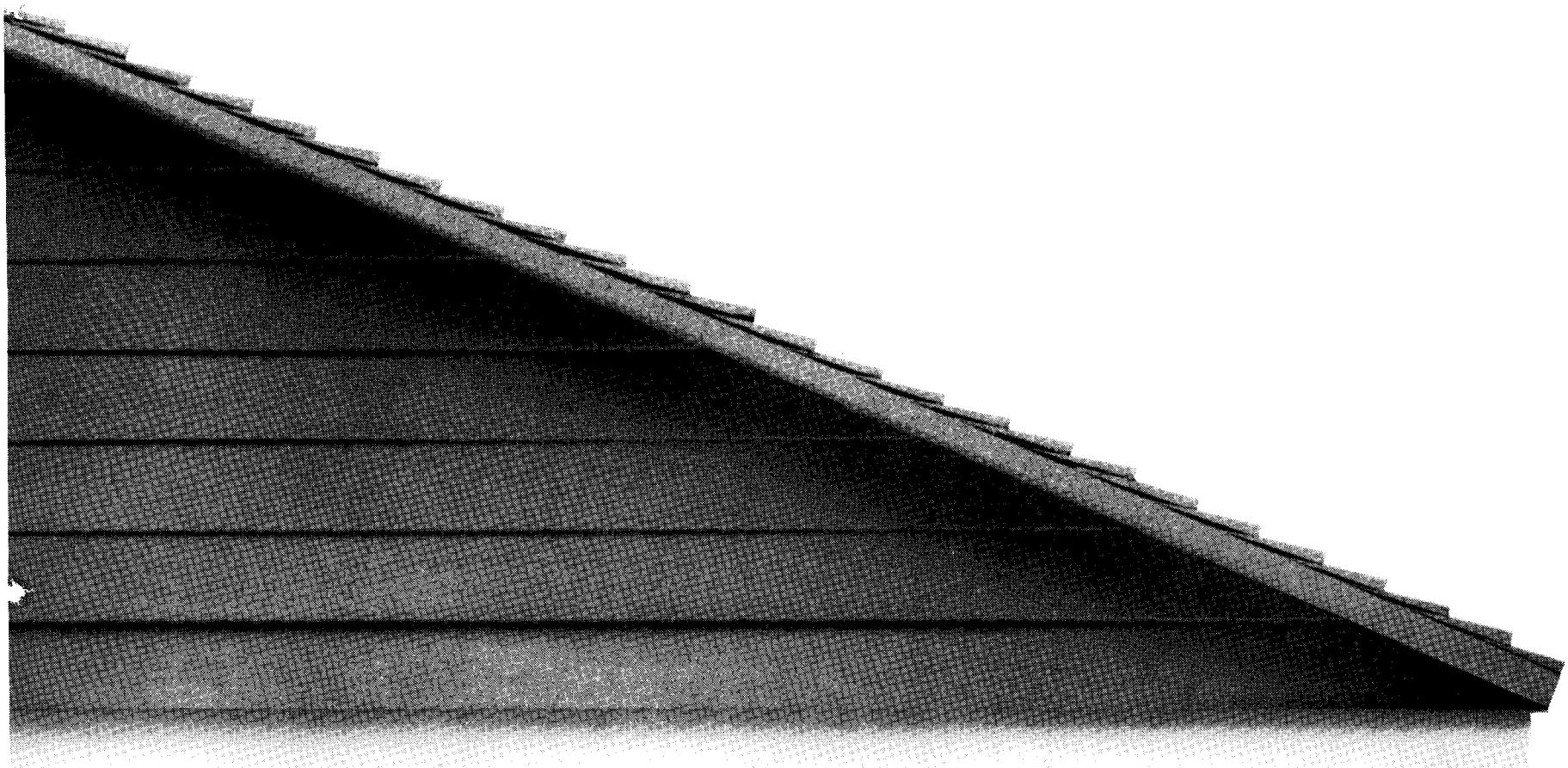
In addition, the Homeowner's provides medical expense payment for injury to others for which you are not strictly legally liable—such as an injury to a guest in your home.

Guards your home and what's in it

The kinds of damage to your home and its contents which are insured against by the Hartford Homeowner's include fire, lightning, windstorm, hail, explosion, riot, aircraft, vehicles, smoke, vandalism, malicious mischief, falling objects, glass breakage, and a number of other perils. It even provides for the greater-than-normal expense involved in living elsewhere temporarily, while the damage to your home is being repaired.

Under the theft provisions of the Homeowner's, you are reimbursed for theft of valuables, not only from your home, but also from other places of safekeeping—such as your locked automobile, a rented

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



summer cottage, or the home of a friend.

Flexibility possible

While this "package" of protection has been planned to meet the needs of practically all homeowners, there are situations

where the Homeowner's does not exactly fit. In these exceptional cases, optional coverages may be added to the basic Homeowner's. Your insurance agent can advise you on what variations of the Homeowner's will best fit your needs.

There are optional coverages, for example, which protect your second home, increase the loss limits on jewelry, watches, and furs, give you liability coverage for outboard motors exceeding 10 horsepower, and insure against mysterious disappearance of valuables.

Substantial savings in premiums can be had within the Homeowner's framework through taking certain deductibles – for example agreeing to pay the first $50 of the loss yourself.

The Hartford Homeowner's has now been in use by thousands of homeowners with homes in all price ranges. Several years of experience with the Homeowner's policy have shown it to be the best insurance buy for the great majority of homeowners from a standpoint of both protection and value.

Keeping up mortgage payments

There are two somewhat new types of insurance now being offered by The Hartford Insurance Group which are designed to help a family pay off the mortgage in case the wage-earner should die or be unable to work because of sickness or disability. One of them is a special form of life insurance called Mortgage Life insurance. Scaled to the size of your mortgage, it automatically decreases in amount as your mortgage decreases. The other is Mortgage Disability insurance–a form of health insurance that can be written to provide a continuing monthly income to help meet the mortgage payments for as long as five years in case illness or disability keeps the breadwinner from working.

Key to your planning– THE HARTFORD AGENT

Developing a protection program that is right for you requires the services of a knowledgeable professional–The Hartford Group Agent. He has all the facts on insurance. Through understanding your needs, he can prescribe an insurance plan to meet them. Because he represents The Hartford –a full-line organization which offers insurance of every kind including home, car, life, and health – he can objectively analyze your requirements overall, and then balance your insurance dollars to fit them best. Supplementing the capabilities of your local Hartford Agent are the extensive facilities of The Hartford Insurance Group – its 250 field service offices, 300 claim offices, and 34,000 Agents coast to coast who are ready to serve you wherever you travel.

The Hartford Agent in your community is probably listed in the Yellow Pages under Hartford Insurance. Or look for him wherever you see the familiar Stag Trademark displayed.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY • HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY • CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

THE HARTFORD
INSURANCE GROUP

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREAM "If she has another shock with the trial, she'll be in Mount Vale." Ryan could hear himself saying it harshly. "You're wrong anyway. All I've ever been is an adjunct to you."

"You let her think that, Nat. You shouldn't have been so decent."

At the end of the second day of Maryland vs. Tibble the jury was picked, with only time left for the opening statements, Alec Dobson's for the state quietly factual until the end. "The attack on this girl was not any sudden overpowering impulse of lust or desire. It was wickedly and carefully planned and plotted in the mind of a fiend. The state asks the death penalty, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, for the safety of the young women in this city."

Ryan sat tensely through Enoch Chew's moving account of Tibble's unhappy, insignificant life, waiting for him to open Mrs. Chalmers's attack on him and Mary Melissa as conspirators to deceive Archie. But it never came.

"Why didn't this child," he asked, turning gravely to Mary Melissa, "recognize Alvin Tibble if he was the man who so brutally attacked her? She had seen him many times, as you will be shown. She had seen him for two hours in her own house on Wednesday, June the nineteenth, when he was helping Ritter Meade, who was taking her photographs. Why, at the police line-up on Monday, the twenty-fourth, did she say, 'The man is not there'? The state has told us she was frightened. Frightened of what? He was locked in. She was surrounded by officers who were armed. Why did she wait until the detectives from the Homicide Squad came out to her house after he was arrested?

"The state has told you Alvin Tibble when he was arrested attempted to swallow a paper, an infamous memorandum kept by a monster, they would have you believe, because this girl's name was written down on it, crossed out and dated. It was indeed—along with the names of other Ritter Meade customers. The dates are the dates when those customers requested to have their proofs ready. Alvin Tibble was trying to protect the family business. He could see with bitter clarity how infamous an interpretation would be placed on that list with Miss Seaton's name on it. Alvin Tibble, ladies and gentlemen, was at home and in his bed when this girl was attacked. This girl is mistaken."

Outside in the hall at the adjournment Nat met Trumper. His face seemed browner and meaner than usual. "You notice Tibble? You see he's lost a good twenty pounds? They don't starve 'em in the jail. I'm beginning to figure he's done it on purpose." Nat walked with him toward Headquarters.

"I guess I haven't told you this. When he first went to jail, this cellmate he has tells one of our boys he's talking real cocky; they couldn't convict him. He was bragging about the big lawyer he could have been if he'd had his rights. When his sister got Chew, he carried on like a fool, said Chew was cutting him out of the limelight."

"Maybe that's why Chew went so easy on Mary Melissa."

"You don't know Chew," Trumper said. "He starts out this gentle, it means he's got something to clobber you with good. This is the first rape case he's ever taken, and he's got to win it."

Ryan remembered that the next morning. They got through the medical witnesses with no questions from Enoch Chew, only a profound and compassionate sympathy. He listened in the same manner to Lieutenant Hulan's account of going to the Seatons' and finding the girl in the sodden stained dress that was put into evidence. Women in the benches were crying when he told about her mother kneeling beside her. "Baby, it's all over; he can't hurt you again, not any more." When the state wanted to break Hulan off then and have him come later to describe Tibble's arrest, Chew objected at once.

"Let this witness be exhausted and return to his duties. I'm sure so capable an officer is needed, your honor, in our crime-ridden city."

The reason was clear in cross-examination. He asked only one question about the night at the Seatons'.

"You say she was in shock and it was you who had to say, 'Good Lord, you were attacked.' But she had said there was a prowler outside. Unless she had reason for concealing it from her parents, couldn't she as easily have said, 'There's a rapist, I was attacked, and I saw him clearly'?"

in the next POST...

EUROPE: From Rags to Riches

a report on the new wealth abroad by Post editor ERNEST HAUSER

Without waiting for Dobson's objection, his whole manner changed. "But strike that, please. . . . Lieutenant, let's go on now to this battle you've told us about to prevent Tibble's destroying the list of the Ritter Meade customers. Or holocaust, I may say. You're what, lieutenant—six feet five? Six? And the defendant Alvin Tibble is five feet eight and one half inches and weighs one hundred and fifty-two pounds. Do you mind stepping down here, lieutenant, and standing beside him?"

From there on it was a farce, a sweaty Goliath and a hollow-cheeked David, all tears forgotten, the sympathy all Tibble's, the list ridiculous, the memorandum of a monster brushed off with contempt. "Even the date that is written beside this young woman's name," Chew said scornfully. "June twentieth, lieutenant. You've read the indictment. The date given in it is June twenty-first. Is this monster so inaccurate, or is the state unable to read?"

"Objection, your honor."

It seemed to Nat Ryan that it was then, in the argument whether Friday morning at 1:40 o'clock was Thursday night, that it stopped being a trial and became a beachhead, fought inch by inch. It took them six days for the technical and police evidence that would ordinarily have taken three. At the end of the sixth day, with Nat Ryan to come on the first thing in the morning, they had only his handprints on the side of the car admitted to be Tibble's and the cast of the footprint the Crime Lab had taken in the dirt pile by the Seatons' drive. *Thank Heaven we've got them*, Dave Trumper thought grimly as he stood while Judge Hartigan went out. Then his eyes, on Mrs. Meade as she went to kiss her brother before the guard led him out, sharpened suddenly and he stood back to one side out of the crowd of spectators, still watching them. When Mrs. Meade hurried out into the hall, he followed her, his eyes on her until she went into the ladies' room. Across the hall he saw Sam Riggin, Chew's assistant, leaning against the wall, waiting for her. Trumper swung around abruptly, went back into the courtroom and found Dobson.

"I think Tibble's playing that ace I told you about. When his sister was kissing him he slipped her a note. She went out, really walking on air. Chew was watching them like he thought something was up, and he had Sam Riggin out waiting for her in the hall. I saw Chew going out with Tibble."

Dobson frowned, glancing at Chew's briefcase and papers still on his table. "I'll bet you Tibble's pulling a fast one."

Dobson shook his head. "We've got Ryan's handprints on the car. Not even Chew can get around them. Ryan's up tomorrow. It's too late for a switch—even for Chew."

Not for Chew. Too late for Tibble. Trumper thought that sardonically the next morning when he saw Mrs. Meade come in. Her dark glasses did not cover her haggard cheeks or the tear furrows with powder caked on them. Trumper felt a twinge of pity in spite of his relief. *The poor dame; she looks as if she's just about had it.*

"What's with Sam Riggin?"

Trumper glanced around at John Isham. He'd already noticed that Chew's assistant had on city clothes in place of his usual rumpled seersuckers and a traveling bag by his chair with his hat and folded raincoat on top of it. When Chew came in, he had an arrogant tilt to his head that disappeared in an instant as he came to his table. He opened his briefcase, then turned and went to Mrs. Meade, sitting beside her and talking. She seemed to be protesting, but when he went back to the table, she got up and went out of the room.

Doesn't want the jury to see she's caved in. Trumper turned then at the sudden flurry of excitement in the benches, necks craning around to see Ryan and Chalmers coming in, and a second flurry indicated that Mary Melissa and her father had come in. She had on dark glasses and a gray cotton dress with three-quarter sleeves, her white cotton gloves pulled up to meet them, a turned-over white collar close to her throat.

Trumper watched her go, taut as a high wire, to the state's table to slip into the chair Dobson held for her, shrinking from the eyes furtive and bold that crawled over her like hungry ants over spilled sugar. Then abruptly people scrambled to their feet, taking their seats again as Judge Hartigan repeated his injunction that no expression of approval or disapproval was permitted, and Alec Dobson's dry voice said, "Nathaniel J. Ryan." He moved forward when Nat had taken the oath. "Mr. Ryan, you are a close friend of Mary Melissa Seaton and Archibald Chalmers, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You came to Baltimore Tuesday afternoon, June the eighteenth. Why?"

"I was to be Mr. Chalmers's best man at their wedding on Saturday, June twenty-second."

"On Wednesday the nineteenth, what did you do?"

"I went to the Seatons' with Mr. Chalmers and was there while Miss Seaton was having photographs taken."

"Taken by Ritter Meade, the photographer and the brother-in-law of the accused, Alvin Tibble. Was he alone?"

"Your honor." Chew rose deliberately. "It's no secret that Alvin Tibble was there. Why all this cautious, or is it crafty, approach to a ——"

"Your honor, distinguished counsel for the defense has expressed pained and incredulous surprise that the prosecuting witness, Mary Melissa Seaton, did not at once recognize the accused ——"

"You may go on, Mr. Dobson."

"Will you describe the defendant, Mr. Ryan, as you saw him Wednesday, June the nineteenth?"

"He had on Bermuda shorts, bright yellow, with yellow stockings and a white Cuban shirt with a spotted bow tie and a fireman's red cap with an extra-long visor, and a beard, a beatnik deal, auburn, like his hair now."

"So that this disguise ——"

"Objection!"

"Your honor, the state holds that the accused Alvin Tibble did deliberately, with intensive forethought, make use of disguise so that this girl would not easily recognize him. Sergeant Trumper has testified to seeing him the very next evening, Thursday, just before eight o'clock when he reported his car stolen, without any beard, with black hair with a wide light-colored part, and to seeing him again the next afternoon, Friday, when his hair was cut close. He *was* disguised."

"Overruled, Mr. Chew."

"What else was different about him, Mr. Ryan?"

"His height. He ——"

"Objection. There is no evidence at all that Alvin Tibble ever owned a pair of the elevator shoes that the police have pretended their crystal ball can detect in the footprint they found—which, if it is Tibble's, was made on Wednesday the nineteenth, when he was there helping Ritter Meade. This is simply a reckless attempt to make Alvin Tibble conform to the description this girl gave of her attacker, a limping man of approximately five feet eleven inches."

Judge Hartigan frowned, hesitating. "Sustained, Mr. Chew."

"Mr. Ryan." Dobson paused. "Let's straighten this matter out, if we may. How tall are you?"

"Five feet eleven, sir."

"At the end of May you had a motor accident in which you broke a bone in your right foot. When you came here were you limping?"

"I was, sir."

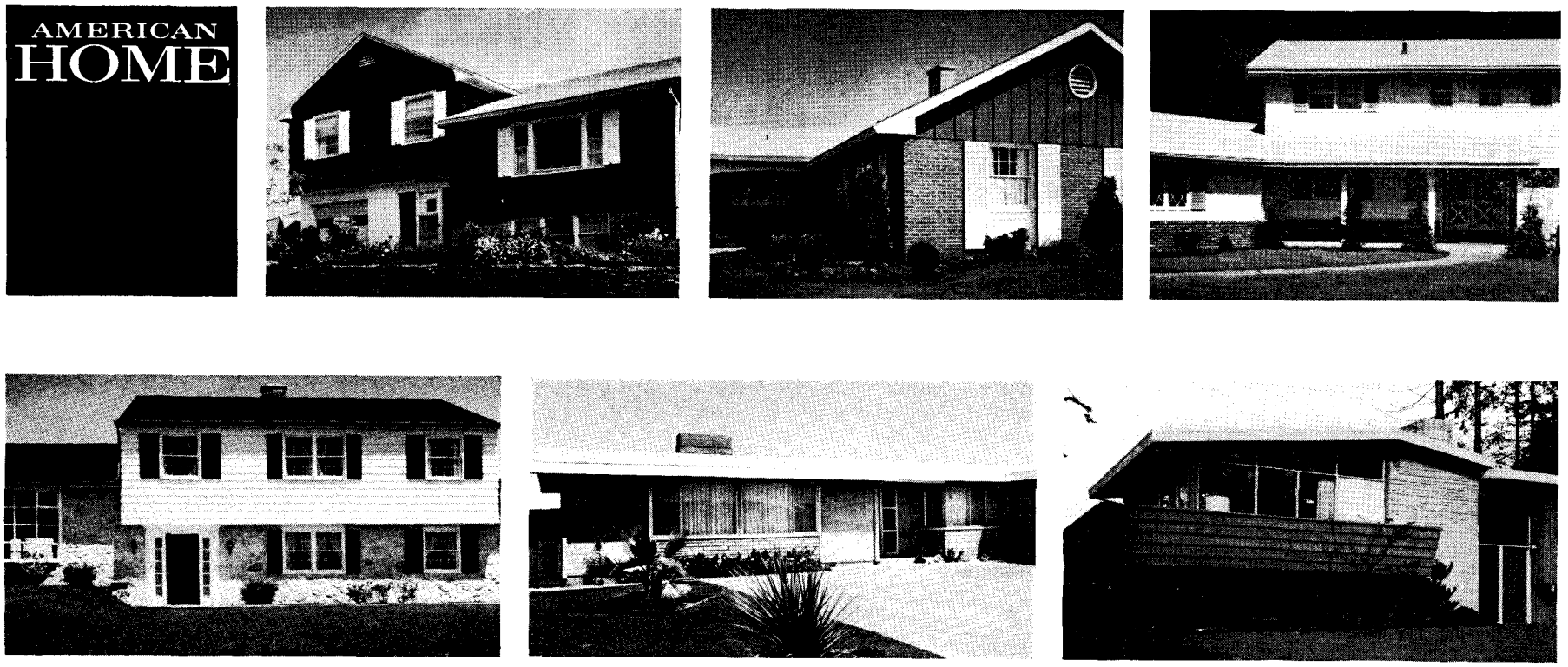
"In case the suggestion is made, or it is implied, that you are the limping man that Miss Seaton was describing—and forgive me for asking this—did you attack Miss Seaton?"

"No, I did not."

"Thank you, Mr. Ryan. The question is shameful—and if any such suggestion should be made in the future, it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Home shows more new homes than any other big magazine



American Home is all about homes, all kinds of homes. Take the February "Best Home For The Money" issue for instance. It tells what award-winning builders are offering in every section of the country . . . shows outstanding values in many price ranges. If you want to know what to look for in location, design, room arrangement, materials and workmanship, February American Home is for you. What's more, you'll find it filled with a variety of other practical suggestions and exciting ideas on remodeling, decorating, gardening and meal planning. If you aren't already counted among American Home's 12,750,000 regular readers, pick up a copy soon at the nearest newsstand, drug store or supermarket.

ANNUAL "BEST HOME FOR THE MONEY" ISSUE ON SALE JAN. 23

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREAM deliberately, maliciously false, is it not, Mr. Ryan?"

"It is false, Mr. Dobson. I wouldn't know what its motive would be." His eyes met Enoch Chew's for a moment.

"And now, Mr. Ryan, let us continue. You went with Mr. Chalmers and Miss Seaton to the dance in their honor at the Paddock Club on Thursday night. Being lame, you were not dancing. Were you drinking, Mr. Ryan?"

"Tonic water without gin, sir."

"So your mind was quite clear?"

"Yes, sir, it was."

"But Mr. Chalmers was drinking."

"Yes." Out of the corner of his eye he could see Archie grinning a little.

"Would you say he was drunk?"

Nat Ryan grinned too. "He was drunk as a skunk, sir."

A breeze of surprised laughter swept over the courtroom. Judge Hartigan smiled faintly. Dobson did not. "This is serious, Mr. Ryan."

"I'm sorry, sir."

He caught a glimpse of Mary Melissa, her head bent. She wouldn't understand at first that Archie's grin had taken all the strain off what he—and she later—would have to be saying about finding him in the car. She was still sick with embarrassment at the direct question that Dobson had put to Ryan.

She sat there, hardly hearing Dobson take Nat through the rest of it. It was three o'clock before he got Nat to the point he would gladly have avoided.

"And now, Mr. Ryan. After this lineup, where Miss Seaton was frozen with fear—like a zombi, the Headquarters officers have called her—you and Mr. Chalmers went to Ritter Meade's studio. As he is in Venezuela, you may not say, in his absence, what he told you. But you can say what he did. He gave you a key. To whose house, Mr. Ryan?"

"To the defendant Tibble's."

"Did you go there, and why?"

"We went there. To give him a chance if he could any way show us he was innocent. If not, to kill him." Judge Hartigan after a swift startled look rapped down his gavel to cut off the gasp that came from the benches.

"This girl had been brutally and criminally attacked. Even though you were a student of the law, your mind ——"

"No, sir. There was nothing wrong with my mind. I was fully aware of the nature of the act and its consequences to me. I had no intention of evading arrest or pretending insanity. I'm not doing it now. My negligence was responsible for what happened to Miss Seaton."

"But you realize now ——"

"I realize we looked like a couple of fools. I only regret it didn't succeed."

Dobson turned a shade grayer. Judge Hartigan's gavel silenced everyone except a woman whose cry of "Good!" was clearly audible. An attendant hurried to her, a tiny old woman, and led her out, not stopping her from turning back and shouting, "Good for you, son!"

"Is that man in this room? If so will you point him out, please?"

Ryan pointed to Tibble, gray-green in his chair at the defense table.

"Thank you, Mr. Ryan." He nodded to Chew.

"Let's skip these heroics, Mr. Ryan." Chew turned to the jury. "Or is this an attempted whitewash, a callous condoning of a criminal attempt, painting as chivalry what was in fact another move to dupe Chalmers, as drunk as a skunk, to keep him from learning his best friend had betrayed him?" Nat Ryan tried to relax. *Here it comes. Keep your head.*

"His best friend has just told us, ladies and gentlemen, that he was responsible for what happened to this girl—and we shall see that that is the truth. . . . You are under oath, are you not, Mr. Ryan?"

"Yes, I am."

"Let's get some facts, then. How long, Mr. Ryan, had you wanted this girl?"

"I don't understand you, I'm afraid, Mr. Chew."

"Objection, your honor. The question is not only offensive, it is irrelevant, immaterial ——"

"On the contrary! It is not only material, it is the whole fabric out of which this monstrous farce has been woven. We can see this is a man with a man's passions. Will he dare to tell us his love for this girl is a pure love that transcends all desire? He may not have envied his friend Chalmers his wealth or his brilliance, his social position and good looks. But he did envy him this girl. He understands what I mean when ——"

"Overruled, Mr. Dobson."

Chew paused a long moment. "But I have no intention of being offensive. If this witness will say, under oath, that he never was in love with this girl and is not now in love with her, I will excuse him at once. I will gladly sit down without asking him one more question. On your oath, Mr. Ryan ——"

"The question remains offensive, Mr. Chew."

"The truth often is. But I will put the question in another way. What was the date of the motorcar accident the state has brought up and so easily dismissed? Wasn't it the night you got this telegram?"

He took a yellow form out of his pocket. "Allow me to read it. It says:

DEAREST NAT, ARCHIE'S GOING TO ASK YOU TO BE OUR BEST MAN. PLEASE, IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN, NAT. FOR ME. AND TO WARD OFF THE VIRUS ATTACKS. LOVE, MARY MELISSA

"Wasn't that message received the same night you had the accident, Mr. Ryan?"

"It was the same night, sir."

"When you weren't even planning to come to the wedding? You were trying to fade out of the picture entirely, were you not, Mr. Ryan?"

Nat could feel his face burning. "I was going home, sir."

"Mr. Ryan, believe me—there's no one of us here whose heart could withstand the truth you are trying—and failing—to hide. That accident after you got this wire—was it a death wish, the subconscious desire to ——"

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

"Then I add my mayonnaise . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm not a psychiatrist, Mr. Chew. And that night I *was* drinking."

"And I must suggest, Mr. Ryan, you were drinking the night of the Paddock Club dance. Not tonic water. Vodka, Mr. Ryan. And let me tell you that witnesses will come forward to say your empty vodka bottles were found hidden at the Chalmers home, and another witness will tell us he saw you drinking the evening of Friday, June the twenty-first, after your strange return from the strange trip you made to Washington, D. C."

Chew went to his table and picked up a card. "Let's get some more of the facts, Mr. Ryan. This is the official police description of Miss Seaton's assailant sent out by Police Headquarters. Five feet eleven inches in height, lame in the right foot, build slender but muscular—which God knows is not true of the man you have accused. There is also an entry here, 'Bushy black hair,' with a question mark after it. Did the police know then that that was fraudulent, thrown in to deceive them? The witness who saw you drinking that evening had already identified you, Mr. Ryan, *by this description*, and phoned it to Headquarters. But you had in some strange way become an untouchable. He was told to lay off you by officers who had not so much as seen you. This witness was a detective—and I say 'was,' because he has since been hounded out of the force because he was doing his duty in watching you. And he saw you drinking, Mr. Ryan."

Judge Hartigan's glances at Dobson had become sharper until Dobson got to his feet. "The state hasn't objected, your honor. We are happy for the jury to see the lengths the defense must go to, to attack an honorable young man whose scorn is so clearly written on his face."

"And will this honorable young man look scornful when ex-Detective Klingan says he took a bottle out of his pocket when he got into his car after he came out of the Seatons' house? You hadn't known, Mr. Ryan, when you went in, whether the girl had told her parents and Chalmers the truth, had you? And you needed a slug—or will you say the colorless liquid in that bottle was water?"

"It was vodka, Mr. Chew."

"And do you deny that you drank it?"

"I won't deny it."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!"

Judge Hartigan's gavel came down. "There are no privileged persons in this courtroom, Mr. Chalmers. . . . Proceed, Mr. Chew."

Off to one side of the room Dave Trumper, the slow burn of anger inside him, looked over at Klingan in a back bench on Chew's side, in what was apparently one of Chew's castoff suits, his beery face pious. He felt a sudden chill pricking at his mind, eluding him. Something Klingan had told him.

"It was vodka, Mr. Ryan. Now let us go on to the only evidence the police have brought in that could suggest the defendant Alvin Tibble was not—as he says and as his sister Mrs. Ritter Meade will confirm—at home and in his bed when this girl was attacked. Look at the chart there on the stand. Those are enlarged pictures of your handprints on the side of the defendant's gray sedan, are they not? Now, Mr. Ryan, you remembered, in great detail, Alvin Tibble's non-Ivy League clothes. Do you remember your saying, 'Want some help, Mac?' "

For an instant Nat Ryan did not.

"Wednesday, June nineteenth, Mr. Ryan. You were there, at the Seaton place. Alvin Tibble was there, helping his brother-in-law, Ritter Meade. You left Mr. Seaton and Mr. Chalmers together on the terrace and limped over to the gray sedan at the side door where Alvin Tibble was getting the photographic equipment out of the back seat. You said to him, 'Want some help, Mac?' I see you do remember it. Now, do you recall putting both hands on the side of the car, saying, 'Pass it out to me'?"

"I don't recall leaning on the car."

"The cobblestones were uneven, and you had a lame foot. Tibble was at the Seatons'. His car—the car shown in those pictures—was there. Can you swear you did not touch it?"

"No. I can't swear it. But ——"

"There are no buts, Mr. Ryan. That car in those pictures, Alvin Tibble's car, was at the Seatons' on Wednesday, June nineteenth, Mr. Ryan—and that's when you leaned on it and made those handprints as you said, 'Pass it out to me.'

"And now, Mr. Ryan, let's go back to the Paddock Club. You say you and Miss Seaton found Chalmers in his own car, passed out, stone cold. You say Chalmers was in the car when you drove pell-mell out of the club. In this room, now, Mr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ryan, sitting in those benches back of the defense table, are seven witnesses—and I could bring twenty—who will say, each one of them, that Mr. Chalmers was not in that car. Are they all lying?"

"They are mistaken. He was in his car," Nat answered.

"Three of these witnesses will say that they saw you and this girl beside Chalmers's car, that you picked her up and threw her bodily into it. They shouted for you to leave her alone and were running to help her when you raced away. They say you and Miss Seaton were alone, Mr. Ryan. Will they be lying?"

"They are mistaken."

"That colored gentleman in the second row, an old and highly respected employee of the club—will he be lying when he says he was on the service porch looking *down* into the car, and you and Miss Seaton were the only people in it?"

"He is mistaken, Mr. Chew."

"And these members of the dance band who were on the front porch of the Paddock Club looking *down* into the car, are they lying too?"

"They're also mistaken."

"Mr. Ryan, the mother of your friend Chalmers will come here and tell us she saw you from her bedroom window when you tore into her driveway, alone in the car. Her son was not with you."

"She is mistaken, sir."

"Everybody's mistaken. Totally blind. You say you left Mr. Chalmers at home. But Sergeant Garvey will tell us he found him on the club golf course hunting for you—stone drunk or stone blind. Everybody's blind but you and this girl, who was attacked and told her parents there was a prowler outside in the grounds."

He glanced up at the clock.

"Let's get on, Mr. Ryan. You say you picked this girl up and lifted her into the car at the club. Ten minutes later you left her on the sidewalk in front of her house. The street was pitch-dark, a storm was coming on, her front yard was dug up, no floodlights or porch lights—her in that dress, wearing party slippers. You were in a hurry to get over to Washington."

"That's not true."

"*You* say it's not. Then why did you leave this girl on the street in those circumstances? I suggest to you, Mr. Ryan, that even if she'd meant nothing to you, it would have been an impossible thing for you to do. And you say you weren't in a hurry to get to Washington?"

"I won't argue, Mr. Chew, if you want it that way."

Her kiss on his ear was back, his blood pounding, the wild fire in the veins. . . .

"Why do you change color, Mr. Ryan? What is the terrible memory you would hide? What was it that made you drive, alone, into the Chalmers place, as that distinguished lady will tell us, driving like a fool, barging into the house, changing your clothes, barging out again?"

"I wasn't alone and I wasn't aware I barged, Mr. Chew."

"You weren't conscious of skidding and plowing up the Chalmers's lawn as you tore out into the street, so that their gardener, as he'll tell us, had to resod that lawn?"

Nat Ryan shook his head.

"What guilt of conscience was it willing another accident, Mr. Ryan? Was it your memory of that other accident that made you slow down, then, slow down so greatly, Mr. Ryan, that it took you almost three hours to drive the less than forty miles to Washington?"

"I wasn't familiar with the road and got lost, Mr. Chew."

"Lost, on so plainly marked a highway?" Chew looked at him silently for a moment. "Yes, you were lost, Mr. Ryan. You were indeed lost. I suggest to you, in the most solemn way, Mr. Ryan, that it was not 1:40 o'clock when you left this girl. It was 2:40 when she got into the house. It was 4:22 when you checked in at the Gresham Hotel in Washington. But I suggest it did not take you three hours to drive over there. I suggest that you made it there, and by way of the Chalmers house, between 2:40 and 4:22 o'clock. Alone with this girl whom you wanted so terribly, Mr. Ryan ——"

"That's a lie, Mr. Chew. It's totally false, and it's ——"

"You can't murder me, my friend, much as you'd like to. I'll ask you, Mr. Ryan, to look at this if you please."

Nat took the printed form he was holding out. "It's my hotel bill for the night at the Gresham."

"And is this yours, Mr. Ryan?"

Sam Riggin put the traveling bag on the table, took the padlock off the zipper, and Chew pulled it open. He took out a white dinner coat and held it up toward him. "Your name appears under the label 'University Tailors.' Did you take this to Washington?"

"Yes. I had to wear it at the bachelor dinner that night." He had no thought of any meaning it might have. They hadn't gone anywhere during the summer where dinner clothes were worn; he hadn't missed it.

"And you *gave* it to the valet's boy?"

"Yes. I'd sent it to be pressed, but I was on my way out when the boy brought it back. I couldn't wait ——"

"Also, these you wore with it?" Chew held up the black trousers.

Nat Ryan nodded, stiffening then as a first faint flicker of meaning began to dawn on him.

"You had just seen the paper. You knew the police were hunting for you. It was not pressing, Mr. Ryan, that you sent this suit out for. The third item on your bill is for *cleaning* and pressing, and the reason you presented a hundred-and-fifty-dollar tailor-made suit to the boy who brought it back from the cleaners was that you didn't know how effective one cleaning ——"

The scrape of the chair legs on the floor and the crash of the chair falling backward were like thunder crashing in the room. Chew swung around, staring at the girl who had sat there trembling and was now on her feet, blazing.

"That's just *foul*, Mr. Chew! It's *perfectly foul!* It's not true and you know it's not! You ought to be *ashamed*, Mr. Chew!" There was no need of Judge Hartigan's gavel in the dead silence that was broken by the sound of Mary Melissa's feet as she ran for the door.

She had got to the rail when Judge Hartigan's voice came. "Young woman! Come back here! Return to your place!"

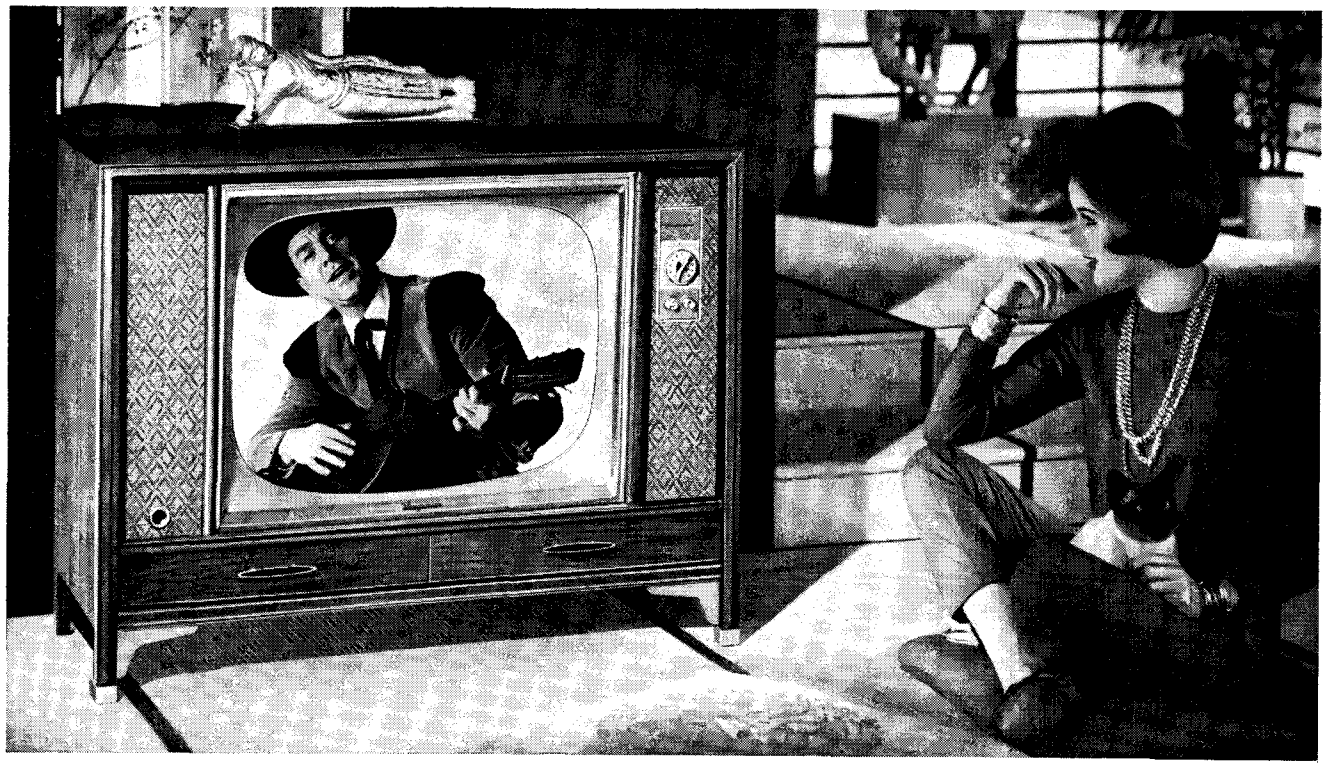
"I can't—I'm going to be sick!"

She ran on out, Talbot Seaton hurrying after her. Hartigan's gavel came down then until the room quieted.

"Take your seat, Mr. Ryan," he said quietly as the gong sounded outside. He turned to the jury. "You will all go to your homes. Do not discuss what you have heard here among yourselves or with your families or friends. Court is recessed until ten in the morning."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Magnavox fully Automatic TV brings you the biggest, clearest pictures!



Spectacular 400 sq. in. TV—the new high-efficiency tube permits beautiful, slimmer furniture no larger than conventional 23" sets. The Contemporary in mahogany, $349.50. Other 27" models from **$299.50.**

Automatic TV in 19" portables too—console-type chassis for big-set performance. Front-mounted speaker for best sound. The Plaza, only $189.50. Other portable models from **$168.**

Dramatic new realism—Only a magnificent Magnavox brings you such thrilling TV entertainment . . . more vivid, more alive than you've ever experienced! Here are a few of the advantages that distinguish Magnavox as the world's finest:

Video-matic, the only fully automatic TV—for the best pictures day and night! Just select your program; no picture adjustments needed. Total remote control optional—changes channels, controls volume, turns off set completely—all from your easy chair.

Biggest, clearest picture in TV—400 sq. in.—half again as big as 23" screens, more than twice as large as 19" sets. A sepia optical filter eliminates reflections and glare which cause eyestrain. And, finer Magnavox sound puts the "breath of life" into every scene.

Most dependable—so trouble-free that only Magnavox guarantees service, as well as all parts and tubes for a full year.

Magnavox is the finest and your best buy on any basis of comparison—sold direct only through selected fine dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages). Select from over 50 beautiful TV styles to suit every taste and budget.

the magnificent **Magnavox**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINLAND'S FADING

A valiant little nation, stubbornly clinging to independence, may face a

Finnish troopers patrolling the three-kilometer-wide no-man's-land on the Finnish-Russian border. "The Finns side with the West. Their ancient coat of arms shows a lion rampant, holding aloft the straight sword of the Occident and trampling the curved sword of Moscow."

Photographs by Terence le Goubin

HELSINKI.

The surest way to rouse a Finn to anger is to speak of "poor little Finland." The 4,500,000 citizens of this lake-studded, forest-shaded northland—whose area is greater by one third than that of Britain—do not feel sorry for themselves. Squeezed in between the Russians and the cold gray sea, and well beyond the range of Western help, the Finns count only on themselves for their survival as an independent nation.

But if the fact that they are still afloat proves that they are skilled mariners, they are aware that the next eastern gale may sink them. An open 793-mile border separates Finland from the Soviet Union. A well-entrenched Communist Party, commanding roughly one quarter of the Finnish vote, threatens the country from within. As one of Finland's principal trade partners, Russia comes close to dominating the nation's economic life. And militarily speaking, Finland—even without the presence on her soil of Russian troops—lies in the long and menacing shadow of the Soviet Union's guns.

Moscow has used this situation now to smooth, now to smite the Finns, in line with the demands of power politics. The latest blow, from which the Finns are just recovering, was a particularly flagrant case of Soviet interference in the internal affairs of a free nation. The Finnish crisis reveals a great deal about both the Kremlin's aims and its methods. What follows is a blow-by-blow account of the successfully concluded Soviet operation, as seen from the Helsinki cockpit.

"What nettles them is that they did not manage to make a satellite of us shortly after World War II," one Finnish leader told me. "We were to be another Czechoslovakia, or Hungary. The Russians missed the boat, and they have never quite forgiven us."

When Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev on October 30, 1961, suddenly jumped the Finns with a demand for military talks in view of what he chose to call a threat of "armed attack" in this part of the world, the Finns were stunned. What threat? They could discern no preparations for aggressive action against Finland or the Soviet Union through Finnish territory, as Khrushchev intimated. What was on his mind? Remembering that just three years before, Russia had caused the fall of Finland's anti-Communist government by the simple method of suspending trade talks vital to this country, the Finns were wondering what was in store for them this time. They have since found out.

The central figure in this pantomime, President of the Republic Urho K. Kekkonen, happened to be in the United States when Moscow's note hit Helsinki. His visit had been a success. Not only had he received many confirmations of the old friendship linking the two nations, but he had also held good talks with President John F. Kennedy. During these conversations President Kennedy had "taken account of Finland's treaty commitments" toward Russia and expressed "American understanding for the reasons why Finland follows a policy of neutrality."

Kekkonen was sunning himself on a Hawaiian beach prior to starting the long journey home. The sixty-one-year-old statesman was gathering strength for the political campaign that lay ahead. Having nearly completed his six-year presidential term, he was a candidate for reelection for another term. Kekkonen's chances of winning a second term seemed good—and still do, as we'll see.

While leaving Finland's president to his Hawaiian reveries, let us acquaint ourselves with this republic and its people. As European nations go, Finland is a young country, having declared its independence from Russia in 1917. Helsinki, the capital, had been spruced up under the czar's indulgent rule to become a small replica of proud Saint Petersburg. Its elegant waterfront still looks out over the dark sea with the self-confidence of a provincial nobleman dressed in his Sunday best. The churning little port is filled with ships of every description. It is hard to resist the charm of Helsinki.

Six centuries of Swedish rule, followed by 108 years of Russian suzerainty, have not damaged the Finns' identity. They are a people unlike any others. Who are they? Old theories which argued that they had come out of Asia have been discarded. The Finnish homeland is now held to have been on the banks of the Volga River, whence the Finns' ancestors pushed west and northward to settle near the Baltic Sea by 1500 B.C. and move into what is now Finland by the beginning of the Christian era.

Even today, their curious language sets the Finns apart from both Slavs and Scandinavians and relates them remotely to the Magyars. Though they have picked up a good deal of Scandinavian blood, they have remained a relatively homogeneous people, distinguished by clear eyes, blond hair, fair skin and the world's widest pair of shoulders.

Their land—*Suomi* in their language—does not abound with treasure. One third of it lies north of the Arctic Circle. The soil is poor, but more than two thirds of the country's land surface is covered with pine, spruce and birch. Timber is Finland's gold. Much of the nation's industry—which includes pulp and papermaking—is based on this raw material. The loneliness of the woods, the hardness of the soil and the long winter might have shaped the Finn. He is self-reliant and content with little. The warmth and comfort of his home mean much to him. He likes to laugh and as a storyteller rivals the Irishman. His major passion is the *sauna*, the dry hothouse bath. He enjoys nothing more than sitting there, sweating from every pore, talking with friends or business associates. Do not look skeptical if he informs you that the *sauna* is a cure for every kind of illness, especially when followed by a dip in ice-cold water or a good roll in crisp white snow.

Straddling an age-old watershed between East and West, the Finns have opted for the West. Their ancient coat of arms, displayed on every Finnish coin, shows a lion rampant, holding aloft the straight sword of the Occident and trampling underfoot the curved Oriental sword of Novgorod and Moscow. Having embraced the Reformation early, the Finns had forged a lasting spiritual link between themselves and the great Protestant civilizations of the West. Between them and the Slav there was no common ground.

Warm friendship has long linked Finns and Americans. Who does not remember the punctilio with which Finland repaid her debt to the United States when almost everyone else was in default? This $8,500,000 loan, extended after World War I for purchases of food and medicine, is still being paid off at the annual rate of $400,000 and will be liquidated by 1984. In every Finnish town today people show an eager interest in all the aspects of American life. English is gradually taking equal place with German as the Finns' second language.

The quality for which their neighbors most respect the Finns is *sisu*, a term meaning an inner fortitude that thrives on adversity; *sisu* makes the Finn give battle in circumstances which seem hopeless. *Sisu* enabled Finland to resist Russia's attack during the Winter War of 1939, when poorly armed Finnish units contained a vastly superior enemy for three and a half months, killing some 80,000 Russian soldiers and losing 24,000 of their own. It was *sisu* that made the Finns come back for more and fight the Russians during World War II as cobelligerents—not allies—of the Germans, losing this time 85,000 men. And it was *sisu* that prompted the defeated Finns to create whole industries, in order to work off the staggering Soviet war indemnity of $300,000,000 worth of Finnish goods.

To understand Finland's current troubles with the Russians one must look back on the confused events that followed World War II. Finland was beaten. The Paris peace treaty of 1947, incorporating the essential terms of the Soviet-Finnish armistice of 1944, kept down the strength of Finland's armed forces to some 40,000 men. The Russians occupied the military base of Porkkala, near Helsinki. One tenth of Finland's soil was lost to Russia. The Western powers washed their hands of Finland. Nobody would have been surprised if the nation had wound up behind the iron curtain.

The Soviet plan was ready. Like other Eastern European nations, Finland was to be Sovietized by her own Communists—with the aid, if required, of Red Army units. By 1948, Finland seemed ripe for plucking. Her trade unions and her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREEDOM

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

⟨ed take-over. A *Post* editor reports.

police were deeply infiltrated by the Finnish Communists. Finland's premier and minister of the interior were Communists. On February 23, 1948, Stalin invited Finland to send a delegation to the Kremlin for a little talk.

Just what occurred to thwart the Soviet plot we'll never know. But most observers here believe that Yrjo Leino, Finland's Communist minister of the interior—the kingpin in the Kremlin's scheme—switched sides at the eleventh hour and tipped off the Finnish army on an imminent Red *coup d'état*. While loyal officers secured all available arms in a Helsinki air-raid shelter, a handful of unwavering public servants began to purge police, trade unions, and administration of all would-be traitors. All Stalin got out of the Finns was a ten-year "agreement of friendship, cooperation and mutual assistance" which left the Finnish sovereignty and freedom intact.

The Russians were outraged: Here was a lamb that did not wish to be served up for dinner! The man Moscow suspected of having masterminded the whole anti-Soviet operation was Vaino Tanner, a former foreign minister and a dyed-in-the-wool anti-Communist. Tanner happened to be in jail; a Communist-dominated war-crimes court had sent him there along with other patriots for having brought the country into war against Russia. His popularity with the broad masses of the Finnish people was enormous, and Moscow to this day accuses him of having run the "counterrevolution" from his prison cell. Be that as it may, Tanner, released in July, 1948, promptly reentered politics. In 1957 he was reelected chairman of the strongly anti-Communist Social Democratic Party, a position he had held before. Now eighty years old, this rather magnificent old trooper is still the Finn whom the Russian leaders hate most.

For years all seemed to be sweetness and light under the Midnight Sun. Free, democratic, trading with East and West, Finland became a showcase of coexistence—Russia's Exhibit A that proved to all the world that small nations could live in peace with the Soviet Union. In turn, Helsinki has been mindful of Soviet sensibilities. In 1960, for example, when the Finns wanted to associate themselves with the budding European customs union known as the Outer Seven, they meekly took their case to Moscow. Permission was granted, with the proviso that the Soviet Union would enjoy the same tariff benefits. No one can say the Finns have been bad boys.

The precept that "Finland must never go against the Soviet Union," first formulated by the late President J. K. Paasikivi, has since become the golden rule of Finnish foreign policy. "Our object is to survive as a nation," one Finnish leader said to me. "We know that we can only do so by being friends with Russia."

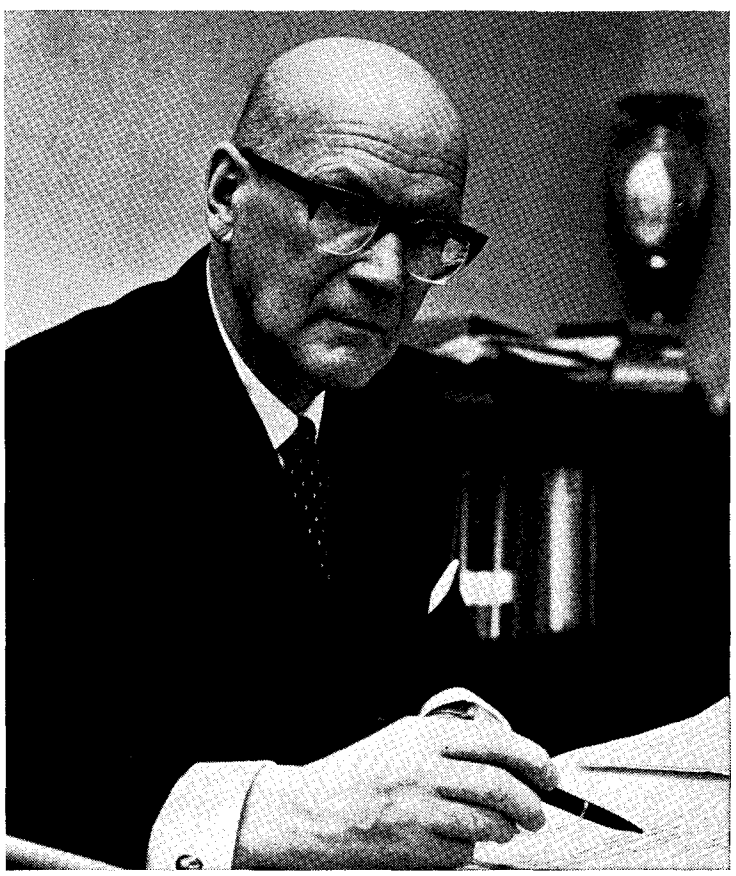
Helsinki shoppers find a wide choice—in contrast to Moscow's drabness under Red austerity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

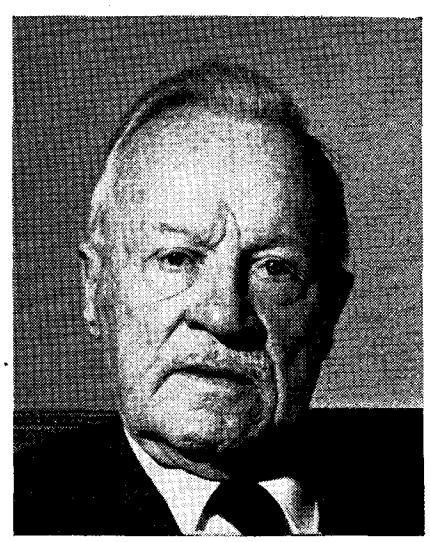
"BY 1948 FINLAND WAS RIPE FOR PLUCKING."

"Most of Finland's Communist voters proved themselves good Finns in the Winter War of 1939 and again in World War II when thousands of them died heroes' deaths fighting the Russians. But good intentions cannot change the fact that 45,000 militants constitute the core of a fifth column which Moscow can manipulate at will."

Red bigwig Hertta Kuusinen



Middle-of-the-road President Urho Kekkonen



Anti-Red veteran Vaino Tanner

A woodcutter gets a visit from a Communist official. Object. Persuasion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, the principle of "being nice" to Russia has on occasion been rather surprisingly extended by President Urho Kekkonen. A member of the middle-of-the-road Agrarian, or Farmers', Party, the President is certainly a patriot. In fact there was a time, back in his student days, when he was advocating the reconquest of the Finnish-speaking regions inside Russia. However, the "national realism," of which he is today the chief promoter, occasionally goes too far even for his most realistic countrymen.

For example, he went out of his way to state not long ago that "the reason Finland voted for the United Nations resolution to stop the megaton test was certainly not that the test was being made by the Soviet Union." Reacting to the Soviet note of last October thirtieth, he disconcerted many Finns by saying, "I am well aware of the deep anxiety felt in the Soviet Union at the rapid rearmament of Western Germany, and . . . I personally feel anxiety from the Finnish point of view on the same score."

No wonder that Kekkonen became the man the Russians trusted. Although his Farmers' Party, championing private property, was a far cry from what the Kremlin stood for, the Russians were delighted to see it form—under Kekkonen's guidance—a one-party government. As this was a minority government, commanding a mere 47 seats in Finland's 200-member parliament, it needed some political support. And—here we reach the height of Soviet cynicism—the Kremlin could provide that too. The Finnish Communists, the Farmers' bitter rivals, were ordered by their Soviet masters to throw their weight behind the government whenever the latter was in danger of collapse.

At this point we may pause for a brief look at Finland's Communists. Born out of Finland's civil war, which at the end of World War I split the emerging nation into Whites and Reds, the Communist party profits by the average Finn's propensity for voting his father's ticket. Much of its following comes from the bleak north country, where poverty combines with radical tradition to lure farmers and lumbermen into the party's net.

To make things easier for them, the party hides behind a front known as the People's Democratic League. Amply provided with funds from across the border, the League spends about $800,000 a month on propaganda and organization. Its political machine is the best in the country. A special school some 110 miles north of Helsinki turns out trained organizers by the hundreds. In every village the League's agent is the man to see when you are in trouble. He'll call on you when you are sick, hand chocolate bars to your children, even induce the neighbors to help you plow or harvest. He will be glad to tell you how your vote can change things for the better.

In 1958 the Union polled 23 per cent of the Finnish vote. That most of Finland's Communist voters are good Finns was proved in the Winter War of 1939 and again in World War II when thousands of them died heroes' deaths fighting the Russians. But good intentions on the grass-roots level cannot change the fact that the 45,000 militants who form the movement's core constitute a fifth column which Moscow can manipulate at will.

As long as Finland's Communists are in no position to take over, Moscow must rely on the malleable Kekkonen to keep the Finns in line. But while his re-election as president seemed likely from the start, an upset at the polls was always possible in a democracy. As a matter of fact, his tendency to overstep the bounds of presidential power had rubbed many Finnish politicians the wrong way. Last year five opposition parties, prodded by the peppy Social Democrats, temporarily stopped squabbling with one another and picked a common candidate, Olavi Honka, to oppose Kekkonen in the 1962 elections.

Viewed from the Kremlin, Honka's candidacy looked ominous. True, this retired civil servant lacked political appeal. But Vaino Tanner, the man whom Russia still suspected of plotting day and night to take his country out of Moscow's orbit, was backing Honka. The reasonable assumption that Honka, once he was elected, would be putty in Tanner's hands alarmed the Kremlin. Honka, therefore, had to be eliminated.

The way Nikita Khrushchev went about solving this little problem was a truly professional demonstration of big-stick diplomacy. By asking, without rhyme or reason, for military consultations under the terms of the Finn-Soviet treaty, the Soviet premier could be sure to throw the Finns off balance. For nothing horrifies them more than the idea of "talks" with the Red Army, which to their minds can only lead to a request for missile bases or, indeed, downright occupation. The note had the desired effect. "My wife knew that something was wrong that day," a Helsinki theatrical producer told me, "when she did not get her accustomed morning kiss."

Upon the Finns' anxious inquiry how military talks could be avoided, the oracle in Moscow told them that maybe, this time, they might get off with an "immediate assurance that Finland's present friendly foreign policy would continue." But how did Moscow wish to be "assured"? By whom? President Kekkonen, by then returned from the United States, decided to cut the Gordian knot. With a dramatic gesture he dissolved Finland's parliament and ordered new elections for Parliament to take place next week, on February fourth and fifth. Nobody could better assure the Russians that Finland would continue to be friendly than the sovereign Finnish voter, Kekkonen explained. Alas, no sooner had the dissolution been announced than Khrushchev told the Finns it wasn't enough.

What now? Most Finns were too preoccupied to note the studied insult in Khrushchev's next response: that, if the Finnish chief of state wanted to see him, he would have to come all the way to Novosibirsk, the city in far-off Siberia where the Soviet premier was stopping on a tour of virgin lands. It was with "somber thoughts," to use his own expression, that Kekkonen, on last November twenty-second, began the dreary journey to the east. Since the dispatch of its first note, the Kremlin had advised the Finns, the "threat of war" had become even more acute. Had not West Germany's minister of defense visited Norway? And were not Denmark and West Germany planning a joint command in the Baltic region? Those of us waiting in Helsinki for Kekkonen's return wondered what black tidings the weary traveler would bring home.

At this tense moment Finland had a new surprise. Candidate Honka announced that, "for the good of the nation," he was withdrawing from the presidential race. There was just enough time to flash the word to the snow-covered cottage in Siberia where Kekkonen was still pleading with Khrushchev. Suddenly there was no longer a "war threat" in the Baltic. All smiles, Khrushchev agreed to indefinite postponement of military talks and sent his visitor home with a pat on the back. Helsinki gave the returning Kekkonen a hero's welcome. Here was a man who had bearded the Bear in his den and talked him out of eating Finland!

"As long as Russia has confidence in Finland's policy and her political leadership," Kekkonen blandly told his people, "she need not rely, in times of peace, on military consultations."

Although the Social Democrats replaced the hapless Honka with another candidate, and though the Communists and left-wing Socialists went through the motions of running candidates of their own, the vote rolled up by Kekkonen in the popular elections of last January fifteenth indicates he will succeed himself. And Finland's parliamentary elections are being held in the shadow of the Soviet ultimatum: "Assure us of continuing your friendly policy—or else."

It is true that, according to Finland's constitution, the 300 electors named by the Finns last month are not so closely bound to vote for their designated presidential candidates as are the electors of the United States Electoral College. Between the popular elections and the vote in the Electoral College on February fifteenth next, the electors may shift from one man to another. But that's unlikely—it is more likely that the story ends here. Finland's next president, barring a stunning upset, was chosen by Khrushchev in Siberia.

There remains the question: Why did Khrushchev lash out as he did against the Norwegians and the Danes? The present armament of these two members of NATO is certainly no match for the bristling array of island bases, missile sites, airstrips, surface craft and submarines the Russians maintain in and around the Baltic—their "Sea of Peace." However, observers here believe that the Soviet premier was taking the long view in throwing a scare into those Nordic friends of the United States. Ever prepared for both a nuclear and a "brushfire" war, Russia no doubt wanted to make it clear that in this half-forgotten corner she would not tolerate a NATO build-up that might one day become a serious theat to Leningrad.

Something more is involved. For years it has been taken as a rule of thumb in this part of the world that neutral Sweden could afford to hug the sidelines only as long as neutral Finland served as a buffer between her and Russia. The prospect that the headstrong, well-armed and profoundly anti-Soviet Swedes would join the Western bloc as soon as Russia gobbled up their Finnish neighbor no doubt is giving Khrushchev pause. This prospect, alas, is apt to lose its force as the threat of a "brushfire" war in northern Europe recedes into the realm of the improbable. The day may come when Moscow, tired of playing cat and mouse with Finland, decides to liquidate her as an independent nation. And the United States, all her sympathy for Finland notwithstanding, would be incapable of doing anything about it—unless, of course, we had by then extended to "poor little Finland" the cover of the Big Deterrent.

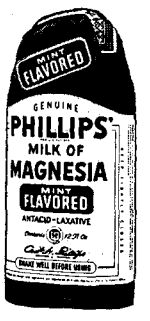
THE END

NOW!
RELIEF FROM ALL 5
ACID CAUSED
STOMACH TROUBLES
in seconds!

Upset Stomach
Heartburn
Gas Pains
Nervous Stomach
Acid Indigestion

Whether tension-caused or due to over-indulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles — *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles is excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

So when the fast pace of living gives you one of these stomach troubles, take Phillips'. You'll feel fine in practically no time!

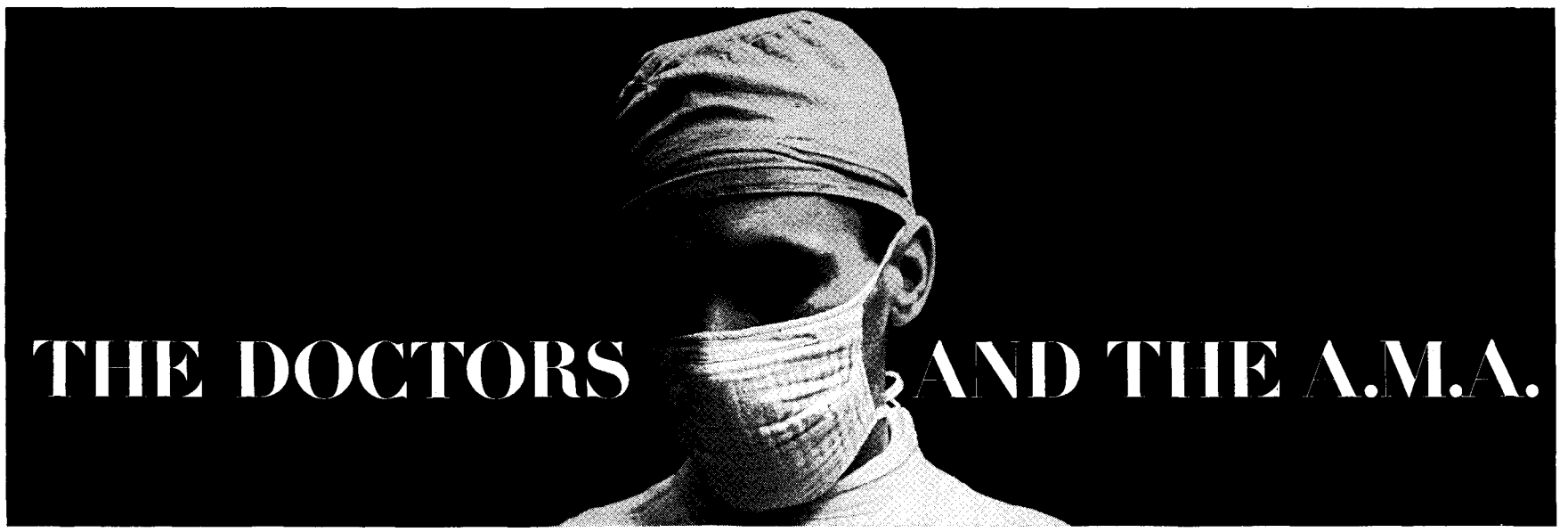


PHILLIPS'
MILK OF
MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL



THE DOCTORS AND THE A.M.A.

A wholly fictitious doctor named Jones was awakened at four A.M. recently by the sound of running water. Investigation showed that a basement pipe had burst; the water was slowly rising on the cellar floor.

"Call the plumber," said Mrs. Jones.

"At four A.M.?" the doctor asked.

"Certainly," his wife replied. "He wouldn't hesitate to call you if he had a medical problem."

So Doctor Jones called his plumber and explained the emergency.

"You were quite right to call me," the plumber said. "I'll tell you what to do. Drop two aspirin tablets into the broken pipe every two hours. If the leak hasn't cleared up by nine o'clock, call me at the office."

The wry humor of that anecdote has enlivened a good many gatherings these past few months. What makes it funny? Like all good jokes, it is reality exaggerated. The kindly family doctor does not give us the around-the-clock service he once did. We resent it—and thinly cloak our resentment in a veil of comedy.

To state the same proposition more bluntly, the American doctor is more widely criticized today than at any other time. There is a rising clamor against the impersonality of medical care, coupled with a mounting indignation over the increased costs of medical services. For the first time in its long and distinguished history, our medical profession is in trouble. It has a public-relations problem, and you can prove it by looking at just two sets of figures: the vast increase in the number of suits against doctors for medical malpractice; the sharp decrease in the number and caliber of applicants for medical education.

It is both strange and frightening that this should be so. In this century no profession has contributed quite so much to our national well-being as the doctor's. Even a handful of names—Salk, Menninger, Mayo, Hench, White, Rusk, Ravdin—suggests the magnitude of our debt to medicine. We have a reverence for the "men in white" that is based on their achievements, their solid and devoted service. Why is that reverence now tinged with cynicism?

Some of us are resentful because our doctors aren't on call 168 hours a week—as they are supposed to have been in the good old days—even though most of us feel overworked after an eight-hour day. Some of us resent our doctors' obvious affluence—even while remembering his costly years of preparation and the peon's wages of his internship.

These two beefs are much talked about on the cocktail circuit, but they seem to us to have little or nothing to do with the deterioration in the doctor-patient relationship. That deterioration has come about for one primary reason: The doctor knows how far scientific medicine has come these last twenty years, but he seems incapable of understanding that the patient has come at least an equal distance.

More than 40 percent of last year's high-school graduates are in college. Almost every daily newspaper now has a medical column, usually well written and authoritative. Almost every mass-circulation magazine devotes a significant fraction of its space to medical topics. (See pages 43-47.) And just try to turn on TV without encountering some new Ben Casey or Doctor Kildare!

The fact is that today's patient, on average, is vastly more sophisticated medically than his counterpart of, say, twenty years ago. He has the brains and the vocabulary to participate in medical decisions. He will not be conned by those practitioners who turn aside reasonable questions with "let me worry about that." He is equipped for at least limited partnership in discussions that involve his own welfare. He can be pardoned, therefore, for resenting the authoritarian doctor—and there are a lot of them—who is appalled that anyone should question his judgment.

The "papa knows best" school of medical practice—so popular in the 1860's—is, in short, wholly out of place today. Not all doctors are guilty of it, of course, but enough strike the I'm-the-doctor-you're-a-layman pose to produce great strain in the relationship. The strain gets even greater when the doctor carries this pompous attitude outside his sphere of competence (medicine) and into the political and social arenas.

Traditionally medicine has spoken to the nation through its chosen instrument, the American Medical Association—although a good many doctors do not belong to or believe in their own organization. Lamentably the A.M.A. has done precious little in our lifetimes to make us patients feel that medicine is on our side. The A.M.A., for example, opposed hospitalization insurance. Despite that opposition, approximately 130,000,000 Americans now are covered by some kind of prepaid medical insurance; they have clearly expressed their lack of confidence in the A.M.A. in this regard. Similarly the A.M.A. opposed all kinds of group practice. We now know that some of medicine's finest work has been done in the voluntary clinics. The doctors as a group have in essence been against almost everything that America is for—and usually because the suspicious eye of the Medical Association espied the bugaboo of socialized medicine lurking beneath every new proposal.

The irony of this is that, so far as we know, there is no serious support anywhere in America for anything resembling socialized medicine. The politicians don't want it; the press doesn't want it; it is not wanted by labor or management, rich or poor, North or South. We can't help wondering if the doctors and their A.M.A. seriously believe that they are fighting the socialized dragon—or whether, perhaps, they use this nonexistent threat to mask a pathological fear of change. It is a strange thing that the profession which has been the most progressive in accepting scientific progress has also been the most reactionary in the face of social reform.

All this has a special significance just now as Congress prepares to consider the President's bill to provide better medical care for the elderly by way of an extension of the Social Security program. Once again the A.M.A. has sounded the too-familiar alarm. If medical care for citizens over sixty-five is financed through the Social Security system, says the A.M.A., we are headed down the broad highway toward socialized medicine. To us this seems the rankest sort of nonsense. Anyhow, the A.M.A.'s forecasts of disaster have seldom been right in the past; why should we have confidence in their warning now?

Nevertheless, the A.M.A. does have one solid point in the current debate which, surprisingly, it has consistently underplayed. That point is the fact that Mr. Kennedy's plan for the elderly will be seriously handicapped—even unworkable—unless it has the enthusiastic cooperation of the doctors. Money and buildings can't practice medicine. Only doctors can do that—and even they can't do it very well unless their hearts are in it.

If the A.M.A. people were to voice their objections to the Kennedy proposal in those terms, we might be with them. We certainly would be with them if they came up with a counterproposal, acceptable to doctors, that would do the job the President envisages.

As always, though, the A.M.A. seems to us to have confused where we want to go with how we're going to get there. Once again—as in the case of hospitalization insurance—they have allowed themselves to appear to be opposed to humane care when what they actually resist is a method of financing that care. We are not entranced with the Administration's plan to finance this bill; we doubt that the Administration itself would argue that theirs is the best of all possible solutions. It could be that the American Hospital Association's proposal to extend Blue Cross to all persons over sixty-five is a better idea. We do feel, however, that the doctors—as responsible citizens of the Republic—have an obligation not merely to say what's wrong but to tell us what's right. No reasonable American can be against providing needed care for the elderly. There has to be a way to get the job done while protecting the doctor from even his imaginary fears.

We call on you members of the A.M.A. for this kind of responsible statesmanship. There are very few Americans who do not have reason to look on your profession with gratitude—even awe. You have literally saved our lives. We want you to be as concerned about us as people as you are about us as patients. We want you on our side, not only in those anguished moments of illness but also when we are facing up to the hard and nervous task of trying to make this a better place for us all.

How about it, doc?

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love's fair oasis . . . painted for the
De Beers Collection by Leona Wood

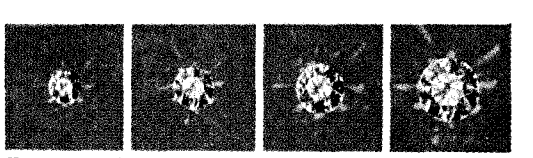
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

One girl, one love AND AN ETERNAL STAR

On this turning, changing planet, there reoccurs a constant, happy miracle. One girl, one man, discover a fair oasis, a precious place in time that love makes theirs alone. Now, he gives to her an eternal star, their engagement diamond. It tells of their promise and their joy. Ever after, it will shine for them undimmed, recalling their engagement reveries, the first bright meaning of their love. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured always, by you and all who follow.

A diamond is forever

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine quality, contribute to beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges below are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1961. Note that prices vary widely according to qualities offered. Add tax.



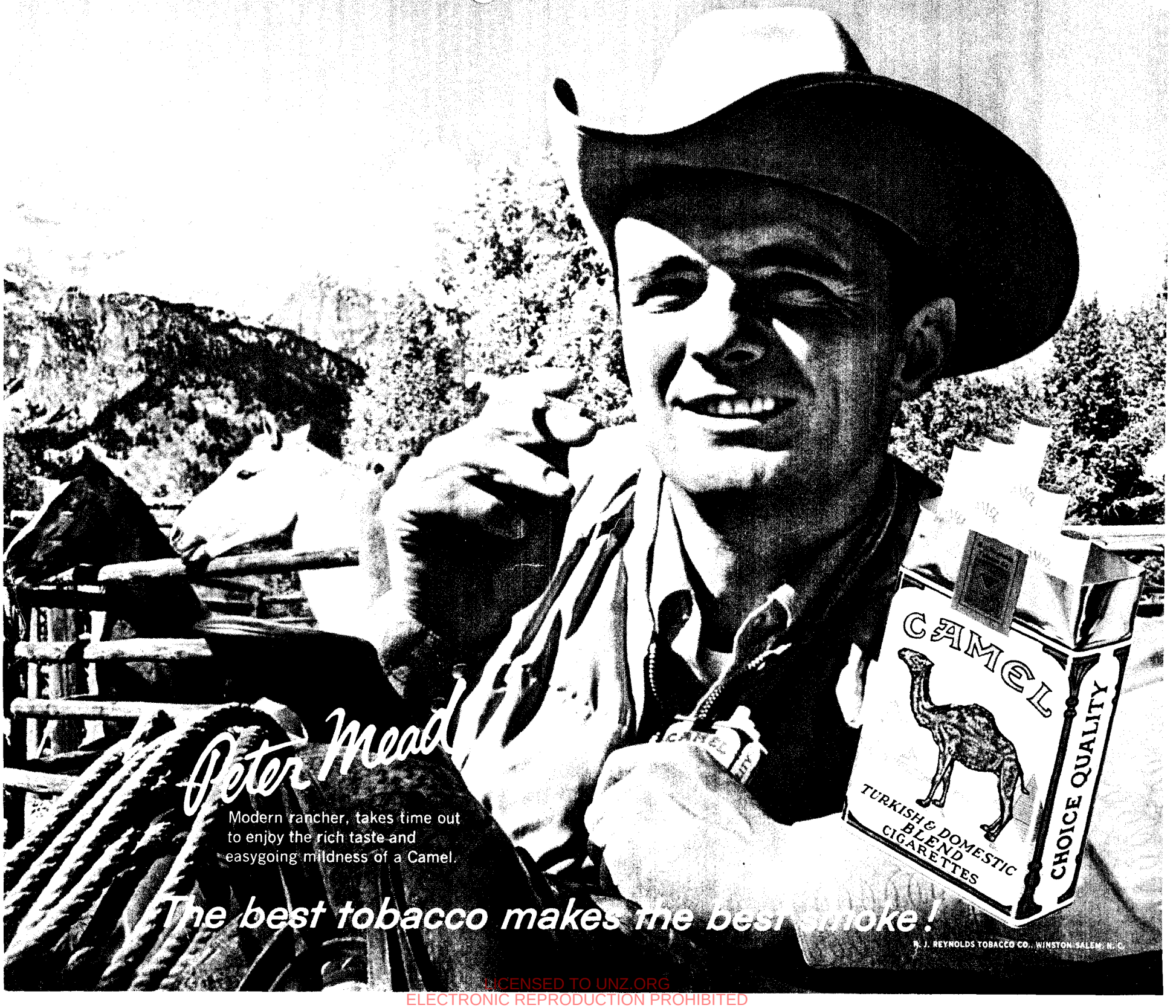
25 points (¼ carat) $70 to $295 | 50 points (½ carat) $170 to $540 | 1 carat (100 points) $400 to $1680 | 2 carats (200 points) $1090 to $4000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANCH MANAGER. Peter Mead, general manager of a three-ranch spread in the heart of the Grand Teton Mountains, winters one of America's largest herds of spirited horses. When it comes to smoking, his cigarette is Camel. Pete says that for real satisfaction all the way, "Camels just can't be beat."

...and more now but enjoy every less! Change to Camel!

Have a real cigarette—CAMEL



Peter Mead

Modern rancher, takes time out to enjoy the rich taste and easygoing mildness of a Camel.

The best tobacco makes the best smoke!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED